


ARCHIVES
TOWSON STATE UNIVERSITY
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND 21204



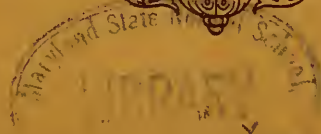
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation



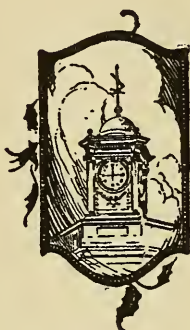
THE TOWER LIGHT



OCTOBER, 1933



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Poetry	3
The Moldau.....	4
A New Job for the Teachers.....	6
Quo Vadis.....	8
Seasonal Literature	10
The American School in Mexico.....	15
Try These	16
The Storm.....	17
Alumni News.....	18
Editorial	20
Organizations	22
Campus School Vagabonding.....	24
School News	27
Sports	34
Jokes	37
Advertisements	39

The Tower Light

VOL. VII

OCTOBER, 1933

No. 1

Victory in Defeat

Defeat may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch our spaces in the heart for joy.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

A Minor Bird

I have wished a bird would fly away,
And not sing by my house all day;

Have clapped my hands at him from the door
When it seemed as if I could bear no more.

The fault must partly have been in me.
The bird was not to blame for his key.

And of course there must be something wrong
In wanting to silence any song.

ROBERT FROST.

The Moldau

“Two springs start their courses in a shady Bohemian forest; one is warm and sparkling, the other cool and tranquil. Their clear waters, that run so gayly over stone and pebble, unite and sparkle in the morning sun. The rapid forest brook, rushing on, becomes the River Moldau, which, as it takes its course through the fields and valleys of Bohemia, grows into a mighty river, flowing through thick forests wherein the joyous clanging sound of the hunter’s horn seems to approach the listener. It pursues its way through meadows and farms. A rustic wedding is being joyfully celebrated with music and song and dance. The water nymphs disport themselves by moonlight in the river’s glittering waters, in which are reflected towers and castles as reminders of the departed glory of chivalry and martial fame. At St. John’s Rapids the stream winds its way through the foamy rapids of the cataract and through a deep and narrow, rocky cleft into the broad river-bed, along which it rolls majestically on to the Prague, welcomed on its way by the venerable Vysehrad, and disappears in the distance from the composer’s vision.”

If the author of this vivid word picture had been a painter, with his brush and oils, his skill in drawing and his faculty of pictorial interpretation he could have built on his canvas a series of scenes. These scenes would be clear, invoking in us appreciation and admiration. The clear, sparkling water would reflect light and shadow—dark green of bush, light green of grass. The scarlet of the hunter’s coat, the glistening brown of his mount, darkness suggesting the dense forest—here would be color and form. Peasants would vie with water nymphs; still quiet pools with foamy rapids.

A poet would have employed a different medium. His would have been a glowing and vivid vocabulary; color words but also sound words. Words that sounded like the “warm and sparkling brook;” words that made the reader hear the music of the peasant wedding; words that echoed the march of feet and the clash of mail. We would have heard the sparkle of the first brook, the cool tranquillity of the second. The rapids of the cataract would have been a dull roar and the disporting of the water nymphs a mere whisper. A poet would have added charm and beauty by the addition of a new element—rhythm. His words would have sung themselves into a song—now gay and lilting, now rapid. His poem would have had form. A definite meter and a correct rhyming scheme would have made the words a composition. A poet would have written a poem.

The last sentence of the quotation introduces us to Smetana, the Bohemian composer. To be a musician who could see as well as hear was to be a painter. To be an artist who could think and feel in words was to be a poet. To make a composite picture of word and color and translate the picture into tones was to be a composer. His medium was a symphony orchestra, harps and strings ripple as a single flute suggests the tiny beginning—a single brook. The clarinets join just as a second brook enters the first. Violas announce the juncture with still another brook. Oboes take up the melody symbolizing the river itself, and as the river grows deeper and broader more instruments enter, more volume and tone are built. The hunter's horn is heard and as it re-echoes in the forest, re-echoes in the varied choirs of the orchestra. Procession music for the rustic wedding involves almost the entire orchestra. Muted strings and delicate airs played by the flute supply fairy music for the nymphs. Martial airs are taken up by the trumpet. Great chords and snatches of melody supply the confusion of the rapids. A swelling chorus depicts the grandeur of the river flowing through broad open meadows. An old chant supplies the motif of the hymn as the river flows by the castle walls of the Vysehrad. The Moldau disappears, the melody dies. "Two chords—silence."

Warm color and bright color rival warm tone and bright tone. The rhythm and the melody of a poem are present in the rhythm and melody of a symphonic poem. Instead of a palette on which to mix and blend the painter's colors, nature with color, forms rhythm and beauty. Beauty for the eye is for the painter; beauty for the ear signifies poetry; beauty for ear and eye, for mind and for the senses—that is Music.

MARGUERITE ASHLEY.

Summer Night

A soft hush
Smoothes the earth with silky fingers.
Still trees stand
Waiting for a breeze to tease their foliage.
Quietly the water laps the banks
Making a gentle swishy sound.
And over all the moon watches—
Lazily.

DOROTHY BOTHE, *Senior I.*

A New Job for the Teachers

THE teacher of today faces one of the greatest problems that has ever been put before any professional person. Characters not only have to be built but also, to be rebuilt.

In the past five years the world has faced one of the crises of an era. The living status of every family has been affected. Without realizing it, everyone has undergone some sort of change. Families who afforded the luxuries of life are now struggling for a bare existence. Families who managed to be proud, if poor, are now groveling at the doors of the charities. Girls and boys and young men and women who had aspirations toward a career no longer care what happens to them. They are content to roam the streets and take what is given them. The ambition of some of the younger generation has been quenched. All of this has been a terrific test of character and many strong people have weakened.

This condition has been reflected in the growing generation. They no longer have the attitude that when they are in high school they will decide what they want to "be." They will go to school as long as their parents can afford to send them and then they will "see if they can find a job" and if they can't they will loaf like they have seen their older sisters and brothers and fathers do. This outlook is ruinous to the healthy growth of a rising generation. So first the teacher's job is to help these young ones to build up a desire that will spur them to go on and design a career for themselves. The child has to realize his importance in this man's world and feel that there is a part that he can play and a chance for him to use his initiative.

The homes of today are a turmoil. Because of constant worry and misery, parents have forgotten to build an environment for their children and cultural values have been forgotten. In the past few months I have had the opportunity to make contacts with about fifteen hundred homes. The mother says, "I am at the point where I don't care. It is as much as I can do to feed and clothe my children." Nerves on edge and crazy with worry, parents have forgotten that despite the economic situation the children are still growing and their habits are still forming. They have forgotten the courtesies and niceties of life. Children are listening only to harshness and complaint against the futility of life. What pathetic surroundings!

In some few instances the parents have enough cultural background and character to stand against this present situation and make the best of it. I met a woman who was a college graduate and whose husband had experienced great financial reverses. She feels that if she

had not had the background and education that she had, she would not have been able to make the best of her situation. Instead of giving up she has maintained the same respectability in her home that she has always had. If there are not new clothes, the old ones are mended; if there are no delicacies on the table the meal is served properly; if there is no money for trips and vacations, her children are spending their leisure time profitably at home. She has maintained her fine standards of living. Another woman has no children, but her husband, who was a banker, failed. Her home is still well kept and though her house dress has taken the place of the street dress she is still the proud, well-kept woman. These are a few instances of strong character but they are very few in comparison to the number of people who have "given up."

The teacher's job is to look out for those who come from parents who have "given up" and don't care. They have lost the standards of living and it is only in the classroom they will learn to re-establish these standards. The teachers have to build up an environment as they have never before had to build one. They have the opportunity to make or break a new generation. The children have been exposed to utter discontent, lack of initiative, shiftlessness, low standards of living, and most pathetic of all, resignedness to this state. What will you do?

The teacher has always had an influence upon the characters of her children. It has always been her job to add to the cultural training which the children have received at home. Now the teacher must rebuild characters that will be reflected in the lives of a nation and such as will teach its people to go on and strive for the best.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, 1931.

❖

A Nurse

Quiet and sweet as a mountain grove of tall redwood
You sit beside me.
Cool hands, hands of peace and healing
Work with me.
That which was chaos is order.
That which was noisy is still.
The soul of me feels soothed.

Infinite gift of God—
Woman—and hands of healing!

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

Quo Vadis

O TEMPORA! O mores! (Surely the use of some classic remark is indicated to start things going. We all might have said, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," but that would be too poignantly reminiscent!)

What we're driving at is that Time, the Great Healer, has gone and perpetrated a dirty trick on us. Y'see, for years the inmates of Normal School have been looking forward to the time when the dear little children in the campus school would have a fine building all their own and thereby allow us to expand our cramped muscles and, incidentally, move into the empty rooms. And now those dreams have become a grand reality. THE TOWER LIGHT offices (plural for dignity; we have only one!) were moved to more spacious quarters; the alleged book shop now has more space in which to sell a large and most delicious assortment of "books"; even the men's room was transferred to a place three times the size of the old one. And thereby hangs a sad, sad tale!

How can we adequately describe our feelings as, for the first time this year, we confidently opened that little door to the right of the auditorium, only to recoil at the terrible sight within? Woe unto us! The men's room was no more! Ah, 'tis true that earnest students in the reference room next door will no longer be forced to listen as impromptu male quartets rend "Sweet Adeline" and other barroom ballads. But what matters that, when weighed in the scale against all the misery wrought? The sign MEN'S ROOM was still outside the door, leering at us in hideous mockery. But where were the articles of furniture which we had come to know so well? Where were our precious lockers? And the waste can which received the débris thrown by the more accurate members of the men's force? Where was the blackboard which carried notices of men's meetings and results of tip-tap-toe games? Such speculations as these ran through our minds as, panic stricken, some of us gazed at the remains of that once glorious room.

Then through a sentimental haze which magnifies so intensely in retrospect we began to recount scenes of the past two years. For was this not the room which, more than any other, had been a silent listener to all our confidences, our loves and grudges, our hopes and fears and regrets? Was this not the room into which we fled as freshmen, harassed by stern instructors and (to our complex-ridden minds) haughty seniors? Thus our maudlin ravings——

THE TOWER LIGHT

The opening weeks of school were the weeks in which the senior and junior men would occasionally open that hallowed door and enter briskly, only to come out slowly, mumbling incoherently. Somehow we could not accustom ourselves to the fact that this was no longer our "den," that we could no longer find refuge here.

Lest we appear unappreciative let us hasten to say that the new room is really much better than the old one. Our little bulletin board has given way to a whole row of blackboards on which have already appeared a number of very unfunny jokes. The single covered waste can has been displaced by a number of open cans which are a boon both to the gentleman whose talents incline toward basketball and to the flies, who really owe us a vote of thanks for the free food. And yet with all these obvious advantages some of the upper classmen seem singularly unimpressed. They watch the freshmen stalk through the portals of the new M. R. and gnash their bicuspid; for who are these young upstarts to feel as much at home in a men's room as their venerable superiors? Ah, Normalites, ye writer must perforce hold a brief for these poor unfortunates. Let us remember their sufferings, and speak unto them gently! Let us be indulgent unto them, knowing that there must eventually come a time when they will have adjusted themselves and once more be comparatively normal, sharing with us again the trials and tribulations (profuse apologies to Horatio Alger, Jr.,) of our existence at Normal School.

"But hold!" you say to yourselves; "surely we cannot be finished with this article! Why, it hasn't even a quotation as a fitting finale!" And right you are, O best beloved. No scribe who really *is* a scribe ever passes up such an opportunity to quote, especially when he has an idea which has been shouting for liberation since it was conceived. So, in imitation of our betters, we might at this point stoop to a bit of homely philosophy touching vaguely upon our subject—"For what is Life but a comedy of adjustments and choices——?"

JULIUS SEEMAN, *Senior III.*



The Aftermath

THERE had been a storm. The swirling mass of water at my feet bore all too well the evidence of that fact. Above it was the very deepness and brilliancy of the blue, the freshness of the breeze—those things that might tell me what had been. Again I looked at the torrent below me. Even as I gazed, more of the bank at my feet was washed away to join the tangled mass of *débris* already well started in its mad journey to the bay. Below was the aftermath of three days rain, which, in itself had done little damage, but, collected in the river bed was now devastating and destroying fields of corn, railroads, bridges and at times creeping to the very doors of the houses of men to claim their lives. Above was the cleared sky, resembling the cleared countenance of a human, who, having been provoked, had let fall floods of angry words and deeds but immediately after was ready to forget and forgive. The revenger was happy again. The sky, after many days, was clear. Too late! The rain had fallen too long and too hard to be disregarded. Words once uttered, deeds once performed, can be neither unspoken nor undone. The floods must come bringing fear and desolation to the bodies and souls of men—after the storm vanished.

D. VORIS, *Junior V.*

Rainy Street Corner

Wet, slippery streets
Glittering as lights splutter on,
Wink off, and splutter on again.
Puddles in the road
Splash heedless ankles, ripple and subside.
Dripping umbrellas bobbing unsteadily along
Occasionally colliding blindly;
One end politely tilted, then turned down against the driving rain.
Tightly closed sedans and water-soaked flivvers,
Held back by a malevolent red eye,
Jump forward as the signal changes,
Eager to be away, heedless
Of wet and somewhat wilted passers-by.
Soon everyone is home, and only
Wet, slippery streets
Glittering, as lights splutter
Uncertainly in the driving rain.

H. WEINER, *Senior III.*

Beach Storm

Waves, pounding on the jetties
Foam, suddy, swirling round you.
Wind, pulling at your clothing
Rain, beating on your face
Sand, cold and wet and stinging
Blown by racing wind and rain.
People huddled close in corners
Or running with the wind
Cold rain against wet faces.
Foam, white to the horizon.
Ocean, twisting, seething, writhing
Nature, beauty at its height.

LOUISE OGIER, *Senior IV.*

❖

Autumn

Autumn is a Gypsy maid,
Surely you must know;
Don't you see the colors bright?
And feel her cool breath blow?

The pumpkins glist'ning in the sun,
Are gold this maiden gives;
The cornstalks stacked up in the field
Are tents in which she lives.

See! Her cloak, once new and green,
Is now a dingy brown;
The leaves now turning red and gold,
Are trimmings on her gown.

Poor Gypsy maid, she's torn her dress.
See the fragments fly?
Some drop down upon the earth,
The rest whirl toward the sky.

Of course you know this maiden,
Who comes but once a year!
She tells us that there's fun on hand,—
For autumn days are here.

RIBERO WILLEY, '32.

Travelers and Stay-at-Homes

WHY do we see some plants gathered together in family groups while others wander far from home? You will be able to answer this question if you consider the various ways provided for seed distribution. Then you will know why the dandelion mother's children are scattered far and wide while the pea vine always has hers within call.

Some seeds that are heavy have no means provided for their dispersal other than rolling; among these are the seeds of the various grains and different kinds of nuts.

The vessels of some seeds open so that the wind or a passing object may shake them out. The seeds of the evening primrose are exposed by the paltry splitting of the vessel and are shaken out by the slightest contact. A great many garden and wild flowers have mechanical devices that open the pods with such force that the seeds are immediately expelled. The lupine and paint brush are good examples of this type. The seeds dispersed in this way never travel far and so you will usually find the children of these plants grouped in families.

Some seeds are formed in such a way that the wind helps to scatter them. It may carry them from a few feet to several miles. Many seeds dispersed by the wind are wasted, for only a few may land on fertile ground. The seeds that depend on the wind as their carrier have some sort of parachute or sail. Nearly all members of the composite family have parachutes—the dandelion being a well-known aviator. The wind transports the entire plant in some cases, so keep an eye open for mother tumble-weed rolling over and over across a field.

Water is an active factor in the distribution of seeds and especially for plants that grow in or near the water. These seeds float along until a ripple, or a sand bar causes them to be lifted to the shore. Seeds carried by the water usually have a hard shell or some kind of protection so they will be able to germinate after they have been in the water for a long time.

One of the chief methods of dispersal employs people and animals as agents. This way, more than any other, should be familiar to us. How many times have we ended a tramp through the woods only to find our clothing covered with burrs!

EDNA IKENA, *Senior I.*

Faces at the Race Track

I AM glad that my comparative poverty permits my attention to wander from the all important "dope sheet" to scan the faces of the less fortunate who surround me. Less fortunate because their wealth limits their attention to the form sheets rather than to the "dope" printed so plainly on and between the lines in the faces about them. They do not see the momentary dark flash in that small woman's eyes as she furtively glances lest observers should hear, before she pleadingly says to the man in brown, "Don't bet any more." Those unlucky ones are not refreshed by the smile that spells—"I won" on the face of the girl absorbedly leaning on the rail, her program and pencil in hand. Nor do the brown eyes that look brilliantly black in their exultation of victory transmit their joy to the "dopesters." Even the pale, plump infant, kicking his round little be cotton-stocked legs as he sips beer from his father's glass, soiling again his crushed dress, fails to arouse our oblivious friends rightful indignation. The much facialed face of the woman in the club house, whose toilet was prepared for admiring eyes, was groomed in vain, for eyes today are unseeing—unseeing except for the horse of the race and the price on the odds board.

Hence, I am well contented, even though I did not hold the ticket for the long-shot in the sixth. I feel richer I know, than my neighbor who did. You see, I could see his face.

MARY-STEWART LEWIS, *Senior IV.*

Pike-Town

I AM sympathetic with the "pike-town." It owes its very existence to the pike that is cut mercilessly through its entrails and fairly breathes indebtedness. As disagreeable trucks gnash their teeth in shifting the gears to ascend a graceful slope, they heed not the houses that face obediently the highway, some reeking of newness, some mellow with years and a few of all types shamefacedly whispering—"Tourists."

I would that I could incite these houses, this town, to rebel against this ill smelling, monstrous thing, the pike, stealing its way, crawling, full of four-legged leeches that make slumber fitful and break the fragile silence.

Rebel? Ah, that would be to die, for because of, and by this monster, our town exists. Without it, the houses would close their shutters and the churches mute their chimes. It is life. Without it—the "pike-town" dies.

MARY STEWART LEWIS, *Senior IV.*

Chords

I have filled my hands with sunlit hills
And flung my arms with ecstasy
Around a woods of gnarled old juniper, pine,
And quaking aspen, whose white bark
Gleamed like giant slants of rain upon the slope.

I have breathed the purple mists of canyons
In wonder.
On my heart has fallen the ageless silence of mountains
Awakening a long-muted glory
Like the deep tones of temple bells
Pealing forth in mellow sounds
On days of special worship.

Humbled, I seek a quiet spot in lowly fields.
Close to the common grass
I pray.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

❖

Alas!

The pleasure of a broken heart
Is not to be forgone,
The joy of saying, "Now we part!"
And being left forlorn.

Of course we have to whine and wail
And say we want to die.
We moon around and watch the mail
And think we ought to cry.

We stay at home and don't go out
And act as if we're ill.
We try so hard to keep our pout.
We never eat our fill.

And for a while we like this role.
But then it starts to bore—
Especially since our heart is whole
And we're in love once more!

The American School in Mexico

BEAUTIFUL Mexico! What a glorious vision of loveliness and romance surrounds us there! And no less beautiful and magnificent is an American Educational Institution which lives and prospers in this wonderful city of Mexico, namely "The American School Foundation."

Mexico City, besides being a modern, civilized and progressive city, boasts of having some of the best historically and archeologically known marvels of the world. The pyramids, the great caves of "Cacahuamilla" which never have been completely explored, the floating gardens of "Vichimilco," and innumerable spots which seem to inject into our present times some of the indescribable beauty of various epochs. Words are not enough to describe the charm, the splendor and grandeur of colonial times which predominates even with modern customs, arts, and religion.

One of the things Americans believe of highest importance is public education. This is true because from the earliest days of settlement it was understood that the virtues of citizenship and strength of a nation rest almost exclusively upon the enlightenment and public spirit of the people. As enlightenment and public spirit can't exist without training the mind and character, therefore, wherever Americans go, their first care is to insure for their children the advantages of education. Those who established and maintain the American School Foundation were guided by this fundamental idea.

In one of the most picturesque parts of the city is located one of the most modern school buildings. It is built in colonial style and composed of three main parts: a front building which includes administration offices and high school department, and two wings which contain the elementary and junior high schools. The school day consists of five hours (8 a. m.-1 p. m.) divided into 45-minute periods. The courses are formulated by "the Southern Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges." The general curriculum does not differ from any one of Maryland's high schools. The high school furnishes to boys and girls an atmosphere for developing in each individual the knowledge, interests, ideals, habits, and powers by the use of which he or she will find his place and use it to guide himself and society to nobler ends.

Twenty-seven different nations are now represented in the institution. The association of the Mexican children with those from United States and other countries tends to produce an interchange of ideas and a better knowledge of each other. This eventually will lead to a better understanding between the two countries and will form a strong friendship between the United States and Mexico.

GEORGE MARKENSON, *Freshman III.*

Try These

You enjoyed "The Good Earth"? Then enjoy yourself again and read another book with a similar theme but an entirely new setting and new story.

"As the Earth Turns," by Gladys Hasty Carroll, gives a vivid picture of the life of a large New England family dependent upon the soil for its existence. "As the earth turns" the winter into spring, spring into summer, summer into fall, and fall back into winter again the Shaw family experience birth, romance with a foreign neighbor, death, family revolt, and the success of one son in the outside world. Out of all these experiences, Jen stands forth as a central figure and a true daughter of the soil. As a reward for her untiring efforts in sharing both the good and bad fortune of the family, she gains a——. What would you like her to gain? Read the book and I think she will have received the reward you would want her to have.

If you do not wish to read the novel of the Maine family, then I might suggest another book: "Anne Boleyn" by E. Barrington. There is no need to say more, because you'll remember:

"Henry the Eighth, to six wives he was wedded,
One died, one survived, two divorced,
two beheaded."

Who wouldn't enjoy a king's romance? Anne, the most beautiful of all the wives, resolved to capitalize her beauty for her own ends, but these were the days when "what was a woman's virtue one way or another in the great game of kings and kingdoms?"

Still there are others! "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs" by Arthur Kallet and F. J. Schlink will tell you how well the Food and Drugs Act protects consumers of foods, drugs, and cosmetics.

Search the shelves of new books for yourselves and select a book of your own taste.

E. TROYER, *Senior IX.*

The Storm

Now all is calm;
It is a calm that brings alarm and fear.
The air is still;
I see afar a cloud approaching fast.
The light grows dim,
The sun now hides in fear behind the cloud.
I see the rain
That falls in sheets before the wind that drives
Hither and yon.
Another cloud now joins the one observed;
A lighter hue
It is, but seems almost as menacing.
Now comes the wind
That whips around the house, but soon retreats;
Again it comes,
Bringing the cooling rain long needed here.
The rain beats down;
The steam arises from the pavement hot.
A sudden flash
Of lightning comes, disturbing my repose.
The thunder roars;
How mad it seems to make such awful sound!
The wind that comes
To me smells dank, is cool and fresh.
The rain slackens;
Onward the cloud is blown before the never-tiring wind.
A part covers me still but all that's left
Is scattered wide.
The light returns as clouds disperse afar,
Only to fade
Again, as sunset brings the close of day.

ELEANOR BOUNDS, JR., 4.

The Alumni Association of the Maryland State Normal School

MR. FRANK C. PURDUM, *President*
5500 Harford Road, Baltimore, Md.

MISS VIOLA ALMONY, *1st Vice*
2905 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.
MISS LILLIE COMPTON, *2nd Vice*
Cumberland, Md.
MR. JOHN FISCHER, *3rd Vice*
2102 Lake Ave., Baltimore, Md.

MISS MARY A. GROGAN, *Treasurer*
M.S.N.S., Towson, Md.
MRS. MYRTLE E. GROSHANS, *Secretary*
Fullerton, Baltimore County, Md.
MISS MARY SCARBOROUGH, *Field Secretary*
5902 York Road, Baltimore, Md.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

MR. HARRY L. CAPLES, *Chairman*
Towson, Md.
MRS. MAZIE SMITH STOLL
Glenburnie, A. A. Co., Md.
MISS CATHERINE BRATTON
Elkton, Md.
MISS MARGARET COE
2802 Manhattan Ave., Baltimore, Md.
MISS LIDA LEE TALL
M.S.N.S.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE

MISS MARGARET COLE, *Chairman*
1811 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.
MR. HARRY L. CAPLES
Towson, Md.
MISS TENY HORST
Maugansville, Md.

AUDITING COMMITTEE

MISS ANNA GRACE, *Chairman*
2516 Hermosa Ave., Baltimore, Md.
MR. SAMUEL WEBB
517 Walker Ave., Baltimore, Md.
MR. GEORGE SCHLUDERBERG
3707 Edmondson Ave., Baltimore, Md.

TRUSTEES SARAH E. RICHMOND LOAN FUND

DR. WM. S. LOVE
2211 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.
MRS. LAURA PHELPS TODD
3701 Sequoia Ave., Baltimore, Md.
MISS CARRIE G. RICHARDSON
5002 York Road, Baltimore, Md.

Alumni Notes

ELEVEN former graduates have returned to the school this year, to take the additional year offered them. Now, the problem is,—are THE ELEVEN Alumni, or are they mere students? Must they be treated with the respect and veneration due those of advanced years and ripened wisdom, or may one knock them down while rushing into the library, and stand on their toes on crowded street cars (as one would naturally do with men students)?

If it is decided that these Eleven belong to the state of Alumni, then you must not address them as "Hey, you!", but call them "prettily by name." For your edification we print their names below.

Doris Deppenbrock
Mary Di Marcantonio
Virginia Weinland
Margaret Ijams
Catherine Pistel
Gwendolyn Michael
Mary Muller
Dorothy Washburne
Ruth Bohanon
Virginia Evans
Anne Sugar

We are told that Pat Stinchcum and Martha Alford go roller skating about town—getting childish experience first hand?

Virginia Beach writes from Florida that she basks in the sun, all the time. We will envy her this winter, when we don our galoshes.

Edward Gersuk took some summer courses at Columbia, during vacation.

Luella Klug, Gladys Krause, Martha Alford, Dorothy Berndt and Mary Douglas had a most delightful trip in a row boat, on the Severn River. The greater part of the day was spent in pursuing a circular motion, from all accounts. *They* say the trouble was a pair of mismatched oars.

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MARY-STEWART LEWIS

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

HILDA FARBMAN
BEATRICE WINER
LEE YENKMAN

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Faculty Representative

MARY DI MARCANTONIO

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

You and I

EACH person should mind his own business. However, there are times when we hear conversations without any conscious attempt on our part. Therefore, I shall relate this story as I heard it. "Listen, Jack, I came back to school to study this year."

"I know, if my memory serves me right, you've said that for the last couple of years, Harry. However, your scholastic average was even lower than mine last year."

"Well, I must admit I have said this before, but this time I'm going to turn over a new leaf and show you that I can get better grades than either you, Howard, or Lou."

When the last words of the above conversation had been uttered I could almost see Confucius writhing in his grave; and I seemed to hear faint guttural grumbles emanating from the resting places of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. As if wafted on the cushioned billows of the air, I even think I heard Sophocles utter in despair,

"All things are noisome when a man deserts
His own true self and does not what is Meet."

Confucius had been one of the first to teach that great and basic truth "Know Thyself." Ever since, great men and great women have either absorbed this maxim as their daily creed, or have, after long years of patient striving for wisdom, reached the same ultimate conclusion.

Let us attempt to follow this illuminating thread through the ages and up to the present.

That great era of civilization of the ancient Greeks which produced such geniuses as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, and a host of others contributed to it. Let us listen to Socrates who gives the view of many others. "The unexamined life is a life not worth living."

The next step in the evolution of man's advancement received its impetus in the Renaissance. The assertion of individualism—which had been sublimated during the dark ages—was now manifested. Men like Roger Bacon, Wyclif, Thomas Aquinas, Dante, Abelard, Bunyan, and others, urged the people to cultivate themselves, especially their reasoning faculties. Abelard wrote a book, "Know Thyself." Since a great writer crystallizes, in a sense, the opinions and feelings of his age, Abelard's book is significant.

In the age of enlightenment, Milton, Locke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Spencer and others contributed to this illuminating thread. Our own Benjamin Franklin searched himself and, as you remember, in his autobiography, he says: "I was surprised to find myself so much fuller of faults than I had imagined; but I had the satisfaction of seeing them diminish."

In the nineteenth century, Emerson contributed much to this doctrine. In his "Self-Reliance" he states: "There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, or for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him *but through his toil bestowed on the plot of ground which is given to him to till.*"* The power that resides in him is new in nature, and none but he, knows what

that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. . . . We half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. . . . Trust Thyself."

However, we moderns are skeptical, we immediately ask ourselves in our supercilious manner, "What does modern science think about it?" Let us then, turn to one of our newer sciences, biology, which has made such gargantuan strides in the last quarter of a century, and direct its searching gaze upon all this antiquated philosophy. H. S. Jennings in his small book, "Prometheus," and his larger one, "The Biological Basis of Human Behavior," gives us a good conception of the results so far reached in genetics. He states: "Beyond all other organisms, man, is distinguished by the possession of many sets of inherited characteristics . . . The educated man has characteristics very diverse *from those he would possess if uneducated*. . . . *The inheritance of man is not alone what he is born with, but what he can develop.*"

Perhaps with this preponderant mass of thought all inclined to the maxim "Know Thyself" we might choose to accept this rule and live by it. Not the comparing of ourselves with others, but the cultivation of ourselves, should be the steadfast purpose of us all.

Do you agree? Your opinions on the subject would be heartily welcomed.

HENRY KITT.

*Italics mine

The Glee Club

OUR organization is back again truly bigger than ev—uh,—than last year. It remains to be seen whether or not we can be judged to be better than we were previously. From my vantage points as both a senior member of our group and an officer therein, I can let it be known that we have promising material with which to work—student material and new scores to be interpreted. After various manipulations of each of these, we shall have, I am sure, an interesting, and, I hope, a successful season.

Definite plans for our work of the year have not as yet been made. It may be expected that there will be the usual Christmas, radio, and commencement performances, however. I have heard that the "pièce de résistance" for the coming graduation is to be the "Choral" from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." We hope to do it justice.

Let me extend here a final invitation to you, regardless of class affiliation, to join our club and partake of the enjoyment that comes from singing.

ARTHUR SHAPIRO,
Vice-President.

Orchestra

THE Orchestra has organized and begun work on its program for the year. Though we regret the loss of our graduating members, Michael Saltzman, leading second violin; Eunice Burdette, first cello, and Margie Tribby, second violin, we are rejoicing that all but one of our other members of the 1932-33 Orchestra are with us.

Two promotions have been made among the second violins, Malcolm Davies to leading second violin, and Erma Grafton to first player at the second desk. Herman Bainerd has been promoted to first cello.

Eleanor Loos is playing the organ during the first nine weeks and Eleanor Sterbak the first cornet for the same period.

Several freshman students are working in individual rehearsals in order to qualify for membership in the Orchestra. As soon as they can prepare themselves they will be accepted in full membership.

The present membership is:

<i>Clarinet</i>	<i>First Violin</i>	<i>Cello</i>
Elwood Beam	Leonard Kulacki	Herman Bainerd
<i>Tympani</i>	Frank Zeichner	<i>Organ</i>
Harris Baer	Morris Hoffman	Eleanor Loos
<i>Cornets</i>	<i>Second Violin</i>	<i>Mellophone</i>
Vivian Cord	Malcolm Davies	Barbara Bartlett
Eleanor Sterbak	Louise Wenk	<i>Double Bass</i>
<i>Saxophone</i>	Erma Grafton	Dorothy Smith
Dorothy Olert	Dorothy Hendrix	

On Frolic Night the Orchestra played an arrangement of the Students Serenade from the Student Prince, and at Assembly on Club Day played Romance by Rimsky-Korsakov. Now we are planning to play in assembly within a week or two and to give a full assembly program during the first week in November.



Camp Fire Girls

The La Li Ta Camp Fire Girls of Maryland State Normal School are planning at their fortnightly meetings to do three types of work this year; beads, reed, and leather. Each girl works for campfire honors and makes as many as possible during the year. We expect to take several hikes very soon. Join now!

MURIEL DISNEY,
Secretary.

Mummers' League

THIS is one organization of the Normal School which has two primary aims. The first and most important is the developing of latent talent, whether it be in acting or in stagecraft. The second is furnishing those who have already developed their talents an opportunity to further enrich their experience.

Here, at the Normal School, many rich opportunities present themselves. Here are chances for play-work galore. The league usually presents three, sometimes four plays during the course of the school year. In addition to these assembly plays, there is usually an afternoon play, to which an admission fee is charged.

The Mummers League has outside interests. Last year it arranged to have Mrs. Quinn, of the Vagabond Theatre group speak during an assembly. It also helped arrange the Shakespearean presentations of the Ben Greet Players, a group of English artists who were stopping in Baltimore. Thirdly, the Mummers' League obtained special rates on tickets from the Theatre Guild, and even conducted a backstage tour for its members at one of the Guild performances.

This short article shows just a few of the many sides of the Mummers' League. If you want more information, attend one of the League meetings. This is your organization; give to it and it will give to you.

J. LEONARD HIRSCHHORN, *Senior III.*

Campus School Vagabonding

Our Trip to Lake George

This summer we spent part of the summer at Lake George. We stayed at Gleneyrie which is on Lake George. We had a grand time and climbed the mountains nearly every day to see the view.

We went in swimming about three times a day and every place we went we paddled there in a canoe.

On the way up it took us two days to go and coming back it only took us one day. The trip is 400 miles. Coming home we left Gleneyrie at 5 o'clock in the morning and got home at 7 o'clock in the evening.

LAURA HISS,
Grade 6, Campus School.

The Greatest of All

When we went to the World's Fair this summer, I thought it was the most wonderful thing that I had ever seen. It will linger in my mind as that.

Abe Lincoln's village stood out as the place that was most interesting to me. It looked just as it did in the old days. The birthplace, with the trunk beds, the hand-made farming utensils, the wooden ice skates and so many other things. His boyhood home was much like the birthplace, with a wood and dirt fireplace and candle dips. The Convention Hall used as the exhibition hall, showed the parlor used by Lincoln in the White House. Last and greatest of all was the group of wax figures showing the assassination of Lincoln, with Mary Todd and Lincoln sitting in the balcony surrounded by flowers and robes of different colors.

JEAN DONNELL,
Grade 7 Campus School.

A Century of Progress

This summer I went to the World's Fair at Chicago. From the entrance we walked down the avenue of flags to the Hall of Science, the largest building at the Fair. This building covers eight acres and houses many interesting things. Next we noticed the Sky-Ride with its two towers, six hundred and ten feet high. The rocket cars are suspended on cables two hundred feet in the air and cross from the north lagoon. From the Sky-Ride we go to the picturesque Lama Temple, a reproduction of the Temple of Jehol in China. On the way to the Transportation Building we pass Fort Dearborn and the Lincoln Group. The next most interesting building is the Travel and Transport Building. The roof is suspended by cables. It contains methods of transportation from the very oldest to the very latest. The whole Fair is very interesting.

BOB MEASER,
Grade 5 Campus School.

A Trip to Washington

Saturday I went to Washington with Daddy, Mother, and my brother. When we got there we got in a taxicab and went to the zoo. Then we ate lunch at a friend's and then went with our friends to the National Museum. We saw the skeletons of dinosaurs. We saw the picture gallery and many other things.

Then we went home on the train. Our friends went with us. When I got home I was very tired.

FRANCES BLACKBURN,
Fourth Grade Campus School.

Down at Ocean City

This year we went down to Ocean City. We have been going down there for three years. We go to a very nice hotel called "Del-Mar." We know almost everybody down there. It is a very small family-like hotel. You could do almost anything you wanted to do. My sister and I went out in the kitchen every day and helped the cooks. We also watched the waiters make the salads.

We went in bathing twice a day. You should have two bathing suits if you want to go in bathing twice a day. The morning bathing suit is not dry by the afternoon. At night you dress for dinner and after dinner most everybody goes for a walk on the boardwalk. We go down the boardwalk where there are all the amusements.

We also had a surprise which we never expected to have; "A Northeaster," that is a bad storm down at the seashore. The water came down our street (Division Street). The boardwalk was washed right away. The movies could not run because the current was turned off.

We enjoyed our vacation very much and the storm also.

KATHRYN JOHNSON,
Grade 6, Campus School.

A Trip to the Fair

Our family went to the World's Fair in Chicago this summer. It took us two days to get there.

We visited "The Hall of Science," "Transport Building," "Belgian Village," and "The Firestone Building."

I liked the "Hall of Science" and "The Transport Building" best.

In "The Hall of Science" I saw how oil and gas were filtered. They sent it through tubes to a tank and then through another tube to another tank, where trucks could take it away.

We saw the front of a red train with stop and go lights on it, also the exhibits of engines, "The Royal Scot" and "The Burlington."

I saw so many things that it would take too long to talk about them.

EMERSON POWELL,
Grade 3 Campus.

Freshman Week Activities

THE great day came—Wednesday, September 6. When the students arrived at Normal, the auditorium presented a most business-like scene. People rushed about to get registered correctly or walked shyly from one table to another in need of help which was quickly given. After viewing one's room, and seeing the "lay of the dormitory," the girls bade farewell to home friends. In the evening there was a campus supper, followed by games under the direction of the Athletic Association. Meetings were held—resident women with the Dormitory Staff and Student Council, and resident men with Mr. Minnegan at the Council Ring in the glen. Many freshmen, free after the conferences, walked to Towson and got their first glimpse of the town. Thus ended the first day at Normal.

On Thursday evening a very picturesque ceremony, the "Lighting of the Way," was held. This was a formal induction into the school's cooperative government. The dignified Grecian maidens, in reality the presidents of the three student councils, brought to the new students the meaning of the code. The singing of "Follow the Gleam" further impressed the Freshmen to do their part in carrying out the code. The new students then caught a "gleam" from the torches of the maidens and proceeded from Richmond Hall to the Administration Building. Here a semi-circle was formed and the freshmen followed the leaders in raising their candles and sang Alma Mater. So passed one of the most impressive events held for the Freshmen at Normal.

Diversified activities made the week-end an enjoyable and memorable one; tea dancing in the foyer to strains of familiar music furnished by some of the musical members of Normal; trips around the campus; picnic suppers; an excursion to Timonium Fair; a picnic at Loch Raven; movies at Towson and Baltimore; and games and dancing at the dormitory.

Sunday morning brought the "Go to Church" campaign. Seniors and Juniors conducted Freshmen groups to churches of their choice.

A most appropriate close for the week-end was the Vesper service held Sunday evening, by the Y.W.C.A. and the Resident Student Council. Preceding the service a most delectable supper was served in the foyer. A lovely picture was made by the groups seated at decorated tables, with the speaker's table in front of the foyer. The Vesper service was conducted by the Y.W.C.A. president. The special music by Miss Schroeder and a most inspiring talk by Dr. Tall made the

occasion one that will long be remembered by all present. We hope the Freshmen will find many more of our Vesper services as memorable as this one.

The Campus Frolic on Monday night proved to be the Foyer Frolic. Rain again upset plans for a night of fun under the stars, but much enjoyment was found indoors. Songs and cheers helped put everyone in a very talkative mood. The various organizations introduced themselves by their best method of advertising. The Orchestra and the Glee Club exhibited some of their talent, while the other organizations presented original skits. A program of stunts was an added feature to the evening's entertainment. A drive for members in these organizations is on! Have you done your part? ..

❖

Y.W.C.A. Reception to the Pastors

The Y.W.C.A. sponsored a reception for the local pastors on Monday afternoon in Richmond Hall Parlor. The students were given an opportunity to meet the ministers who will be their pastors while they remain at Normal. Surely, an opportunity, this.

❖

The Council Fire

At last, no rain!—nothing to prevent a successful evening around the council fire. An Indian chief, a medicine man, four braves, a story teller, and a tom-tom beater made one feel as if he were really present at a sacred Indian ritual. The message that the four braves brought will help to make one a better member of the Normal tribe. Can not these four meaningful words: courage, beauty, truth, and love, guide us?

* * * *

DON JUAN 1933

"Dearest Annebelle," wrote Steve, who was hopelessly in love, "I would swim the mighty ocean for a glance from your eyes. I would walk through a wall of flame for one touch of your hand. I would leap the widest stream in the world for one word from your lips. As always, Steve."

P.S.—"I'll be over if it doesn't rain."

Assembly Programs September 11-20, 1933

DR. TALL

THE first assembly of the year 1933-34 was given by our own principal—Dr. Tall, who extended a cordial welcome to the Juniors and Seniors, and to those students who were wise enough to come back to their Alma Mater and complete a three-year course. The talk was an impressive one, the theme of which was, that each individual should do the work in life best suited to his bent. If any student, therefore, should find that he does not fit in the teaching profession, regardless of whether he is Freshman, Junior, or Senior, it would be best for him to drop out and find the career in which he can make his best contribution.

MR. WALTHER

Are we ever surprised at our own actions? Mr. Walther's little movie exhibition should answer that question. Wasn't Miss Prickett a real director? Why does Mrs. Stapleton avoid cameras? She shouldn't!! Anyway, through this, the Freshmen got some visual images of what Play Day and May Day here at Normal are like, and the Juniors and Seniors enjoyed seeing it all over again.

MISS MEDWEDEFF

A very interesting assembly talk was the one given by Miss Medwedeff, although she did imply that people never are willing to listen to her travel tales. On September 18th Miss Medwedeff told us of her trip on a freighter from New York to San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal. She went directly south (much to her surprise) and reached South America, then passed through the Isthmus, and on to San Francisco. She told of interesting happenings along the way, many of which were quite humorous, and her audience thoroughly enjoyed listening to them. Therefore we shall demand that she keep her promise to tell us of Honolulu!

STUDENT ACTIVITIES

"Join, at least, one extra-curricula activity," was the slogan of this assembly. Each organization in the school presented a tableau in style best fitted to represent it. Much effort was shown, and it would be a hard matter to decide which tableau was the best. But this is not a matter of great concern, so long as you have made yourself a member of one of the organizations represented.

RUTH KOLATA, *Senior VII.*

Well! Well! Well!

PROBABLY, dear reader, you are surprised to see this column which was formerly entitled "Seen and Heard," under a new name. The obvious answer is that it is being written by a new editor. We hope that we shall be able to put forth as entertaining and well-written a column as the former editor, Mr. Edward Gersuk, who is now in Teachers College, Columbia University.

Now that we have delivered ourselves on this point, perhaps some events that have occurred over the summer will be in order.

For the benefit of those who have not already heard, Miss Champ Fifer of last year's Junior class is now wedded to Mr. Richard MacNew with whom she was seen consistently at the school dances. May we, in the hope that she may read this column, offer our best wishes?

Possibly some of you have been wondering what happened to our delightfully entertaining and versatile Mr. Ernest Ilgenfritz. He, too, is married and to Miss Caroline Crisfield of the same Junior Class. Congratulations, Ernest!

Henry Lachman, one of the redoubtable Industrial Arts men, has left us to attend the University of Southern California where he will study medicine.

Did you know that Gerson Woolf, sometimes known as the "Caruso of Normal School," has left us to sing over the N.B.C.? (So he says!)

Stanley Maleski and Lou Harris, our two public pool life-guards, have come back from their summer with enviable coats of tan and in topnotch condition. Stan, on being questioned, said that he had stopped counting after he had pulled in fifteen or twenty people! Lou's average for the summer was only five because he had an easier post. Incidentally, Stan has the record for having performed the only double break (in the water) in the history of the park pools. Get him to tell you about it sometime. Just notice how bashful he is!

Incidentally, we would like to know why a certain male Junior who did not board last year is doing so this year.

And now, dear reader, bear with us while we air our pet current grievance.

What has happened to Normal School? Last year it seems there was always an air of suppressed gaiety lurking on the campus, in the Ad. building, and around the dormitories. Now all that is gone. No

longer of an evening do we find Richmond Hall filled with a gay crowd who sit around the radio and chatter and chaff at each other. Is it the increased entrance average that has removed this so enjoyable phase of Normal School life from us, by introducing a more intelligent element into the school? Evidently not, for the freshmen misses are as pretty and winsome as ever (if not more so). Whatever it is we regret it, and we shall always mourn for "those good ole Normal Days."

It is quite sad to notice that the pool-room denizens of last year have come back woefully wanting in their former skill at the game. Don Schwanebeck claims that he has never missed so many in all his life, while Ossie Bachman trudges about the school with a most mournful mien that is a direct result of the loss of his favorite skill. As you remember, there was some talk of putting up a bed in the pool-room in order that Ossie might spend more time there.

The men students owe a vote of thanks to "the powers that be" or to whoever made possible the new Men's Room with its adjoining showers and lavatory. It is really admirably outfitted and located.

The Saturday before the term started, the State treated a busload of Normalites to the Timonium Fair. While at the fair, your editor happened to hear the following remarks:—By the Senior who plays the wailing saxophone in the so-called "Unholy Four":—"Boy, you should have been with us. We just saw a chicken lay an egg!! (And he comes from the county!!)

By a pretty brown-haired Junior girl who (we've been told is "afraid of her own shadow"):—"Let's go to see the pigs. I love the way they smell." (She meant her last word for a verb, not an adjective!)

By another sweet miss who was hanging to her escort's arm:—"Gee, but I'd like to have another frozen custard cone. They're so good." (We don't remember if that was her fourth or fifth one. Poor guy!)

We also saw two couples who are now, shall we say, estranged. They were debating seriously whether or not to take a ride on the ferris wheel!

Another thing that your editor would like to know is—why two I. A. men (need we say one has curly hair and blue eyes and the other is tall and plays the piano) are willing to discuss any phase of the question pertaining to the faithlessness of womankind in general—or particular?

There are rumors going around the campus that the dances will be resumed on the same old-time level. Incidentally, are you coming to

the next one? There will be soft lights and sweet music! Friday, October 13, is the day.

Did you know that a certain well-dressed gentleman in the Senior Industrial Arts class is the proud possessor of ninety-seven ties?

Did you know that Richmond Hall dormitory has five floors?

Have you ever noticed the gargoyle above the outside entrance of Richmond Hall parlor?

Do you know to what period of architecture Normal School belongs?

Did you know that Normal School has (at our last count) thirteen pianos? (And that's not counting the half dozen or so in the elementary school).

Would you ever think Stanley Maleski was afraid of worms? We assure you that he considers them dirty, horrid creatures!

This month's nomination to the Hall of Fame goes to Ossy Bachman, because he finally brought his gallant little Whippet to a safe, though effective smashup, and thus ended the never-failing source of a hair-raising (or should we say "hair-graying") ride.

Would you like to hear the brain child of one of our faculty? A male geography professor within our portals offers this bit of a bon mot. "When is a lake not a lake?" Give up? "When it's a swamp."

One of our notable I. A. Casanovas has been dubbed "London" because he's always in a fog. Another of this group has had his last year's moniker changed to "Flew Soo."

A student teacher brings this from her center. The lesson was the introduction of current events as a factor in the group's lives. As per pedagogical technique, the teacher asked for a definition of "event." Imagine her embarrassment when a youngster naively explained the word in the mode of the famous—or infamous—Broadway columnist, W. W.

A well-known feminine trio in the school have been burdened with the appellations Snorky, Twurpy, and Itchy by their classmates. These Seniors!!!

Now that we have unburdened the thoughts that have been with us for the past month, perhaps it would be just as well if we called it "quits."

Adios!

Faculty Notes

MISS TALL, with Miss Gilbert, "took in" France, Switzerland and England this summer.

Miss Medwedeff went to California by route of the Panama Canal and then on to Honolulu where she spent several interesting weeks. Returning, she saw the Grand Canyon country.

Miss Brown motored to New England. She also spent some time at Ocean City.

Mrs. Brouwer and Miss Daniels were counsellors at camps. Mrs. Brouwer, at Upper Michigan; Miss Daniels, at Wisconsin.

Miss Sperry visited New England—Nantucket and Rhode Island.

Miss Steele went to see her sister in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Miss Woodward enjoyed her summer home in Maine.

Of course, the World's Fair attracted many of the faculty. Miss Treut, Miss Birdsong, Miss Jones, Miss Munn, Miss Keyes, Miss Brown, Miss Giles, Miss Prickett, Miss Logan, Miss Arthur, Miss Tansil, Miss Blood, Miss Steele, Mr. Moser and Mr. Minnegan all saw the truly magnificent "show."

Note: Mr. Walther did *not* go to the Fair.

Miss Munn had a good time visiting interesting spots of her childhood. This was immensely fascinating to Mrs. Mercer who accompanied her.

Many of the faculty spent a portion of the summer in a return to school. Those who attended classes at Columbia were: Miss Neunsinger, Miss Munn, Miss Hill and Mr. Moser. Miss Bader attended classes at the University of Michigan (when she wasn't in the dentist's chair); Miss Blood, at the University of Chicago. Miss Arthur, Miss Treut and Miss Jones finished their work for their M.A. degree at Teachers' College. Miss Birdsong, Mr. Walther and Miss Jones taught at Johns Hopkins. Miss Grogan divided her summer between teaching at the University of Maryland and visiting Marblehead.

* * * *

The Allegheny paper reports that a certain instructor asked his class to write a paper in the first person. One of the papers received from a student told the story of Adam.



Sport Slants

ANOTHER year at Normal has opened and with it the lure of fall sports—hockey and soccer. Did someone say football?—Yes, it has been done, but aspirations must be shattered at times.

And with the football idea in mind we think of soccer electives for girls. It's been tried and doomed but who says it is too late. Freshmen, yours will be the initiative. Are you for that???

At last M. S. N. S. has within its bounds three full classes entered with the knowledge of remaining three years. What outcome will this have upon athletics?—Let's have full attendance at intramural affairs and find out.

So the three year students have started another precedent—inter-group and not interclass play day. Now we shall have the needed competitive feeling without the after effects of something to "strut to town" about.

Those who watched soccer practice saw the attendance of all the county Freshmen. Who knows—both of them may make the team!!!

For the Frosh females who were on their high school varsities and had hopes of continuing these efforts, we shall properly inform you now. Normal believes in giving every girl a chance so with our numerous women supporters we have interclass and intersection games with no selected few.

The White and Gold can hold its own with the best in sports for all. We have hockey, soccer, football (?), basketball, baseball, volley ball, tennis, swimming, hiking—and if the phenomenal weather holds out we may again enjoy sleighing and skiing. It's up to you—you—and YOU! Which sport do you choose?

Play Day Victory for Reds

“THE aim of Play Days, which is nothing short of good sportsmanship for all, is a vital one for America. It has in mind the happiness and success of every individual and of social groups made up of individuals.” Mrs. Herbert Hoover said these words and students of the Maryland State Normal School realized them as they participated in their fourth annual play day on Wednesday, September 27. Launching a new idea to have better social units, the participants were divided into two teams, the Red and Blue, instead of the previous class groups. The teams started competition with like paces, but the Reds bolted ahead for a victory of 18 to 11.

At 2 P. M. the teams lined on both sides of the campus in front of Newell Hall and gave their respective cheers. Headed by Dr. Tall and the three class presidents, Messrs. Dugan, Gonce, and Brumbaugh, the groups joined and marched about the field. The entire group then assembled and sang “Stand Up and Cheer” and “Alma Mater” to the accompaniment of the school band, under the leadership of Mr. Dugan. Five large circles were formed and everyone played “Looby Loo” and “Did You Ever See a Lassie?” The groups dispersed to their stations and assembled for their various games. Blue, tan, green, and white-clad figures were seen on every part of the campus—in front of Newell Hall, on the north field, near the barracks, and along the railroad tracks where tennis held sway.

This year we saw included all those games introduced last year with the addition of such new ones as fencing, tennis, circle field dodge ball, touchdown pass, hit ball, and kickball.

One of the most enjoyable spectacles of the day was the participation of the faculty. Despite their fewer numbers they seemed to be better represented this year than previously. We were glad to see Miss Yoder continuing to win laurels at horseshoes.

All too soon, the enjoyable day, showing how a three-year group could adjust themselves, came to a close. But, did you think the manner of team formation revealed the usual play-day spirit? Mr. Minnegan would appreciate hearing your comments in regard to this.

S. TYSER, *Senior XI.*

* * * *

According to the Vermont Critic, co-eds at the University of Melbourne have adopted football as a major sport and the men, in retaliation, have resorted to knitting.

Fencing at Normal

HAVING passed the experimental stage during the season of 1932-1933, competitive fencing at Maryland State Normal School this year is expected to attain a much higher level than that displayed formerly. The art of the sport is expected to be passed on to more individuals.

Among the teams met last year in dual meets were City College, Polytechnic, the University of Baltimore, McDonogh, the Washington Y.M.C.A., and the two Baltimore "Y's". Against the high schools the home team had rather fair success in that three matches were won and three lost. Noteworthy among the victories was a 5-4 win obtained at the expense of City College. The collegians happened to be last year's prep champions.

The old squad, with the exception of Charles Edel, still remains intact. Among those who have had some experience are Harvey Nichols, Herman Bainer, Jacob Epstein, and Theodore Woronka. The newer prospects include Gene Benbow and Abe Berlin.

The girls also have their fencers, but these, naturally, do not engage in outside competition. This group is in charge of Ida May Shipe, a former star at Western High School.

T. W.

Calvert Hall and Normal Deadlocked

SOCCER slipped unobtrusively into Normal School's sports picture on September 20th as our boys booted out a one to one tie against Calvert Hall. As the referee blew his shrill whistle the ball started rolling, its destination unknown. Our boys immediately put into action all the soccer they had learned under the careful tutelage of Coach Minnegan.

Like a streak of lightning, Captain Johnson came tearing up the side of the field, the ball in front of him, and determination spread on his face—Score: Normal 1—Calvert Hall, 0, end of first quarter. After a short rest the boys were at it again, and when the smoke had cleared from the field of battle the score board showed a 1 to 1 tie. During the remaining part of the game, the boys fought stubbornly; neither group willing to yield, and, as a result, the game resulted in a tie.

BENJAMIN NOVEY, *Freshman III.*

Hits and Bits

SARA LEVIN, *Senior IV*

AT Wittenberg College, three blonde co-eds debated three dark-haired co-eds on the question that blondes were more intelligent than brunettes. The blondes won. Which goes to show——.

* * * *

Smoked glasses are prohibited in the classroom of one of the professors at the University of Georgia. He found that it was too easy for students to sleep behind them without being apprehended.

* * * *

The University of Pennsylvania has the distinction of being the first college to meet in jail. It seems that back in the 19th century a professor was jailed, and out of loyalty the entire class went to jail to hear him lecture.

* * * *

Because the University of North Carolina is largely supported by the tobacco crop, students are allowed to smoke, even during exams.

* * * *

A Lehigh student in financial straits sent the following telegram home to his father: "Lost coat on the train. Please wire fifty." He received the following answer: "Dear Son: Lost shirt in market. Please wire five."

* * * *

At Connecticut College for Women, seniors alone are permitted the use of rouge and lipstick, except on week-ends, when the others may indulge.

* * * *

A co-ed at Bucknell in answer to the question as to the identity of Karl Marx stammered: "He must be the one who plays the harp, isn't he?"

* * * *

"What's good for my wife's fallen arches?"

"Rubber heels."

"With what?"

* * * *

Little Johnny: Look at that rhinoceros.

Little Willie: That ain't no rhinoceros—that's a hippopotamus. Can't you see it ain't got no radiator cap?

* * * *

First: She treats her husband like a Grecian god.

Second: How is that?

First: She places a burnt offering before him at every meal.

THE TOWER LIGHT

A co-ed at the University of Chicago "pulled" the prize boner when in Latin class she translated, "Arma virumque cano"—"I cry for the arms of a man."

* * * *

Report from Loyola states that the college man of today has three desires; the pig skin, the sheep skin and the skin you love to touch.

* * * *

A sign placed on the dean's door at Greighton University read: "Get your grades here and pass out quietly."

* * * *

A college graduate is a person who has had a chance to get an education, says the *Armour Tech News*.

* * * *

A professor at the University of Rochester says, "A good student is one who even though he looks at his watch, does not put it to his ear."

* * * *

A columnist at Syracuse says that the average college man is too honest to steal, too proud to beg, too lazy to work, too poor to pay cash. That's why we have to give him credit.

* * * *

Overheard in a fraternity house:

"If we can't decide what to do, let's toss up a coin."

"That's an idea. Heads we go to a show; tails we go to a movie; if it stands on edge we go to bed, and if it doesn't come down, we study."

* * * *

Reversible names have caused a great deal of trouble, but this case of a Boston professor is noteworthy. His class was surprised to hear him say one morning while calling the roll, "Darling Bertha." Realizing his mistake he hastily blurted out, "Bertha Darling"—and then gave up.

* * * *

WHY WORRY?

There are only two things to worry about; either you have to go to school or you don't. If you don't, you have nothing to worry about, but if you do, you have only two things to worry about; either you are going to study or you aren't. There are only two more things to worry about; either you will pass or you will fail. If you pass you have nothing to worry about, and if you fail, you will be so busy shaking the hands of similar friends that you won't have time to worry.

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares

Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories

Silk Hosiery—\$1.00 value—our Special—69c

Hergenrather Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists

Since 1901

Phone Towson 39 We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candies, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S

Garage & Service Station

Towson, Md.

Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station

Official AAA Station
24-Hour Service

Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths

421 North Charles Street

DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE

Founded 1815

▲
The

Second National Bank
of Towson, Md.

▼

HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds Watches Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.

Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting

Birthday Cards Parker Pens Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

York Road and Willow Avenue
Towson, Maryland
Towson 50

Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows' Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost in style for the collegiate miss and youth.

The  Hub

Baltimore - Charles - Fayette
CALvert 4-4-4-4

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

Sodas

Sundaes

J. Momjian's

35 York Road
Towson, Maryland

Home Made
Sandwiches

School
Supplies

You Will Enjoy Our
Home Made Sandwiches
Coffee Hot Chocolate

Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe
420 York Road Towson, Md.
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries

TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

STEBBINS-ANDERSON
COAL & LUMBER CO.

LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed

Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE
TOWSON

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS
PLYMOUTH

Phone: Towson 525

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy snoozes.
No nag since 1923
Has come to him for shoeses.

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer, "It's a pear tree."

* * * *

At Michigan University the librarian received a request for "Good-bye to War." When this could not be found, the student recalled that the book he wanted was "Farewell to Arms."

* * * *

Then there was a freshman who was taking Medieval History who thought that Knighthood was a sleeping cap.

* * * *

"Is this the weather bureau?"

"Yes."

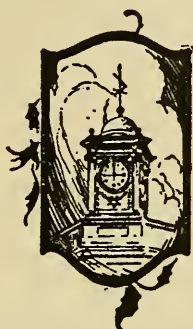
"How about a shower tonight?"

"It's all right with me; take one if you need it."

THE TOWER LIGHT



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Man and God.....	3
The Price of an Extraordinary Occasion.....	4
This Mood of Nature.....	5
Poetry	7
You and I.....	8
Analogies	9
Bathroom Ice Skating.....	10
Dog Show	11
Ninety Cents to Annapolis.....	12
On Counting the Offspring of Tropical Fish.....	13
Buddy	14
Book Reviews	16
Poetry	18
Editorials	20
School News	22
Sports	33
Hits and Bits.....	37
Advertisements	39

The Tower Light

VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1933

No. 2

Man and God

I

A newsboy stands on a street corner,
In the daytime he looks up at infinitely tall gray buildings
Glittering coldly in steely bright sunshine,
Hears street cars lumber past, fire engines clang by,
Auto horns shriek at him.
Busy shoppers buzz by, indifferent to his strident shout.

When night comes, chill, bright electric lights will wink whitely down—
Upon crowded theatres filled with conglomerate mass;
Upon brick houses where families have turned on screaming radios;
Upon dance halls where saxophones moan and crooners bleat.
And the newsboy will still shout his wares busily.

II

Soft jade-green trees lean gracefully over a cool stream
That rushes with the noise of a waterfall in the intense stillness.
A bird chirps drowsily up above.
A squirrel skitters silently and swiftly over soft satin moss.
A little boy lies on his stomach on the green bank of the stream,
Gazes down into a clear pool at a tiny tadpole swimming lazily about.
The soft blue of the sky is mirrored through the lacy pattern of the
branches in the quiet pool.

Soon night will come with its purple velvet sky
Studded with quiet, twinkling stars.
And the moon will shine down on the dark stream, whispering softly.
The little boy will lie in his soft bed
Listening to frogs chanting rhythmically.
He will drift off to slumber, slowly, peacefully, in the dreamy silence of
the night.

III

Glitter and noise—Man.
Soft green and silence—God.

MARGARET COOLEY, *Junior I.*

The Price of an Extraordinary Occasion

WHO can say in which season our campus is loveliest, for it is beautiful all year long. In its colorful autumn garb, though, it fairly calls out to us not to overlook its splendor. As if we could climb the hill in the morning without noticing the flames of ivy climbing the corner of the Administration Building or walk across the campus and miss the display of reds and yellows on every side!

Have the trees and plants really donned their finest gowns for our pleasure, to excite our admiration? Perhaps, but Nature has another more practical reason, too.

In summer, the tree is a factory, busily manufacturing food which it stores in its branches, stems and roots, and upon which it depends for life during the winter months. However busy the tree has been, though, the supply is still inadequate. When the roots are chilled in autumn and the flow of sap is diminished, it must absorb from the leaves whatever substance is still useful and store it in neighboring twigs and buds. Thus, the leaf cells slowly die, and chemical changes take place that destroy the chlorophyll, the coloring matter that gives the leaves their green hue. Then it is that the landscape is brightened by gorgeous yellows, reds, and purples. Some of these colors were present before, but were invisible because of the greater abundance of chlorophyll; others are produced by the processes of decay.

Individual species usually have certain colors peculiar to them. Sometimes one type goes through a gradation of several colors. Elms, soft maples, and poplars put on clear yellow. Hard maples change to yellow, orange, and red. The red oak turns a chocolate brown, but the conifers, as if to check this riotous display, retain their subdued greens.

We say that frost causes the bright autumn colors, but this is not exactly true. Even without frost, the cooling of the soil and the chilling of the roots brings about this change. Indeed, the most brilliant colors of the forest are produced in cool, moist weather, with no frost. Too severe cold will turn the leaves sere and brown.

As the days grow still colder, we see the leaves fade and fall to the ground. It is not just the wind that tears them off. Nature deliberately forms a corky, waterproof layer of cells at the base of the leaf-stalk which severs the leaf from the tree. This seems a pity, but if the leaves remained and continued to give off part of the now diminished supply of moisture, the entire tree would die.

When the grass has withered and the trees stand bare and brown and gaunt, our campus home is rather colorless, but not without beauty, for, ever-so-often the snow comes to continue our panorama.

DOROTHY GROTHAUS, *Senior II.*

This Mood of Nature

MOTHER NATURE is angered. Thunder and lightning—round mellow growls of thunder; sharp crashes, jagged, brilliant lightning, a fury of wind and rain. These forces unite and revolt—revolt fiercely; and after Nature's anger has been appeased she calls in her forces, who are loath to leave and insist on rumbling. The earth stands refreshed. Flowers and trees again raise their heads. They have been cleaned of their grime and sins; they have confessed their wrong-doings and again raise their lovely young faces to the sky and sun. The drops of water still on their blossoms and leaves are changed into beautiful, clear tears of sheer joyousness, playthings for the sun's rays. And Summer passes away.

Edna St. Vincent Millay must have had Autumn in mind when she composed her passionate cry:

O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour!

. . . Lord I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

October, that wonderful matron, is clad in richest yellow and scarlet, with a girdle of mature grapes and yellow wheat. She dresses the trees with riotous colors; the sky with clear and deep blue. The wind blows clear with a quality that awakens man from the lethargy of summer; that makes him want to fly with the wind. He wants the wind to beat his face and his body, to clean it of inactivity and staleness. He wants the red blood to course through his veins again. He utters that passionate appeal of Shelley's:

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes:
Oh, hear!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

As he looks on the beautiful face of Autumn, man breathes an humble, inarticulate prayer: O God! 'We are not worthy of such magnificence and wondrous beauty!' Autumn smiles gently and radiantly. She has seen life as it really is; a fleeting moment of happiness to make man forget great sadness. She understands man's mood. She is sympathetic. She knows what is in store for him and she clothes the world with glorious life-loving colors. She wants to be that fleeting moment of happiness so that man, when drowned in sorrow, may look back and live that minute again. But a chill wind and a sullen rain cruelly rip off some leaves of her beloved trees. Autumn recognizes the warning. Her leaves fade. She becomes listless. She is ready to give up. She notices a man, unmindful of her beauty, tighten his coat around him, and she realizes that the winter ahead will be death for man but only a leave of absence for her. She tries again. She tries to lift her head valiantly, but she is sad with her knowledge, and her sorrow becomes a veil of mist which envelopes her person. The leaves on her trees look hazy and become a blur of slowly fading orange, yellow and red. The whole atmosphere takes on a gray, purple mist. Perhaps the veil is to conceal her departure and to prolong it as long as possible. Again a chill wind comes. The wind tears the leaves mercilessly. Autumn, sighing, gives up and, with a long, lingering look on mankind slowly fades away.

The wind, successful, screeches his delight and calls his thousand demon little winds to come and rip, and tear, and destroy. He whispers enticingly to each leaf, inviting it to dance with him; and the vain, silly leaves, flattered by his attention, consent and dance. They blow across the field in a fantastic dance of death. The wind whips them in a frenzy, then lets them fall—to the cold, bare earth to be burned and destroyed altogether. He forgets not one leaf, and the play of his friends among the naked branches of the trees finally assures man that winter is here. Even the oak, the symbol of Nature's strength and endurance:

"All his leaves
Fallen at length,
Look, he stands,
Trunk and boughs
Naked strength."

Choices

"Life is a succession of choices," I heard a wise man say—
I'm good or bad as I choose the path on which I tread today.
From the time in which my eyelids lift, till I close them again at night—
In all this time I must select the wrong or else—the right.
Thus let my prayer as I fall asleep be the same with which I wake,
"O' Thou Who truly guidest all, show me which choice to make."

DOROTHY VORIS, *Junior V.*

Creation

Yawning gulfs—
Immeasurable depths—
Infinite space—
Enveloped in eternal darkness.
Venomous, steaming waters
Roaring as they flow
From seething, exhaustless caldrons.

Suddenly—
Great flashes of lightning,
Showers of sparks,
Terrifying loud roars of thunder.
The profound, unfathomable darkness fades slowly
Into bright, glorious light.

A world has been born,
The morning of time has begun.

BEATRICE WINER, *Senior III.*

You and I

He Forgot to Remember

HE had been sense-humorless. He was absolutely and tragically shorn of its soothing effect. What, you don't understand me? I mean Joe Halliday. You say you still can't follow me? Oh, that's right; you haven't heard the story, hah, hah, hah, hah! It's funny the way people take things for granted, isn't it though! It would be more sensible if I started my story from the beginning.

Joe Halliday was on his way to college. His father was bidding him good-by at the railway-station. "Now remember that, my son, and you will find this a more pleasing and far better world." Joe had heard but faintly; his thoughts were miles away; he nodded his head mechanically and made a dash for the already slowly moving train.

On the train, Joe collected his wandering thoughts and reflected—for the twenty-eighth time—that the cherished day was now at hand. He had really started on the way to that new and glamorous world.

Joe was going to do great things at college. To bolster his secret opinion of himself he flashed upon a mental screen the events of his last year at high school. The scene opened on the day he made the 'varsity football team; all too quickly it seemed, graduation week followed, in the first ten of his class, and the banquet—dancing with the prettiest girl in town—a pleasing panorama of recollections. "I was just born to do big things," he mused, "I'll show them. Let's see: first I'll make the football team, then basketball, and baseball; a three-letter man, that's pretty good so far. For good measure I'll throw in a Phi Beta Kappa key." According to his fanciful dream-mind it was a simple task to duplicate upon the screen his high-school graduation week, and supplement it in college; a three-letter man, a Phi Beta Kappa, the most popular man on the campus, and among the first ten of the class; a rosy picture.

The next time we see Joe he is in the last quarter of the freshman year. He has worked hard and most of his ambitions have been achieved, but somehow one thought all was not well with Joey.

"The fellows seem to be plenty civil to my face, but I can sense some sort of an intangible aloofness. I really never feel myself a part of the crowd. Gosh, I've worked hard, but even the profs give me the cold shoulder." In this contemplative mood he strolled over to a bench beneath a wide-spreading maple tree, the shadow of which enveloped him completely. Unconsciously, events of the past year presented themselves before his hand-covered eyes. Finally, he saw himself seated on the train bound for college—and then—the film flickered. With an un-

comfortable feeling he tried to reconstruct the blurring scene. "What had happened before this?" Intuitively he sensed that something had occurred before he had boarded the train. Then he saw himself running for the train. "But what happened before this?" Then he heard his father speaking. What was he saying? He strained with all his might to hear the faint whisper. By sheer effort the words became intelligible.

"Joe, this is a world of give and take, and sometimes you have to give much more than you take. However, above all else, never lose your sense of humor. Don't ever get to that stage where you aren't able to play a little with your pet ambitions and ideals. Never take yourself too seriously. Remember that, my son, and you will find this a pleasing and far better world."

A ray of sunlight found its way among the heavy foliage and shed its solitary beam upon a heavy-hearted boy. Slowly he rose, and shaking himself as from a trance, he emerged into the strong daylight. He rubbed his eyes. He looked about, darkness was superseded by sunbeams. He felt better. As he walked toward the dormitory for dinner, he knew he was happier. "Dad's right," he said, "if you want to get along with people, never lose your sense of humor, don't take yourself so seriously, you ole sourdough. Smile," he said to himself. Students on the campus saw Joe Halliday wearing a joyous expression, and they wondered.

HENRY KITT, *Senior III.*

Analogies

NATURE reveals to us realism in the most artistic yet unmistakable manner. If we become acquainted with its bountiful resources, we can acquire much knowledge and satisfaction.

A stream of water, though retarded by rocks and débris in its course, makes a path around them, never stopping because of the impediments which oppose. The stream travels on indefinitely and ultimately fulfills its purpose. In life we must also tackle problems as this stream has done, not let them stampede us, but challenge them until we have realized our aspirations.

The sun comes up bright each day, and gradually but surely makes its journey. It gleams with light, vitality, and hope. As evening nears, it sinks below the western horizon. Phoebus has done a good piece of work for the world. He is satisfied and happy. Have you done a good piece of work each day?

DONALD TALBOTT, *Junior IV.*

Bathroom Ice Skating

PREPARE for bathroom ice skating carefully. First, get two large bars of laundry soap. (This has the advantage of being cheap as well as the safest for amateurs.) Have a pan of lukewarm water near, and, if you think it necessary, Sloan's Liniment, iodine, an ice bag and a crutch. Take the precaution of having someone within calling distance, though not near enough to witness the performance. Ready? Remove the shoes and stockings; wet one side of each of the bars of soap and place the wet side on the bathroom floor. (See that the door is closed.) Now, step on one of the bars with the right foot and scoot around the bathroom, pushing yourself with your left foot. (That's all right, no one saw you fall.) Be certain to lean forward and keep the soap under the foot by gripping it tightly with the toes. When you have become skilled in this, place the other foot on the second bar of soap. Perhaps you'd better hold on to the bathtub the first time. Grip the soap with your toes, pointing them inward, and take long, slow steps. Circle the bathroom slowly at first, then faster. If you are persistent, this exercise, as well as giving pleasure, will reduce the hips and ankles considerably.

DOROTHY VORIS, *Junior V.*

Feline Symphony

They chant—or shall I say they moan
On our back fence at night.
They bring down wrath—upon their heads—
A sorry plight.
I wonder—do they tell their griefs
In awful-sounding tones,—
Or, are they merely gossiping
Dramatically, with groans?
I wish they'd act respectable,
And talk in tones subdued,
And leave us—when politely asked,—
Instead of being shoed!

I. M. SHIPE, *Senior IV.*

Dog Show

FRISKY, excited puppies, patient stately elders, diminutive bits of fluffy black wool, long-legged, sleek aristocrats of the kennel, all had gathered for the event of the season—the dog show. A proud owner brushed frantically, yet caressingly, at an already well-groomed coat, as the impatient subject registered his objection by evasive movements. Another, however, accepted his toilet in a preoccupied manner, since his whole attention was centered on a fellow contestant. Everywhere the dogs were being made ready, or were in readiness, for the crucial time of judgment. Owners chatted together in groups, proudly discussing the merits of their dogs, the ribbons won, eagerly explaining the genealogy for generations. When an owner generously confided in me that some unpronounceable name was this dog's grandfather, I was filled with a guilty remorse, for I knew that my "Oh, not really!" would be obviously shallow, and my friend would be equally as sad at realizing the seriousness of the occasion and well aware of his important position, studied the little animals carefully, as they were paraded in a circle by their owners. The dogs themselves, however, were joyously oblivious of even existence, and therefore, by contrast, compared quite favorably with their human mentor. With nonchalance, these thorough-breds indiscriminatingly accepted victory and defeat. The defeated owner, however, gave his pup an extra stroke, which effectively expressed "You're my choice, anyway."

Here were alien individuals welded together by a singleness of interest: sincere admiration and affection for a pet.

MARY-STEWART LEWIS.

My Houn' Pup

Wag, my little ole houn' pup, has eyes so very brown.
And they look so soft and wistful, just like velvet down.
He bubbles over with pep and always wants to play.
No matter what I go to do, he's always in the way.
When I pet his little squirmy body, he often will insist
With his long, panting tongue on licking my face with a kiss.
After he's had his bath and the brown's so brown and the white's so white
He stretches out on the grass to sleep, breathing a sigh of delight.
Let highbrows have their pekes and all their pedigrees,
I'll keep my little ole houn' pup to love—even with his fleas.

A. WILHELM, *Senior IV.*

Ninety Cents to Annapolis

WE were working frantically stuffing sofa pillows, now and again wiping the moisture from our greatly overheated brows. Ah, me! What a sight we were!

Then the door bell rang! What were we to do? We forced our facial muscles into a painfully pleasant smile and opened the door.

There, on the threshold of our worthy "domicile," stood a strange man clutching his arm and making grimaces. He was slight of stature, with closely set eyes and thin, narrow lips.

"I'm weak and sick. Please, may I come in?" he faltered, breathing heavily.

Before we could offer any objection, he walked into the room and sat down in the chair nearest the door. He plunged immediately into his story.

"My name is Cole and I'm on my way to the Naval Academy. I've been home on leave to see Mother and Dad, who live in Philadelphia. I'm due at the Academy by five. I gave a fellow a lift on my way to Baltimore, and he made away with all my money when I went into a sandwich shop."

He paused for a moment as if to get a fresh start.

"To make matters worse a man ran into me as I turned into Centre Street, off Charles. He tore my car up, and I can't possibly get it fixed tonight. My arm, too, is gashed."

Midshipman Cole went on to relate that his only chance of getting to his destination was by way of the W. B. and A. electric line. He had no money. Would we lend him ninety cents for his fare? He sensed we were suspicious.

"I surely will get in 'hot water' if I'm late getting back to school after a leave. The officers accept no excuse whatever," he added in an effort to make his story more forceful.

With a couple of dollars, and after expressing his heartfelt gratitude, he left, still clutching his arm.

Weeks passed and we saw nothing more of Alias Midshipman Cole; however, we did learn that he had developed quite a racket in our neighborhood.

MARGARET KELLEMAN, *Senior XI.*

* * * *

TRAGEDY IN A NUTSHELL

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick. Boy with a pin on the end of a stick. Boy jabbed the mule—mule gave a lurch—services Monday at the M. E. Church.

On Counting the Offspring of Tropical Fish

IF you have ever raised the Gupi variety of tropical fish you have learned to expect a huge offspring every few weeks. Besides feeding the fish and balancing the bowl, there is the added task of counting them. To be able to determine the number of little Guppies there are, before the big Guppies eat them, is a mark of "expertmanship." I add an apology for Mamma and Pappa Gupi's eating the little fish: it so happens that the eyes of this type of fish are not specialized quite enough to enable them to distinguish between objects, and they snap at anything that moves.

Since I have had numerous experiences I thought it only fair to help you fish lovers count your fish. Here follows the procedure I have found most helpful: Procure a magnifying glass—you can now see the Guppies. Remove the grass and other colorful weeds growing in the bowl. Dip in with a tea strainer for the large fish, holding your hand over the strainer once you have cornered them and transfer to a mixing bowl which you previously filled with water. (Even now these big fellows may escape, for they are known to be unbelievable leapers on such occasions.) Now your fish bowl contains only the babies. One, two, three, four, five—count until you reach sixteen, for that is the average in one brood. Be satisfied with that, for you probably will be counting the same ones over and missing others that have hidden in the sand. Restore the big fish to the bowl and watch how fast they swallow the little fish. What have you gained—but you'll count them every time!

MARGARET KNAUER, *Junior II.*

Nitrate Mining in Chile

"Now," said the teacher to little Willie, "please describe nitrate mining in Chile."

"Well," began Willie, "they don't use a drill."

"They bore holes in the ground and these with dynamite they fill."

"In a few seconds the dynamite explodes."

"And the nitrate is taken to the factories on rough railroads."

"At the factories it is put in tanks of boiled water."

"And from there it is taken into tanks of cool water."

"And from there it is taken to dry in the sun."

"It is exported in bags, 200 pounds in one."

"That's fine," said the teacher, "Now describe the Linden Tree."

"Just a minute, teacher," said Willie, "will I receive 'E' in geography?"

JOURNET KAHN,

School 62, 6A2, Smallwood St. and Walbrook Ave.

Buddy

Buddy was being naughty. Even if you didn't know Buddy you could tell by the look on his very dirty face that he was engaged in one of those pastimes so dear to the heart of a small boy, and so abhorrent to the mother of that same small boy. Buddy's face was lighted as if by an inner glow, and a smile played about his mouth. He was completely absorbed in his delightful occupation, and utterly oblivious to the mud that was drying on his only-too-recently-immaculate white suit. His chubby arms and legs were brown between dark mud splotches, and the seven freckles that nearly covered his button of a nose were obliterated by an exceptionally well directed splash. Buddy's small sandals were being used as molds for Buddy's creations in beautiful, smooth, cool mud.

Buddy was being naughty. Buddy knew he was being naughty, and into Buddy's mind crept a vision of a not-too-well-pleased mamma. His face clouded; he refused to think any further, for beyond the vision of mamma lay visions of what had happened before on similar occasions. He shook off a more-than-vague premonition of disaster and gave himself over to the pleasure of making plain and fancy mud pies. His feet and hands were used interchangeably in churning the mud into a delightfully creamy mixture, which, after going through a series of solemn and intricate processes known only to Buddy, emerged as rather wobbly balls, crooked stars, and barely recognizable triangles. Whenever Buddy realized that a particular creation surpassed his previous efforts, he grunted his satisfaction, and applied himself to his labor with renewed vigor.

Buddy was being naughty. A sudden noise made him start, and he looked around apprehensively toward the house. No one was in sight, so after another glance just to make sure, Buddy resumed operations with his little heart racing. For several minutes he worked nervously, looking around often to assure himself that he was safe for the time being. Gradually the scamp became once more absorbed in mud pies. The afternoon was warm and sunny, and the garden was a pleasant place to play. Buddy was exquisitely content, as only a three-year-old can be. Gone were disquieting visions, and gone that vague premonition of disaster. Buddy was in his way a philosopher, and his philosophy included letting consequences take care of themselves.

Buddy was being naughty. Mamma, in her cool living room, felt it. She had not heard Buddy for nearly an hour, and that was enough to make her uneasy. Still, her book was absorbing, and it was so warm outside. Mamma lazily decided to stay where she was. Buddy was prob-

ably visiting one of his friends, Mamma thought. She read. Buddy kept intruding into her thoughts. Mamma had a premonition, and mamma remembered previous occasions when Buddy had been quiet. Mamma went to look for Buddy.

Buddy had been naughty. He had thought it over with mamma's help, and he had decided that crime doesn't pay. Buddy's blue eyes were slightly red but his brown hair was brushed, his white suit was crisp and cool, and he looked as if he had just stepped out of a tub. Buddy sat quietly near mamma, and occasionally he turned the pages of his picture book and sighed deeply.

HILDA WEINER, *Senior III.*

❖

Prayers of a Little Boy

Dear God, forgive me, do you think you might?
I didn't really mean to fight.
And if in the pantry the jam was spilled,
I had to have my stomach filled.
If the dog did chew my shoe,
Dear God, what could I do?
If the window did break from my ball,
I didn't go to do it at all.
I got a licking and was sent to bed,
I've been a bad boy, so Mummy said.
Ho, hum, well, Dear God, bless Mummy and Dad
And please forgive me if I've been bad.

Prayers of a Little Girl

Dear God, I'd like to have a party dress,
But I'll have to wait 'til I'm older, I guess,
And I'd like to have lots of dolls, too,
With hair so yellow and eyes so blue.
I'd like to be pretty and have lots of beaux,
I'd like to get rid of my turned-up nose,
And then, Dear God, if you can,
Please give me curls like Dorothy Ann.

A. WILHELM, *Senior IV.*

The Old Vs. the New

NEVER give up the old friends for the new. Have you heard this proverb? Apply it to your book reading. If you can't get a new book just from the publishers, take it as the fox did in the fable of the "Sour Grapes" and hunt up some of the old novels that you know are good but that you just haven't had an opportunity to read. Here's one! Willa Cather's "Obscure Destinies," a book including three stories. If you are pressed for time and have only a few moments' leisure now and then, you will enjoy picking up this book and finishing one of these stories in those few minutes, rather than having to stop in the middle of a long, fascinating novel.

The characters of all three of these stories do experience the "Obscure Destinies" for which the title prepares you. Have you ever imagined yourself at the age of 65 or 70? Picture yourself as such a person and then compare your ideas with the thoughts of Willa Cather. The lives of the old people in two of the stories are divided into two definite parts: one in which they sit, recalling all the pleasant memories of their past young lives; the other, in which they are continually readjusting their own lives to be of the greatest benefit to their children and grandchildren.

The third story is one in which the link of politics in a strong chain of friendship was broken by a simple twist of misunderstanding between the two men who belonged to opposite political parties.

If you like to study the characters of people, read "Obscure Destinies."

E. TROYER, *Senior IX.*

Peter Abelard

NEVER were seven years so well spent as those consumed by Miss Waddell in collecting material for her "Peter Abelard." She has given us a picture of the great schoolman of the twelfth century which, though erring in a few details, is true to the man and his contemporaries.

In her desire to present a sympathetic portrait, Miss Waddell at times imputes too much naïveté to Abelard. We can hardly forbear looking askance at such a contradiction in terms as a naïve mediæval scholastic. Yet, we feel constrained to confess a selfish joy on discov-

ering an occasional lapse on the part of the author, for were a perfect book ever written, we critics would be deprived of one of our chief incentives for continuing to disguise ourselves in this all too mortal coil.

But a murrain—whatever that may be—on all such carping critics! This book is a masterpiece of its kind. Its limitations serve but to accentuate its virtues. The worst that can be said of "Peter Abelard" is that it is so consistently well written that no particular part stands out above the rest. Miss Waddell's mastery of her art is revealed by those thumbnail sketches of Roscellinus, Palestrina, and others—delicacies whose savour can be appreciated only after they have been tasted several times. The dialogue sometimes breathes the very spirit of scholastic wit and subtlety. The interpretation of Abelard's love for Heloise is that of a poet, albeit the medium of expression chances to be prose.

In short, "Peter Abelard" is the happy result of Miss Waddell's attempt to write perfectly of beautiful happenings.

The book makes me envious.

H. BERNHARDT, *Junior III.*

The Circus from Rome to Ringling

DRIFT back into the days of your childhood, the days of your greatest circus enthusiasm. You enjoyed it, of course, but how many of us actually know its thrilling history—from Rome to Ringling? Earl Chapin May has written the first complete, fascinating, accurate circus history, a history which is sure to interest you "boys and girls of all ages," to whom the book is dedicated. Mr. May tells us that "an institution founded during the earliest days of pagan Rome, perpetuated through the darkest years of medieval Europe and reaching its highest development in modern America, deserves more than passing mention. Although he doesn't know of how many shows he has been a part, the author knows that after he has owned a motor car a year it will automatically turn from any highway into a circus lot. You have been long enough in anxiety, wanting to know the details of arranging and performing circus acts—how the careers of the Ringling Brothers began, how long elephants have been part of a circus—and many other phases of the "ever-changing, never-changing circus." "The Circus from Rome to Ringling" will answer all your questions satisfactorily. When you go to its performances again they will be so much more thrilling because of your having read this book. Mr. May has surely "done his part" in giving you a live and detailed account of the circus

FRANCES WALTEMYER, *Freshman VI.*

The Eternal Question

As oft' before my desk I sit
In vain, to make my pen express
What I am never certain of—
A theme of utter uselessness,
First idle topics, then again
A greater vision is unloosed,
And then my thinking takes that strain
That adolescence introduced.
Why am I here? Where shall I go?
What is my purpose on this earth?
And then I wonder whether I
Am of real material worth.
I'm here, I guess, to do my share
Of work that has been planned by Fate,
Perhaps it's to improve the world,
Perhaps to help repopulate.
But when my share of work is done,
And I have added two or three
To grow and struggle for a life,
Then what is to become of me?
Is there no after-life at all—
No period of eternal bliss—
Is all to end when we are gone,
Our souls to fall in one abyss?
I can't believe that this is so—
That after all our work is done,
We are to lose all sight of life—
Lose the rewards which we have won.
Is there no hope for further life?
Can we not ask for something more?
Or must we even miss the thrill
Of Charon and the Styx's shore?

Perhaps it *is* but a mere blank—
And end to all that we have known;
Perhaps there *is* no other world,
For if there were, we would be shown.
I'll merely have to give it up—
To stay impatience and to wait,
What is to be is sure to come,
In this case, I depend on Fate.

STELLA COHEN, *Junior I.*

O Winding Road

O winding road,
Whither goest thou?
Past the farmer with his plow,
Past the meadow cool and damp,
Past the spring and Indian camp,
Past the large old cherry tree
Bearing cherries just for me;
Past the rambling fox-grape vine,
'Mongst whose branches I still find
Grapes that are so large and sweet
Cultivated ones are beat;
Past the sour apple tree,
Many aches it caused for me;
Past the oak that I have climbed
Acorns for the squirrels to find;
Past the pine grove thick and warm,
Shelt'ring birds from many a storm;—
Many places you reveal,
Though some others you conceal.
Winding road,
O winding road!

ELEANOR BOUNDS, *Junior IV.*

◆

Skyscrapers

Stately towering, calm and serene against the heavens' changing colors;
created for eternity by mortal hands,
that will be dust long ere you fall.
Born of human sweat and blood and brain,
molded of the shapeless elements
into a mighty majesty
Bright steel and brilliant glass given form, but not a soul.
Heartless, unemotional,
crushing men who strove to make you
Symbol of human progress,
revealing man's eternal power.
Unchanged by storm, unmoved by wind,
reaching from earth to unbounded sky,
proudly stretching far above your creators,
Stately towering calm and serene.

H. WEINER, *Senior III.*

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MARY-STEWART LEWIS

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

HILDA FARBMAN
BEATRICE WINER
LEE YENKMAN

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Faculty Representative

MARY DI MARCANTONIO

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

The Three Little Pigs

ONCE there were three little pigs who went away to build their homes. The first was very gay so he built his house of hay; the second liked to jig so he built his house of twigs. The third little pig was more practical so he labored diligently and built his house of brick. We all know how the story ended when the big, bad wolf came along. But there is another version of the three little pigs.

There were three little pigs who went away to college. Here they did not have to build houses, but they had some things to keep fit just

as they did their houses. What needed their care were rectangular, metal contraptions where they kept their belongings. Each little pig had his special locker quite filled with books (some courses required term books), papers, and other essentials. All three little pigs were good students so they worked very thoughtfully for the last two weeks on a unit that was due the third period Friday. Since these little pigs were so meticulous about their work they did not carry these units to their early classes, but left them in their lockers.

Now, the college building was made of brick, so no wolf could have done any mischief, but the first two pigs still claim he was present. The first little pig was inclined to be somewhat lazy, so he thought it foolish to lock his locker. The second little pig was generally in a hurry, so he just threw his books in the locker to land where they pleased. The third little pig was very conscientious, so he had his books stacked neatly and within his immediate reach.

At the crucial moment the three little pigs scampered to their lockers for their masterpieces. The first little pig hurriedly opened his locker and looked and looked and looked, but no unit. Someone had with little effort taken what he had labored over. The second little pig put his key in the locker, and, as lockers sometimes stick, jerked at the door. Plop!—not only what he wanted, but all his belongings fell on him. Quite deranged, he searched and searched and searched, only to have to hand the unit in late. The third little pig walked to his locker and calmly reached on the top shelf for his article. He handed his unit in on time and had that glorious feeling which only those who have handed units in on time can appreciate.

Did the wolf interfere? Are you afraid of the big, bad wolf?

R. S. T.

Normal Days

It seems but yesterday that I entered these portals, fresh from high school, with ambition nigh to overflowing, one among many conscientious mortals bent upon gathering the seeds of knowledge for sowing. Three long years of opportunity before me lay; opportunity to tap the bottomless reservoir of knowledge. The key to this reservoir I knew to be work, work intermingled with play. Very fortunate indeed, I considered myself, to enter this college. Swiftly, oh, so swiftly, those two never-to-be-forgotten years glided by. Too soon June will come, and I'll be on my way, frequently looking back on those glorious Normal days with a sigh.

STANLEY MALESKI, *Senior I. A.*

Assembly Programs—Sept. 23-Oct. 16, 1933

SENIORS VI-VII

How much do you know about your largest city? Two senior sections—six and seven—realized how little they really knew about Baltimore, and so took it as a class project, and based their assembly upon this project. Every member of the class visited at least one historic or outstanding point of interest. In assembly, some were reviewed in detail, such as Carroll Mansion, St. Joseph's College, Old Shot Tower, and the Customs House. A special feature of the assembly was the chorus, "Baltimore, Our Baltimore," sung by members of the two sections, while the accompanying instruments continued the refrain as the assembly dismissed itself. Helpful materials were outcomes of the project. A locational picture map of Baltimore was made to make plain the exact position of the points of interest discussed in the study of Baltimore. A pamphlet, giving in complete detail the whole project, is now in the making.

MISS TREUT

We who had no opportunity of taking a trip to the World's Fair in Chicago can never make up for having missed that opportunity. However, we were grateful to Miss Treut, as well as others who were privileged to go to the Fair, for revealing to us some of the wonderful things that went on there. Furthermore, the pictures helped immensely to make us understand how wonderful this great display really was, even though they gave us an unexplainable feeling that one gets when he has missed something really worthwhile. The Hall of Science, Convention Hall, and Transport Building—all features of the Fair—were reviewed to us in detail. Truly Miss Birdsong spoke when she said, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

MISS MEDWEDEFF

Just as she promised, Miss Medwedeff continued her talk on the trip that she took this summer. The Hawaiian Islands was her subject, and the scenic beauty and customs were the two main topics discussed under it. One of the interesting customs of the Hawaiian Islands is that of welcoming visitors with leis, which the visitor must throw overboard when he leaves the islands—if he ever wishes to return again. A new light on the Hula dance was given to us, too. This dance seems to have been criticized unjustly by some people. Miss Medwedeff was privileged to visit a festival on the islands, where she noted particularly that there was in reality little bodily movement in the real Hula dance. Wouldn't you, too, like to visit the Hawaiian Islands?

MISS BIRDSONG

Thoughts!!! That was the subject for Miss Birdsong's assembly talk, and I am sure she set our thoughts in motion. Probably the basis for her thoughts was the N. R. A. Movement? Miss Birdsong defines N. R. A. as a movement in which employers, consumers, and producers work together for a means of relieving unemployment. An outgrowth of the N. R. A. movement is the slogan, "We Do Our Part." Miss Birdsong believes that the N. R. A., as a co-operative movement, has to work and we *must* do our part! Our main thoughts should be "not what lies dimly in the distance but what lies ahead." Is money always the root of success? Are not happiness, health, loyalty, sincerity and open-mindedness all phases leading to success? Miss Birdsong says that we must think well of ourselves, not in the manner of conceit, but in the manner that we are able to see our faults along with our good points. Our next duty is to add to or take from this preconceived notion whichever is necessary. This constitutes our problem in life!

DR. CROOKS

Dr. Crooks, who has visited us before, was again welcomed by our assembly. Dr. Crooks talked to us about the situation in Cuba. Our speaker believes that the world's progress should be made by younger people rather than older people, since the young have the future to face. Cuban students surpass students in the United States, since they do have more freedom of speech on the big problems confronting them. As far as President Roosevelt's N. R. A. movement goes, Cuba is well satisfied, and is carrying out the well-known "We Do Our Part" slogan. Dr. Crooks gave us some ideas of how Cubans feel about intervention. She said, "Intervention is outmoded. It is wise, therefore, that the United States has not intervened in Cuban affairs. The sending of warships is a mistake—a hasty thing! It is understood, however, that Cubans always appreciate co-operation."

DR. TALL

Just as Miss Medwedeff's talk started in us a desire to travel, so Miss Tall's talk gave us a yearning to see Europe. Miss Tall, with four of her friends, left Baltimore on the Baltimore Mail Line—a likable boat because of its privacy. The first land sighted was the shore of England. The French shores appeared next, and it was at Paris that Miss Tall stopped. Customs are trials in most travel, but Miss Tall found them easier to follow in Europe than in our own United States, because they are not nearly so rigid as ours. It was interesting to note that Paris is not the wicked city that most people believe it to be. Nevertheless its night clubs and amusement centers afford a traveler plenty of "fun and

punch." A review of outstanding points of interest was quite impressively given. Napoleon's tomb must be beautiful, when we realize that Grant's tomb in New York, patterned after Napoleon's tomb, has been considered a magnificent piece of work. But, in fact, it cannot be compared with the Napoleon tomb in Paris. The Hall where the Peace Treaty was carried out will give us that feeling of international understanding if the imagination is only able to take one back to those days. The Gallery of Lafayette, a department store in Paris, does quite an extensive piece of social work. Mothers who are employed there carry their babies to work with them, put them in care of a nurse there, and are allowed periods in the day when they may leave their counters to be with their children. Luncheons are given to the mothers and their babies in addition to the regular salary. Last, Miss Tall told us of Joan of Arc's tomb, located in the city of Rouen, a city of crooked, narrow streets and many cathedrals, but a city which will always be noted for this statue to France's heroine. Miss Tall visited Switzerland, Germany, and at Brussels took the boat to London, and thence home.

RUTH KOLATA, *Senior VII.*

Maryland Academy of Sciences

ONE of the many interesting spots in Baltimore that has given much pleasure to students of history and geography is the Maryland Academy of Sciences, located at Charles Street near Twenty-eighth. The academy is open to the public, free of charge, on Thursday nights between 8 and 10 P. M. During this time a telescope, under the guidance of experienced hands, is played upon the various satellites, planets, stars, and nebulae that dot the heavens.

On Thursday night, October 19, a special group viewed the planets Saturn and Uranus, the nebula of Andromeda, and the double cluster of stars in Perseus. The obliging officials explained the rings in Saturn, the distance between the various bodies of stars, and the methods by which some of the information is obtained.

For one who has a sufficient background and has not yet seen these sights, a pleasurable experience awaits.

FRANK ZEICHNER, *Junior III.*

THEODORE WORONKA, *Junior III.*

Well! Well! Well!

IT seems as though, with the coming of winter, romance has died or has been frozen out. Try as one may, there are little or no delectable events that your humble editor may offer for your consideration. However, we were fortunate enough to catch several of the more prominent members of the student body in their unguarded moments, and perhaps, with the telling of their antics, we may bring a smile.

Certainly, we should thank the Freshman class president, Mr. Edward Brumbaugh, for the offer of his assistance in helping us "get out of Normal School in the right way." That was quite thoughtful of him.

And, incidentally, if you want to see Eddie blush, ask him to show you his high school ring. (Ten to one he can't produce it. Neither, for that matter, can the winsome president of the Rural Club produce her ring—and we know why!)

Then, too, in all sincerity we wish to thank Mr. Raymond Dugan, the Senior Class President, for his noble efforts in putting over the *Senior Benefit Dance*. Sad to relate, there were only thirty-seven seniors present, in spite of his good work.

And then there's the pretty and demure Freshman miss who listens to the most commonplace statements with an air of bewildered wonderment and at their conclusion manages to gasp either "No fool" (with a rising inflection on the "fool") or "My heart; I can't stand it!" Yes, gentlemen, she hails from Salisbury, is now living in Baltimore, and commutes.

Seems that people (and, to be more specific, males) are beginning to notice that vivacious blonde Junior (Junior 1), who is perhaps not beautiful, but *certainly* not dumb. If you single her out, ask her to imitate Ben Turpin. Does she know how!

And then, too, there is that petite county Senior (Senior 8) who can say "By gum!" so beautifully that you are led to believe she comes from the country until you find out she hails from a city with a population of fully thirty-five!

They tell us that a well-known pianist has recently exhibited in the halls a poster that pertained to the senior dance. They also tell us that it was well done and, as posters go, quite catchy. However, they forgot to tell us that all he did was sign his name to it!!

Who was the rather pleasant senior girl that flew into a not-to-be-pacified rage when all the clever I. A. boys hailed her as "Fire Chief"? (She wore a flaming red hat (?) that fairly shrieked from afar.)

What we want to know is—why doesn't someone do something about the marshals who, during the assembly, carry on an extremely

lively conversation and then blandly (after they are through) command one to "please keep quiet, as it is not polite to the speaker!"

Wednesday, October the eleventh, the men had their first monthly meeting at Miss Tall's house. That, however, is taken up somewhere else in these pages. What we wish to enlarge upon was the beautiful ceremony that was enacted after the meeting. The men, in a body, gathered in front of the dormitories. There, to the mellow accompaniment of a guitar, they serenaded the girls, who sat in their windows and enthusiastically applauded each song. Perhaps the singing was not beautiful; however, the spirit was there, and each man sang with a will and unheard of volume that would have given Miss Weyforth a pleasant shock.

If you want to incur Stan Maleski's wrath, just suggest to him that you know someone who has a larger vocabulary than he!

And anyone who is such a poor roller-skater that she falls down and breaks an elbow! Well, what can we say about that?

And weren't we surprised when we heard that the President of the Resident Student Council was regaling the late-comers one Saturday night with ukulele solos. My! My!

The prize for this month's intelligent deed goes to the junior girl who, while out picking seed specimens, pulled off a handful of poison oak berries!

Why don't those three tall, blonde freshman girls get onto themselves and stop the "clique-ing"? How do they ever expect to get socially mature if they stay satisfied with just their own company?

Why is it that the men who are cleverest with their legs on the soccer field are the poorest dancers?

If you hear weird noises emanating from the vicinity of the men's room, please don't be alarmed. The explanation is simple: the violin virtuoso of Senior 6 has recently bought a saxophone and practices in the men's room. He is to be complimented upon his many original compositions.

Which member of the firm of Winer, Lowe and Weiner (Senior 3) asked Mr. Walther whether they put rubber in steel to give it that elastic quality? She was serious, too!

We don't want to be rude, but we can't help smiling to ourselves when we think of Bob Norris playing teacher to little second graders. Our amusement becomes somewhat subdued, however, when we remember that yours truly is in exactly the same predicament!

Mr. Walther blushing admitted that he marks units by putting them on a scale and weighing them. One student thereupon threatened to write on wrapping paper.

Why doesn't some progressive section wake up and sponsor an afternoon tea dance?

It happened during a math period in which Miss Scarborough and a class were discussing types of stocks and bonds. Miss Scarborough was giving examples of fluctuations in bonds.

"Now in 1927 I bought some Chile bonds——"

H. W.: "Hmm! I guess they must be frozen by now."

Why does that tall I. A. chap, who *never* combs his hair, wear rose-colored finger-nail polish? We can't mention names, but his initials are Herman Bernard Miller.

UNSUNG HEROES OF HISTORY:

1. The men students who run up and down sidelines during soccer games waving a species of male raiment to denote offsides. We nominate T. Tatem Woronka as C. O. D. (Chairman of Offside Denoters.)

2. The small army of editors who go dashing about trying to get students to write articles for the TOWER LIGHT.

Faculty Notes

Kaleidoscopic views of the Faculty on Play Day.

Miss Birdsong saying that the conglomeration of colors on the dancing field reminded her of the World's Fair. (And she liked the Fair.)

Miss Daniels getting her feet confused, in, "Did you ever see a lassie?" and kicking the boy on her right.

Miss Treut wondering where the Badminton courts were and when she was to start playing.

Miss Scarborough being taught shuffleboard and being encouraged by Miss Rutledge.

Miss Rutledge explaining to Miss Woodward that she had played shuffleboard once before on shipboard; *but the man was very good looking.*

Miss Blood, looking disconcerted after missing a wicket by two feet. (She had been complimenting herself on her good playing.)

Miss Roach wandering from group to group as benign as a Mother Hen proudly pleased with her brood.

Miss Cook putting up a good stand in pingpong.

Mr. Walther lurking around with his camera so that he could get some good "shots."

Miss Bader, Miss Jones, and Miss Birdsong chatting.

Miss Medwedeff thoroughly enjoying her bowling.

Miss Prickett frantically trying to attach the correct meanings to Jimmie Dugan's and Mr. Minnegan's antics and conduct her orchestra so that the singing and the music would correspond.

The Men's Meeting

THE initial monthly meeting of the Men's Group for the year 1933-34 was held at the home of Dr. Tall on Wednesday, October 11th. Fifty-six out of a total of sixty-six men students on the school enrollment list were present.

We were very disappointed to see but three freshmen at the principal's home on this particular date. As you may readily see, practically all of those absent from this gathering were freshmen (Boys, you don't know what you are missing).

A great deal of old and new business was brought up, discussed, and settled.

This year we plan to have men outside of the teaching profession speak to us during one out of every two or three of our meetings. We should be very glad indeed to have a speaker for every meeting, but this is impossible, due to the volume of business that awaits settlement each month.

We have also planned to spend one of our meeting nights at the Welsh Medical Library, instead of meeting, as usual, at the home of Dr. Tall.

STANLEY MALESKI, *Senior I. A.*

The Liberal Group

FOR some time several students have felt the need for some arrangement whereby they might freely express their views on various subjects and have their opinions subjected to the criticisms of others. Out of this need was born the Liberal Group.

It was on Wednesday, September 13, that Messrs. Davies, Bernhardt, B. Goldberg, M. Goldberg, Kitt, Kolb, Meigs, Podlich, and Zeichner met and formed the present organization, whose purpose is the interchange of ideas relating to questions of mutual interest to the members of the group. One of the unusual features of this organization is its informality. There are no elected officers, each member holding each office for two consecutive meetings.

This informality, this freedom, is made possible only by each member's assuming the responsibility of reading up on the subject to be discussed and giving the question some serious thought.

The first discussion, held on Thursday, September 28, was devoted to the question of the meaning and history of liberalism. Miss Rutledge, who was invited to attend this meeting, participated with a great deal of enthusiasm.

H. BERNHARDT, *Junior III.*

Campus School Child Study

THE Child Study Group of the Campus School began its 1933-34 program on Wednesday morning, October 18. Miss Birdsong, leader of the group, spoke to a large audience concerning the Psychological Implications of Habit Formation. A business meeting followed.

The following program has been worked out for the first group of meetings:

October 18—Psychological Implications in Habit Formation—Miss Birdsong

October 25—Biological Foundation of Habit Formation—Dr. Curt P. Richter

November 1—Reward and Punishment—Mrs. Gerald W. Johnson

November 8—Teasing and Jealousy—Mrs. Della Gordon

November 15—Parents' Symposium on Allowances

Learning How to Earn Money—Mrs. Robert W. Maeser

Learning How to Spend and to Save Money—Mrs. Donald Minnegan

Family Values—Mrs. James W. Tyson, III

November 22—School and Home Co-operation—Miss Marguerite Dougherty, Mrs. Albert J. Groshans

November 29—Art in Everyday Life—Miss Marie Neunsinger

December 6—Basis of Selection of Toys—Mrs. Rose W. Stern

Use of Makeshift Materials for Play—Mr. John J. Seidel

December 13—Ideals for Our Children—Miss Irene M. Steele

The First Century

Let us travel in our enchanted machine back to the time of the first century. We see strange animals prowling in the dark looking for food. Wild men are eating raw deer meat. They do not know anything about fire. Their dress is only a lion or bear skin.

The land is all forests, so thick you can hardly walk through it. The trees are as different from ours as possible. Monkeys, apes, and gorillas live in these trees. Birds that can talk also live in these trees.

It is getting late, so we must be getting back to the United States. We are carried swiftly through the air until we reach the good old United States of America.

KATIE ECHTER,
School No. 62, Grade 6A2.

September Te-Pa-Chi Club Meeting

MISS LAVINIA ENGLE, member of the Maryland Legislature from Montgomery County, addressed the elementary school Te-Pa-Chi Club on October 3, 1933. The general topic of her talk was "Education and the State." A brief résumé of her speech follows:

Both *education* and *state* are terms which in these days need to be redefined. When we speak of "public education" we must realize that no public service is furnished free, every member of the community, either by direct or indirect taxation, is paying for this service, and the public has a right to satisfy itself as to the wisdom of payments and plans. In making a community purchase we must be sure that taxation is equally distributed. Certain types of taxes weigh with undue severity upon certain parts of the population.

Taxpayers have the right to insure that their money shall be wisely spent upon teachers, school property, and programs; and to insure that the standard of education shall measure up to the standard of the community. The mass of American people have not had an articulate appreciation of what constituted the underlying philosophy of public education. The community must know what education means to it, as a community.

The main idea of education in the past was to prepare for work. Education, for the next decade, will have to deal also with the problem of leisure. *State education* is the attempt of the state to develop skills that individuals need as future citizens. The Maryland school system has varied experiences in education, so that communities may be served according to their several needs. The Locust Point School and a recent experiment in a school in one of the mining districts in Western Maryland are illustrations of fitting the school to the community.

During the last session of the Legislature we were shocked by the opinions expressed by men of standing and influence in the community on school subjects. Until the people of the state have a program, they must not be upset when the Legislature slips in its program.

Public education on as wholesale a scale as it is in the United States is a comparatively new thing in the world. What is taught in the schools is generally what the community demands. Growth comes in answer to the needs of the people who finance school programs.

The problems of leisure and training for industrial occupation must be faced by the public. An American philosophy of education is our crying need for the present time.

In the discussion which followed these points were contributed: (1) Schools must continue to interpret to the community the needs of the community. (2) The teacher and the school system have equal responsibility in determining the policies of education. (3) Students in other countries are much more interested in politics than are students in the United States; what difference in the educational systems is responsible for this contrast?

*Submitted by (MRS.) HARRIET P. HANN,
Secretary of Te-Pa-Chi Club.*

"Music in the Air"

BALTIMORE's theatre season has officially opened. With the presentation of Jerome Kern's and Oscar Hammerstein III's latest operetta, the city's foremost house, dark since last season, opened its doors to start the year off right with a fine production. While the show played its engagement here, it celebrated its first birthday of continuous performance, having opened in Philadelphia a year ago. In New York the cast did 342 performances, after which they left the Big City for the "road."

This operetta was programed as a "musical adventure in two acts," but it seemed to me to have had more of the "musical" and less of the "adventure." The music was novel, although well known, in that there was none of the "hotcha" stuff one usually finds in current extravaganzas. Instead, the themes ran to music-box melodies, as "I've Told Every Little Star," "The Song Was You," and "Night Flies By." The only *slight* deviation was in "We Belong Together."

The piece was most effectively cast. Everyone fitted into his rôle well nigh perfectly. Karl, a Bavarian country lad (played by Walter Slezak), was funny in his simplicity. Among his many humorous bits was a trick bow that started with a knee-jerk and rolled up to his forehead, convulsing the audience. There were some good voices, but scant opportunity to display them was given in the book. The cast boasted even a slick brown bear that was used in a zoo sequence.

You may have gathered that I enjoyed this performance—a true deduction, too. Our theatre season has started off not with a minor sizzle but with a sizable bang.

ARTHUR SHAPIRO, *Senior III.*

Baton

STOKOWSKY conducts. Limousine doors slam, motors purr, a commanding officer's shrill whistle rends the crisp air, bejeweled ladies, pudgy in their satin, emerge from the depths of glistening black and shiny chromium enclosures. The very atmosphere tingles with anticipation.

The fleshless hand of a wraith-like figure pleadingly extends a few limp flowers, which droop their bruised heads before the orchid. Silver heels tap on the marble-floored lobby, and at last sink noiselessly into the deep, dark red carpet.

His applause melts, the lights, with a sigh, grow dim, the baton is raised—the silence is crushing. The baton reigns. All is lost but the supreme. Doors no longer slam. The satin is tarnished. The orchid is odorless. Diamonds fade . . . Stokowsky conducts.

M. S. LEWIS, *Senior IV.*

Alumni Notes

ANNOUNCEMENTS have been received of the marriages of former students. On August 23, Carolyn Crosby Waller became the bride of Mr. Johnson John Pryor. This couple graduated in '23 and '25 respectively.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Shoemaker announce the marriage of their daughter, Evelyn Elizabeth, to Mr. Glenn Clifford Stull, on July 20. Both are graduates of this school.

Miss Munn renewed the acquaintance of Mary Florence Davis this summer while at Ocean City. Miss Davis, a graduate of Normal, is now Mrs. Dale Tilghman Cropper. The wedding took place on December 24.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Chernak on the birth of a son, Theodore, July 6. Both parents are alumni. Mrs. Chernak was formerly Miss Helen Patz.

On October 21, Emma Dobler and Mr. Edward W. Hopkins were married. Miss Dobler, we hope, will continue her profession, successfully begun at Normal.

* * * *

Herman: What were Webster's last words?

Sherman: Zymase, Zyme, and Zymotic.

* * * *

Professor: "What did Juliet say to Romeo when she saw him in the balcony?"

Freshman: "Why in the devil didn't you get seats in the orchestra?"

Sport Slants

UPHOLDING the soccer precedent of the past three years, Normal started off this season with a victory from Sparks. The booters not only started, but kept up the good work by winning the other six games played thus far.

Do you get the significance of the past soccer prowess? For three seasons now M. S. N. S. has had twenty-six wins out of twenty-nine games.

There is a large squad out for soccer—twenty-five in all. The object is to get twenty-five players who, we hope, will be able to give good accounts of themselves when in action.

Don't think this is unattainable, for already the team has shown improvement with each game. Particularly commendable has been the work of Wheeler at goal—and Normal initiated him in soccer.

Swimming is again being held for female natators at the Y. W. C. A. This year, owing to Miss Daniel's having seventh period classes on Thursday, Florence McCall, an American Red Cross examiner, is leading the group. Have you joined the swimming club so you may learn to float, swim, and dive, as well as have a good time?

To skate or not to skate—that is the question. It's so tempting when you see the youngsters having all the fun—and so two well-known junior sections indulged with apparently the very best of results.

And that reminds us—what has happened to the annual skating party of yesteryear? Is this not the year for it?

Basketball is under way, and with it the plan to inaugurate the professional style of play. We hope for a good team built around the nucleus of Benbow, Wheeler, Johnson, Clayman, Dugan, and Rankin. Most of the games have been scheduled. Some at which we expect to see you are those with Catholic U., American U., Gallaudet, and Quantico Marines. Play opens unusually early this season, for there is one game before Thanksgiving.

In hockey, unless a goal is driven from within the striking circle, a foul is declared. But what is one going to do when a person stands on the edge of the striking circle and drives the ball to the goal, that is, the goal at the opposite end of the field? Mary Stewart Lewis, you had better watch that swing.

Ye soccer players take heed, for not only will you have letters to recall your value on the field, but also medals. That is, if you can qualify as one of the following: most valuable player, high point scorer, most

aggressive, or the best person for calling plays. It is hoped to give four medals, one to each of the above people, no two going to the same person.

Three cheers and seven hurrahs! It has been done! Western Maryland, contender of such booters as those of West Point, Navy, and Notre Dame, was downed by the White and Gold. Congratulations, boys—'n keep it up!

Hockey Swings into Action

THE hockey season is now in full swing. ("Cracked shins," and black and blue marks on one's legs, and also a black eye are evidences of the swinging.) The driveway in front of the girls' dormitories is blocked off at certain periods each day. During these periods, one sees Miss Roach's gym and elective classes playing the old English pastime—hockey. In the regular physical education period, the girls are taught the fundamental skills and rules of the game.

Electives give the hockeyites chance for more actual playing experience and teamwork than they would otherwise receive in the regular gym class. At the end of the season there will be intramural games. At the time that this article goes to press, the teams from each respective year have not yet been chosen. Those in the junior class who played on the class teams last year, and from whom it is probable that two junior teams will be selected, are: Suarez, Waxman, Kreis, Cook, Tunney, Mueller, Summers, Bollinger, Osborne, and Weaver. Those seniors who played hockey for their class last year, and from whom it is expected the two senior veteran teams will be chosen, are: Williams, Rullman, Donaldson, Harris, Stromberg, Sahlin, Hobbs, Meedy, Snyder, Toole, Schwartz, and Brown.

The number of girls in each class out for electives are:

Seniors 31, Juniors 28, Freshmen 35.

The freshmen are showing promise of becoming good players, even though most of them are beginners. Only one girl in the freshman class had even played hockey before coming to Normal. The number of girls from each section coming out for electives are:

Freshman I, 8; Freshman II, 5; Freshman III, 2; Freshman IV, 1; Freshman V, 10; Freshman VI, 9.

The above statistics mean that 50 per cent of the freshman girls are out for electives. It seems that they like hockey as a sport, for they are showing their determination to do more actual playing of the game. Juniors and seniors—here is a challenge for you.

EDITH WAXMAN, *Junior I.*

Soccer Game Upheld

THE White and Gold of Normal's soccer team have thrown their shadows over the color combination of seven other schools. Both college and high school have lowered their colors to the Normal combination. To date (October 18), Normal has played seven games, won seven, and has only seven to play to wind up a season long to be remembered in Normal soccer. Highly rated high school teams such as Sparks, Kenwood, Towson and Franklin have all bowed to our band of soccerites. Western Maryland College, last year's sole conqueror of the Army Cadets, came here and were also defeated. To Coach Don Minnegan must go much of the credit, who with four gaping holes in his lineup molded together a team of fighting, spirited players. Coach and players, all realizing the job facing them, went to work the first day of school, and the team's record substantiates the fact that work was done.

Although their loss is apparent, not too much despair is felt over the absence of Captain Joe Haggerty ('32), George Missel, Jim Conroy, Eddie Beam, and Dutton. These men have been ably replaced. Among the old members the list includes Captain Tom Johnson, Gene Benbow, Len Kulacki, "Temp" Smith, George Rankin, Melvin Cole, Don Schwanebeck, Bill Gonce, Eddie Fost, Jimmy Tear, Judd Myer, and Josh Wheeler. The newer prospects number eight. They are Hoffman, Brumbaugh, Harper, Woronka, Oliver, Nichols, Rush, Tuaner, Owings.

The scarcity of goals registered against and the number of goals scored will give a good picture of the type of team sporting Normal colors.

Normal	4	Sparks High	1
Normal	2	Maryland Training School	0
Normal	3	Kenwood High	0
Normal	3	Towson High	2
Normal	1	Maryland Training School	0
Normal	2	Western Maryland College	1
Normal	7	Park School	0
Normal	5	Franklin High	0
Totals—M. S. N. S. 27		Opponents	4

The team has found the school attendance at the games very inspiring. With only seven games left to play, the squad is hoping, predicting, and is willing to fight for a perfect season. Here's hoping we can give it to Coach Don Minnegan and the school.

TOM JOHNSON, THEODORE WORONKA.

White and Gold Conquer Green Terrors

OCTOBER 11 found State Normal once again entering the soccer roll of national recognition by virtue of their 2-to-1 win over Western Maryland College. By defeating last year's sole conqueror of West Point, Normal exhibited one of the most skillful and aggressively played games ever staged on the M. S. N. S. field.

Off to a speedy 2-to-0 lead in the first half, the White and Gold never once let down in her hard-driving game. Not until late in the third period could Western Maryland find herself. Then from scrimmage a ball deflected from a Normal player's foot bounced through the uprights.

Western Maryland as well as Normal played a hard, clean game, and both teams welcomed the closing whistle. Normal is promised a reversal of victory when she visits Westminster on October 27, but the White and Gold soccerites feel sure that this game will also be just another stepping stone toward the completion of a perfect season.

TOM JOHNSON, Senior VI.

Rex News

Leading Pictures of the Year Scheduled for Rex Theatre

Normal School students will be able to see Hollywood's leading stars and outstanding pictures at the new Rex Theatre, 4617-25 York Road, this season. Among the shows booked are DINNER AT EIGHT, ROMAN SCANDALS, MY WEAKNESS, THE BOWERY, BERKLEY SQUARE and many others.

The Rex is planning to take movies of Normal School games to be shown on the screen. Of special interest to Normal School girls is the stage attraction on *Friday* evening for the next eight weeks. The famous Bubby Johnson's Orchestra, the sensation of the South, will be featured. There is no finer dance band in the land than Bubby Johnson's thirteen radio artists. All Normal School students are invited to attend our gala affairs.

Hits and Bits

SARA LEVIN, *Senior IV*

According to the students at the University of Oklahoma, college is a matter of give and take—give money and take exams.

* * * *

An ambitious student at the University of Colorado worked his way through college by washing 150,000 windows.

* * * *

The Catholic University "TOWER" suggests the only way to end this depression would be to repeal the law of gravity—and everything would go up.

* * * *

Appropriate atmosphere was given a recent lecture held at Rio Grande College. The topic was "Love and Marriage," and the lights were dimmed.

* * * *

A student at the University of Washington, who had flunked out and was petitioning for reinstatement, was asked if the cause of the failure had been removed. He answered, "Yes, I married her."

* * * *

The Yale "BULLDOG" issued the following first-aid hint: "In case of severe nose bleed, it is not advisable to put a tourniquet around the neck."

* * * *

The following is a contribution made by a Bowdoin poet:

"We laugh at all professor's jokes,
No matter what they be;
Not because they're funny ones,
Just 'cause it's policy."

* * * *

According to the Muhlenberg "WEEKLY," a freshman at Drexel began his autobiographical theme with "I don't know how it all began."

* * * *

Accidentally, a janitor at Creighton University discovered an effective way of getting the students to class on time. The expedient depends on keeping a slightly insufficient number of chairs, punctuality being required to obtain a seat.

* * * *

At Northwestern University, a certain professor, finding it hard to remember names, requires photographs of the students in order to be able to tell who's who. (Lucky break for the twins.)

THE TOWER LIGHT

From our hysterical historians: "The Dark Ages were brought about by the coming of the night."

* * * *

'30: "Did you hear what happened at the Commencement?"

'31: "No, what happened?"

'30: "Just after the President had conferred degrees on the medical students, somebody fainted, and he asked if there was a doctor in the house."

* * * *

A policeman is watching a man trying to remove an ornamental light from a bridge.

Policeman: "What do you think you are doing there?"

Man: "My wife told me to bring home a bridge lamp."

* * * *

"I cook and bake for you, and what do I get? Nothing."

"You lucky thing. I get indigestion."

* * * *

A Bilger Applying for a Job: Please, sir, I've called to see if you can give me a job.

Small Storekeeper: But I do nearly all the work myself.

A Bilger: That suits me.

* * * *

A sailor was recounting his experience to a dear old lady.

"But what rank did you hold?" she asked.

"Ship's optician, lady," was the reply.

"Why, I never heard of such a rate in the navy. What did your duty consist of, my boy?"

"Scraping eyes out of potatoes, madam."

* * * *

Judge (in traffic court): "I'll let you off this time with just a fine, but another day, I'll send you to jail."

Weather Man: "I see, your honor. Fine today, cooler tomorrow."

* * * *

Among the famous dates in history is that of Pyramus and Thisbe and of Romeo and Juliet.

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares
Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories
Silk Hosiery - \$1.00 value - our Special - 69c

Hergenrath Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists
Since 1901

Phone Towson 39 We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candies, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S
Garage & Service Station
Towson, Md.
Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station
Official AAA Station
24-Hour Service Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths
421 North Charles Street

DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE

Founded 1815



The
Second National Bank
of Towson, Md.



HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds Watches Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.

Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting

Birthday Cards Parker Pens Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

York Road and Willow Avenue
Towson, Maryland
Towson 50

Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows' Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost in style for the collegiate miss and youth.

The Hub

Baltimore - Charles - Fayette
CAIvert 4-4-4-4

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

Compliments
of

TOWSON THEATER

You Will Enjoy Our
Home Made Sandwiches
Coffee **Hot Chocolate**

Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe

420 York Road **Towson, Md.**
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries

TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

Come Up and See Us Sometime!
Hollywood's Leading Sheiks on Our Screen!

R E X
Theatre

4617-25 YORK ROAD

Drugs **Toilet Articles**
Delicious Sodas

ASBILL & AUSTIN, Inc.

WASHINGTON & CHESAPEAKE AVES.
TOWSON 227 **TOWSON, MD.**

Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

STEBBINS-ANDERSON
COAL & LUMBER CO.

LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed
Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE
TOWSON

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

PLYMOUTH

Phone: Towson 525

Say It With Flowers

The most artistic in Cut Flowers
and Plants.

Let us fill your Flower needs.

I. H. Moss, Inc.,

5315 York Road **Tuxedo 1400**

CROWN 5 AND 10c TO \$1⁰⁰ STORES
TOWSON, MD.

Towson's Largest and Most
Modern Store.

Values - Quality - Assortment

Largest assortment of school supplies
in town.



TOWER LIGHT



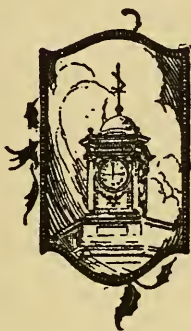
CHRISTMAS 1933

A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW

*Set a candle in my window,
I would have some weary friend
Know a warming hearth awaits him,
Know that I, within, will lend
My heart—my hand and pledge him
Ever welcome in my sight.
Let him see—and know I love him
By a candle's sturdy light.*

Ida M. Shipe, Senior IV.

The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Cover Design.....	Mary-Stewart Lewis
A Candle in the Window.....	Frontispiece
Christmas	3
A Seeking	4
Christmas Poems.....	5
Radio City—A Birthday.....	6
A Poinsettia For You?.....	7
One Shepherd	8
The Layman Looks at the Library.....	11
Christmas Shoppers! Listen!.....	12
German Christmas Cakes.....	14
The Christmas Nightingale.....	15
"How Come Christmas".....	16
Paleontological Trip	17
Editorials	20
What Nots For Christmas.....	23
Benefits—Or, What Have You?.....	25
School News	27
Elementary School Doings.....	32
Alumni Notes.....	35
Sports	37
Advertisements	42

The Tower Light

VOL. VII

DECEMBER, 1933

NO. 3

Christmas

CHRISTMAS, to me, is a keen reality, when the mystery of life seems about to be revealed, when a realization of the source and significance of human existence throbs almost within grasp, and when the best within us predominates in our words and deeds.

It is a timeless, enveloping warmth, twinkling with soft lights, reverent with satisfying music, abounding with laughter of children, overflowing with tenderness, and all centering in sweet silent "togetherness" of family and loved ones. A sense of oneness which wells up and surges forth in a great wave of encompassing good-will, peace and love to all things, to all mankind, and to God—a beautiful, purifying fullness which lingers and inspires long after the season wanes.

LOUESA J. KEYES.

A Seeking

IN our ordinary living we eat, sleep, work, meet people, talk to them, adjust ourselves and go on. People die,—other people are born,—something happens to us, we readjust and go on. We realize that eventually we must cease this mode of existence, and flicker out into something bigger.

In this existence, we build up patterns which order our lives, and bound them with a shadowy sense of security—"Here is something definite, measurable within our comprehension of dimension." There is comfort and security within known familiar courses.

There are times when we find ourselves uncomfortably detached from all familiar pattern; we see further than its limits, and do not know what we see. We are conscious of ourselves as beings, moving through limitless time and space, but with no discernible direction. We are alone.—"What am I?—Why am I?—Where am I going?—What is there I can cling to?"

It is all unanswerable with words.

At such times our casual living seems meaningless and futile. So brief our moment of Reality! So indefinable its place in the vast timelessness of the unknown.

Sometimes I have felt desperately like seizing another person's hand as though to cry, "*You*, please come out from behind your shell and your mask—I know you are there! You don't know where you're going. I don't know where I'm going. We can at least cling to each other this instant, before we pass into the darkness!"

I never have. I remark, "It is a little cooler, isn't it?" People have shells, and are cloaked in conventions, which are necessary as protective coverings, but oh, they are so hard to penetrate when you want to reach a person!

Each year at Christmas-time, I have felt as though all the aching yesterdays and all the unknown tomorrows were laid aside, and we were taken back, back to the Beginning. And back there at the Beginning is the living nucleus of the whole plan. It is especially in the Christmas music, that feeling—a weariness quieted to peace, a sweetness, a deep tenderness, a holiness.

If I turned and took your hand suddenly you would understand I was trying to say, "Here is something to cling to! It is more happiness and beauty than I can hold alone. Let us hold it together!"

MARY ANN DOUGLAS, '33.

Madonna

Indian woman swinging a wooden cradle
Moves softly in white deerskin boots.
Strong brown hands grind grain
And are lifted in prayer.
Great water jars spin grayly around
On the potter's wheel.
Thin round bowls are painted.
Indian woman bends her strong body in the sun
To stir the mud and straw
For her adobe.

Hands tug at the fringed skirt
And play with her silver and turquoise.
Indian woman's dusky face
Glow like a lighted candle
In the dimness of chapel.

M. SIMMONS.

❖

A Christmas Prayer


Quiet peace and
The soft glow of candles—
A quiet church
And a place to rest.
That is the Christmas
I would like.

Spare us, God,
From another year
As we have had.
Give us courage
To begin again,
And know a new dawn.

Grant us peace
Of mind and soul
And heart;
Such as the world knew
On the night
When He was born.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, 1931.

Radio City—A Birthday

 ON the night of November 11th many of us tuned in our radios to hear the broadcast celebrating the dedication of the N.B.C. building at Radio City. We were inspired perhaps by the masterly singing of Gounod's "Unfold, Ye Portals," amused by the antics of Amos 'n' Andy, thrilled by conversations back and forth across the Atlantic and the switching on of lights by pressing a button in distant England. Because I enjoyed the program and what it means in radio progress I was particularly happy to see a movie of the broadcast a week later in Music Hall, Radio City, and to see on the screen the distinguished persons participating in the dedication.

The building thus dedicated is one of the very interesting skyscrapers of Upper Manhattan and quite the largest in the group comprising Radio City. A very plain and straight lined mass of gray granite it is from a distance. The conventionalized sunken gardens forming a court in front of it give one a good vantage point to study the use of nearly opaque, colorless glass in the windows. On the facade, warm, pleasant colors are used in the bas-relief figures which symbolize speed and communication. Within, utter simplicity characterizes the lines, and colors are so harmonized that one could live happily with them a long time. Everyone stops to ponder over the murals by Sert and to build his own meaning into them. Strong brown figures tell a story of Slavery, of Healing and of War,—or whatever else one reads out of them.

Other buildings also are completed in this group. Music Hall and the Roxy Movie House are perhaps the most frequented. Buildings representing various countries are to be included, in time. The British Empire Building is already in use. All harmonize into a unit of modern architecture that is interesting for its own sake as well as for the purposes it serves. Here will be centered activities of modern entertainment,—movies, music and radio.

No one can at present reckon the number of persons reached by these media of expression and transmission. That their potentialities for good have as yet been merely touched is apparent to all. For education, industry and science, as well as for entertainment, the ether holds even greater adventures when we know how to take them. What will be accomplished as future birthdays of Radio City roll around one can only guess. But when the frailty of a radio beam as a courier of peace is scoffed at we need to be reminded that by its power a message of good will can leap the continents and a burst of heavenly music span

the oceans in the twinkling of an eye; we need also to be reminded that two thousand years of hope have been built upon a Message heralded to this world by the fragile beam of one Bright Star!

ALVINA TREUT.

❖

A Poinsettia For You?

POINSETTIAS are perhaps the most popular of Christmas plants. Do you ever wonder why they are so much in demand and how the name originated? No other plant we find with the combination of rich bright red, and dark green leaves which carries out so effectively the Yuletide color scheme. The flower is a native of Mexico and Central America, where it is known as "The Painted Leaf" or "Mexican Fire Plant." Dr. Joel Roberts Poinsette of South Carolina discovered it while on a scientific expedition in tropical lands. He made it known to the world, so, quite appropriately, it was renamed in his honor, the poinsettia.

From late November till Christmas we see florists' shops and markets bright with these gift plants, varying in size from those six feet or more in height to a mere six inches, each bearing small yellow terminal flowers surrounded by brilliant red bracts for which the plant has become famous.

If you are fortunate enough to receive a poinsettia with crisp foliage and fresh blooms plan at once to keep it so. A considerable amount of skill is required to prevent yellow leaves and falling petals. A constant moist temperature of at least 60 or 65 degrees is necessary. Keep a pan of water on register or radiator near it and spray the plant and air around it at least once a day. Keep the roots moist, too. Remember, this tropical native must never be chilled. (See that the room never has bad air.) The rich color in both leaves and flower is maintained by rich soil and the feeding of manure water and soot.

If you wish to keep your Christmas gift after the season of bloom is over ask your florist to help you take care of these home companions so they may brighten another December.

FLORA VODENOS, *Senior II.*

One Shepherd

THE man left the slight warmth of his woolen cloak. He bent forward to the left, reached for a log, put it on the fire before him. Stupidly he watched the wood catch the beautiful flame to its heart. One of his companions who sat opposite him stirred uneasily as if conscious of the other's stupor and sought to break the heavy silence.

"The air grows colder."

The sound of the human voice startled the first from his deep reverie. He gathered the coat around him and lay on his side, face fronting the fire. And as the fire playfully surrounded the willing wood, the man's features were softly lighted. The shadows played gently with the firmness and ruggedness of the features of a man who led an outdoor life. But the mouth was drawn in an unnatural, tense line. The eyes stared, seeing nothing.

"Even the earth has forsaken life—dead—O God, everything is dead!" he despaired. "Mary, why have they taken you from me? You and the child. Remember when you and I walked over the field, hand in hand, and we were silent, drinking of nature's goodness and our own love? I cannot live without you. I need you. And the child—small, gurgling and happy. Both gone."

Such a fury of emotion rose in the man that he burst forth cursing his God wildly, madly.

"Brother, thou dost not know what thou sayest!"

"Hold thy tongue. Thou hast thy wife still and thou hast thy child. Who are ye who should understand my sorrow? Thy God has taken away the most precious thing in my life. Does He expect gratitude? The understanding Father! Bah! Why has He done this thing to me?" And he flung himself face down on the earth and sobbed, exhausted by the outburst of his emotion.

His companion rose, went to him, and, putting his hand on the head of the despairing one, spoke:

"Lad, thou hast suffered a great deal, but every human must leave this cruel world. Why should thou begrudge your beloved's departure? Dost thou not know, John, it would make her unhappy? Go home, lad, and sleep. Live with your memories. Thank the dear God Who hast, in His mercy, given them to you."

"Home—memories," came the tortured, muffled response.

But the old one paid no heed.

"Come, lad, I will care for the sheep."

Stolidly, the suffering man arose, gathered his woolly blanket, took his shepherd's crook, and, muttering his gratitude, left the circle of flame-lit earth.

Slowly, like a man with a heavy burden, he walked along the rough path. He paid no heed to an animal bleating. And as he walked on he realized that he had done this same thing many times before and always Mary had been waiting for him. Perhaps, perhaps (dear Father, pray it be so), perhaps it was only a dream, a horrible dream. That was it. She would be waiting at the hut, and she would run to him, embrace him and say, "My husband, come, warm thyself."

He began to walk rapidly, feverishly. "I must look at the stars, at the sky. She will want to know how they look tonight." Oh, quickly—run! She must not be kept waiting!" He ran.

There was the hut—but Mary—perhaps she was with the child. (He had been ailing.) He rushed to the door, flung it open. It was ominously dark and cold inside.

"Mary," he cried, "Mary." Wildly he looked in every corner of the room. Mary was gone. That stark realization returned with double intensity. He flung himself on the bench, sobbing and cursing his God.

The next evening the group of shepherds again sat huddled around the fire; John, too, with suffering, tortured eyes that saw nothing and ears that heard naught. The shepherds sat quietly drinking in the strange calmness of the night—looking at the stars, drifting out like tiny bits of silvery paper. They were simple men—in the ways of the world; but in the ways of nature they were wise. And one among them said:

"Hast seen the stars in the heavens this night?"

"Aye."

"It fills me with an uneasiness," spake another. "They are too bright."

It seemed as though he had voiced their fears. They moved uneasily—all but John. One shared his coat with a trembling lamb.

"That light, it is not natural."

"See."

"Look, look at the heavens." Fear filled their hearts. Even John looked up bewildered. The light increased in brilliance, and as they stared the very heavens opened before them, and surrounded in light more brilliant than that of the sun was an Angel of the Lord. And a great fear came upon them, and flinging themselves on the earth, the shepherds hid their eyes. But the Angel spake kindly, "Fear not—I come to announce tidings of great joy. In the neighboring city of Bethlehem a Child has just been born—the Christ, the Lord and Savior

of the World. As a sign of the truth ye shall find Him in a stable!" And while he was yet speaking a great multitude of Angels suddenly appeared and began to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will."

And again the earth was wrapped in its sweet, startled darkness, and the shepherds, fearful, stood and looked among themselves.

"Let us go to Bethlehem to see the child."

Quickly they prepared themselves for the journey—all but John, who laughed mockingly, "Fools."

The aged one came over to him.

"Come, John, come with us. Ye need not see this Child, but come with us."

And John, grateful for the man's thought for him, arose and went with his companions.

* * * * *

When they had reached their humble destination, each stood silently with his crook and great woolly coat glistening in the frost, wondering what to do. And the aged one stepped to the door and knocked humbly. Then the door opened and Joseph welcomed them. The light of the heavens seemed to have been bottled up in this humble place. They saw a Babe and they fell on their knees, and one of them told, breathlessly, how they had been watching their flocks beneath the stars when an Angel had appeared to them announcing that in a stable the long-awaited Savior had been born.

And while this happened, John, who had been the last to enter, wondered. That light! It glowed and spread until every rafter and object of the room was flooded. And he saw a woman sitting—balancing a naked new-born baby on her lap as though he were a lamp. It was from the Baby that the light shone, piercing and dazzling. He pushed his way to the front nearer the Child, fascinated. The young wife—breathlessly lovely with happiness and love; and the Child. It smiled at John. To the end of his life the memory of that smile would last. He fell to his knees in mute adoration and, covering his face, asked forgiveness. And he was healed. Mary, his Mary, would always be with him. John, Mary and the child. How could they be separated. Nay, they had merely gone ahead a little way. He would join them soon. And tears of gratitude rushed to his eyes and he kissed the hem of the young mother's gown.

And thus the shepherds remained for a long time, and, having adored the infant King, returned, glorifying God.

M. DiMARCANTONIO.

The Layman Looks at the Library

THE Maryland Library Association held its Fall meeting in conjunction with the State Teachers' Association at City College on Friday, October 20th. The speakers were Miss Kinloch, children's librarian at Ridgewood, New Jersey; Mr. Oscar McPherson, librarian of the Lawrenceville preparatory school; and our own Gerald Johnson of Baltimore.

Mr. Johnson's topic was *Books and Backgrounds*, and he paid a tribute to the Enoch Pratt in furnishing him with the research materials for his historical books. However, the main part of his discourse pursued the theme of the layman's relation to the librarian.

Speaking as a layman, he feels that the reader expects of the librarian superior knowledge, helpfulness, patience, and *courtesy*, since courtesy should be the fruit of contact with noble minds mirrored in books.

The librarian, in his turn, may expect of the public whom he serves, much amusement, an occasional thrill, and the satisfaction that comes from bringing the seeker for knowledge into contact with the wisdom he seeks.

As a layman, Mr. Johnson thinks that the librarian should expect from his life work something which many are not now receiving—namely, a living wage. He attributes this failure to pay adequately for benefits received to two reasons: First, the librarian's service is of incalculable value. Hence, his rewards are diminished, since he cannot claim an exact fee for service rendered, expressible in the measured values a salesman or business man can estimate and claim as due reward. Second, in any revolution such as is now going on, bloodless though it be, the intellectuals are ground to powder first by the forces set in play.

Still, Mr. Johnson refuses to weep for the plight of the librarians, on the ground that they are doing the things they want most to do. If thrown out into the world, many would still continue to find some books to feed hungry minds, even with no return. If they now have even a bare sustenance with joy in their work, by that much are they better off than those who toil for bread at some hated task.

Quoting Marcus Aurelius' definition of happiness, "Happiness is to do the things proper to man." Mr. Johnson amended it slightly, saying, "Happiness is to do the things proper to *the* man or woman." Therefore, in his opinion, librarians need no pity, for they are happy people.

M. L. O.

Christmas Shoppers! Listen!

ARE you weary of trying to choose Christmas gifts that will be truly appreciated by your friends? Then "Rest Ye, Weary Fellow-men," and select a book for the gift.

"Silver Wings," by Raoul Whitfield, would please any intermediate boy to the last degree. It's a collection of three aviation stories: the first takes place at the time of the World War, the second is a flight through the mountains in a snow-storm, and the third, a modern transport field in California. The continuous action and excitement without any extreme tragedies would thrill the young reader and any adult member of the family as well.

Another book for a youthful reader is Elizabeth Coatsworth's "The Cat Who Went to Heaven." This would be very valuable as a gift, for the book never grows too young for its owner. It may be read by a person of any age and will increase with meaning at each successive reading. The story gives a picture of an artist who takes up a contract for a painting of the Buddha to be placed in a temple. The artist first must get an inspiration for his painting. The author makes you feel the tenseness of the several days in which the artist does nothing but try to experience mentally the Buddha's life. Every animal, except the cat, seems to have some connection with the Buddha so that it has every right to be allowed on the pathway to heaven. As the title tells you, however, the cat was finally included with the other animals. (If you should buy this book for a friend, visit his home some time after Christmas and just nonchalantly read the story for yourself to find out how the cat found his way into the painting.)

For an adult friend you might choose Sigrid Undset's "Ida Elisabeth." In a small town in Norway, Ida Elisabeth, just an adolescent girl, becomes the young wife of an artistic youth. In later years when she had to become the main support of her family, she saw all too well his many weaknesses and divorced him. She soon gained other admirers, but could never give herself up to a second marriage. Have the receiver of this gift answer your "Why not a second marriage?"

Robert Nathan's "One More Spring" would be another appropriate book for a gift. Now that "prosperity has rounded the corner" we need think of the past depression only as a long story to be written in a book; not in a book of history, but as the theme of a novel. Such is the interwoven thread of "One More Spring." You may think it would seem an unpleasant setting for a story: a picture of the depression as it ravaged New York, but on the other hand you may think of

yourself as one of the very characters because you have seen such events experienced.

Robert Nathan tells the story how a musician, a banker, a shop-owner, and a young girl who had no real position in life were all put on the same level by the economic failure. The depression was no respecter of persons. These people all ate whatever they could get by stealing (which could hardly be called sinful) and all slept together in a tool-shed. They had almost lost faith in life during the long, hard winter, but then came the spring with hopeful prospects of economic success and with a true romance. The whole theme is woven together with the spirit of sharing one another's hardships, which shows that our Christmas spirit of sharing has lasted throughout the years and even during the depressions when one hardly has time to think of anyone but himself.

Choose any one of these books for a gift. By next Christmas the one who received it will still be reading it and thinking of it as a new gift from you.

E. TROYER.



Rain

I love the rain—light rain that gently falls
And bathes the leaves and grass of gardens green.
And from the brazen summer's heat, a screen
Of clouds protects the flowers like a shawl.
I love the rain—light rain that gently calls,
And begs me watch the crystal dance and gleam—
The drops that splash and melt into the stream.
Persistently and urgingly it calls.

I love the rain—strong rain that blows and beats
Against the trees, and makes them bend and sway,
And wrenches gnarled lifeless branches free
From sturdier wood of strength and force that meets
The storm. The fragile stems of flowers give way
In low obeisance to a great degree.

SOPHIA LEUTNER.

German Christmas Cakes

ANISEED CAKES (Made in Moulds)

- 1 dozen eggs
- 3 lbs. powdered sugar
- 10c worth of oil aniseed

Hartzorn—edge of knife full

Method: Separate eggs, beat yolks a half hour and white same. Add sugar gradually to yolks and beat the mixture a half hour. Then combine mixtures and add flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

COOKIES

- 2 cups of sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of butter
- 5 tablespoons of sour milk
- 1 teaspoon of saleratus
- 4 eggs
- nutmeg
- 5 cups of flour

Method: Sift flour with saleratus. Cream butter and sugar. Beat eggs well and add to mixture. Add milk and flour alternately.

ESLE

- 4 eggs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
- 1 lb. brown sugar
- rind of 3 lemons—juice of 1 lemon
- flour enough to make stiff dough

Method: Beat eggs. Cream butter and sugar. Add lemon juice and rind. Add flour. Roll into shape of S's. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake.

M. KNAUER, *Junior II.*



On his tour of an English district, an inspector of city high schools came before a class of girls. He wrote on the blackboard "LXXX." Then, peering over his spectacles at a good-looking girl in the first row, he asked:

"Young lady, I'd like you to tell me what this means."

"Love and kisses," said the girl.

The Christmas Nightingale—Eric P. Kelly

MANY people claim that they tire of the same Christmas stories every year. They want something "new" and "different." Eric Kelly, who in 1928 won the Newberry prize for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children, has replied to the clamor for such stories in his trilogy, "The Christmas Nightingale," "In Clean Hay" and "Anetka's Carol." These stories exhibit an understanding and sympathy with the trials and triumphs of the Polish peasantry that can be gained only through actually living and working with a people.

All three stories give an excellent idea of Polish customs and they are filled with the spirit of Christmas. One's belief in miracles is strengthened through meeting little blind Anetka, whose wish for a bright lamp for Christmas is granted by her Heavenly Father, Who sends a comet across the sky to restore light to the little girl. While reading "The Christmas Nightingale," one is moved by the kindness of the poor peasant family to the mysterious little boy who appears in their doorway on Christmas Eve. They share their home and their "barsch" (beet soup) with the little boy until he is recognized by his mother, who is a queen. The crowning theme of the stories appears in "In Clean Hay." Three brave boys give a Szopska (puppet show depicting the birth of Christ) to earn some money with which to buy gifts. They find a mother and her new born babe in their hay loft. Reminded of the Holy Child of Bethlehem, they leave their money as the Wise Men of old left gifts for Mary.

These stories are valuable to both adults and children because they give a truly lovely version of Christmas customs in Poland. After reading them, one is left with an appreciation of the poignant beauty at the peasants' joy and happiness in their celebration of the Christ Child's birth and a desire to emulate the beautiful simplicity of the Polish faith is born when one says:

"Neich Bendzie pochwalony Jesus Christ."

(May Jesus Christ be praised.)

HELEN STROMBERG, *Senior IX.*

Our eyes seem directed toward the stars at Christmas-tide. If you look up on Christmas Eve you will see the great Northern Cross standing straight.

"How Come Christmas"

"**I**T sho am pow'ful cole to-night, chillums! Set up da close to de fiahplace—Pull yo' stool over Purline—Watch de blaze, Ezrie!"

Uncle John Henry Hawkins settled down in his cane-backed rocker, crossed one ragged knee over the other and drew out his corn-cob pipe.

Shining eager eyes gleaming in eight dusky little faces rolled at him expectantly as Uncle John's audience of "Goodhope" pickaninnies "drew up their cheers."

Without, a chill December wind rushed relentlessly through the gathering gloom; within, a friendly blaze crackled in the fireplace, spreading its cheerful glow to all corners of Uncle's warm, snug cabin. Its light cast weird, kinkyheaded shadows over the chinked walls.

"Now, Uncle, we wants to yere about Christmas," Matthew Queen spoke anxiously from his corner. "It aire almos' upon us!"

"Yas, Uncle John, tell us about Chris'mus. We been hanging stockin's 'n' gitting gifs fer nigh ont' twelve years. What we wants to know is—is—how come Chris'mus, anyhow?" Asberry Hall cocked his head to one side and looked at Uncle, who knew all things, for an explanation.

"Well, chilluns, it war dis away." Joh Henry drew long on his pipe and gazed pensively at the fire. "Long, long years ago, befo' even me or my gran'pappy war b'on, Missus Mary and Mr. Joe come into dis yere very town an' set up down in Ran'ell's cabin at de end ob 'Goodhope Land.' B'i'me by Missus Mary an' Mr. Joe done have a 'lil' baby down da. De sweetest 'lil' baby you ever did see! B'on de coldest day ob December, too, he war. Dese young folks ain't fixed so well 'n' de snow come 'n' all. But de's kind, and allus a pleasant spoke, an' everybody wish 'em well. So what you think? Ole Aunt C'aline, Mis' Hannah Jones, Uncle Tommy Case 'n' all de chillun's jes up an' go long over to Mis' Mary's with soup 'n' possum 'n' blankets—all kinds o' fine things fo' de folks. De chillun's done took some playtoys fo' de baby. Nobody's gon' ta see dat po' 'lil' baby jes' nat'chally freeze! Everybody give so'thin. An' honey, dose dat give was jus' as happy as dose as received. But de 'special mattah is, chillun's, dat dis yere 'lil' baby ain' lak no ordinary pickaninny! Whin he is a growed man he become de greates' ruler in de whole worl'! An' whin he die, he clomb de golden stairs to Heaven—an' da he sit to jedge us all! Ev'y night whin you say yo' prayers, dey go straight up to him, case he am de sho' nuf 'Good Lawd!' Now yo see t'aint as how babies bo'n eve'yday kin git gif's! On'y dose b'on on dis 'ticular day set aside fo' him.


"An' so, mah li'l lambs, dat's 'How Come Chris'mus.'"

"My, my, dat certainly am a goodly story. De po' 'li'l' baby—I sho' is glad dey ain' forgot him," Purline fairly whispered. "I is, too." "Me, too." "Dat war a real kind o' Chris'mus." "It sho' war!" Uncle John Henry nodded and smiled at his small friends, quite pleased with their reception of his story, his simple soul assured that this was a "good job done."

The firelight flickered and died. Through the cabin window, the star of Bethlehem shone in.

ANN SHEGOGUE, *Senior VII.*

Paleontological Trip

 ON August 29th, a week after the hurricane, my brother, two friends, and I set out to continue our survey of the fossil beds, Governor's Run, Calvert County, Maryland, in particular. After passing over two washed out roads we arrived at our destination to find much wreckage scattered about.

The fossil cliffs were in a bad condition, in many places almost impassable, due to landslides and undercutting of the cliff by wave action. However, in spots the fossil exposures were excellent.

In the early forenoon we found several very interesting specimens, among them an excellent bird femur which is considered quite a rarity for these deposits. We also found several bone fragments and one lower mandible of a whale. The prize of the day was yet to come. Shortly after three o'clock, when we stopped to eat lunch, one of the group saw a black knob in the face of the cliff. Close examination showed it to be a bone—a tympanic bone (the incomplete bony ring surrounding the external auditory canal). Our first guess was a whale skull. A period of intense, feverish digging followed; gradually, by digging in shifts, the entire upper portion of the skull was laid bare before our jubilant eyes—a prize specimen of the *n*th degree. Most of the skulls found are incomplete in that the nasal process is missing. Many museums and scientific organizations try, in vain many times, to get such a specimen. The reason for this scarcity is due to the extreme fragility of the nasal processes. Upon close examination and measuring of the skull we suddenly realized our inability to continue excavation with the implements we had with us. The specimen measured six feet in length, approximately two and one-half feet in width, and weighed nearly 200 pounds. Due to the fragility of the

poorly preserved nasal processes it was necessary to undercut the specimen so that it rested on a block of clay, which brought the weight up to about 600 pounds. Consequently it was necessary to obtain help and adequate tools to complete our excavation and haul our find to Governor's Run, two miles away.

Two of the party set out to Port Republic, where we called The Natural History Society of Maryland, a scientific organization to which we belong, and made our report, purchased burlap and plaster of paris, and then returned to the scene of excavation at dusk and awaited our comrades rushing to our aid from Baltimore with block and tackle.

At 10 P.M. our party was augmented by two friends from the Society with the necessary tools. Two camp-fires were started and work was resumed. Midnight found us still very busy—each had a special job, from the menial task of keeping the fires going to the most delicate job of digging. Through the long night we toiled in the flickering firelight at our task, and as the grey of dawn heralded the new day we majestically slid the skull from its ten-million-year-old grave on to the modern beach of the Chesapeake Bay.

By noon the men and boat which we had hired at Governor's Run arrived to help transport our precious cargo to the road, where a truck awaited to take the remains of this prehistoric animal on the last lap of its journey.

The specimen is now in reconstruction in the laboratory of the Department of Paleontology of the Natural History Society of Maryland, and, like a big jig-saw puzzle, it is being put together piece by piece; each fragment being carefully cleaned and prepared with preservative fluids and then fitted into its proper place.

EARL H. PALMER, *Junior III.*

Christmas—An Impression

White prayer rising in thin curved lines
To a night sky.
Eyes deep as a soul's need of God.
Clasped hands with tapered fingers
Like tall altar candles
In supplication.
Holiness of love.

M. S.

How to Write a Theme

BE sure a glass of tepid water stands ready to be used should a crucial moment arise! Sharpen seven pencils and fill several pens in preparation for the coming struggle. Numerous sheets of paper artistically strewn over the top of the desk will give atmosphere.

Speak to little brother in sharp and stinging words so as to arouse his ire, causing him to wrathfully mess up your hair (this for more much-needed personal atmosphere). You will then look and feel like a passionate Dante.

Fling yourself loosely into a chair, letting arms and legs fall at random, and fiercely gnaw a pencil, resting head on hand with fingers thrust well up into scalp (tear the hair now and then). In order to encourage the forthcoming inspiration, knead the forehead and eyes spasmodically with the hand (clenched) now and then, thrusting the fist into the nape of the neck.

When the inspiration comes, fall to writing furiously, tossing finished sheets right and left until the inspiration dies. (A little sweet cider sipped at intervals makes the thoughts more concrete.) When the theme is finished, carefully wade through the sheets on the floor, assembling the parts. (Be careful of the head when reaching for sheets under sharp-cornered furniture.) The theme in order, sigh deeply. Let the head fall softly on the desk, eyes fixed in a dreamy expression. Let the head remain thus for ten minutes, then raise it, tossing the hair wildly. Now briskly rise, gather up the inspired work and stride happily to bed.

RUTH KEIR, *Junior V.*

ZERO HOUR

I have a car—.
It never skids.
It never breaks down.
It never gets a puncture.
It never gets overheated.
It never falters on a steep grade.
It never gets into a collision or accident.
I wish to goodness I could start it.

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MARY-STEWART LEWIS

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

JOSEPHINE TORO
ELSIE ECKER
VIOLET GARREN

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Faculty Representative

MARY DI MARCANTONIO

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Gems Under Glass

WILL you go for a tramp through your favorite woods during the Christmas holidays? If you do, be careful not to tramp on some of the green things growing underfoot. Every now and then pause on your way and push back some of the fallen leaves. You will discover various kinds of moss, partridge-berries, wintergreens and arbutus. Gather some of these green plants with their brilliant red berries and you will be able to start an indoor garden that will give you joy all winter.

Have you ever tried making a terrarium? The name sounds as if you were undertaking an important bit of work—but it only means a small garden under glass. The moist, even temperature of the terrarium makes it possible to grow out-of-door plants.

Choose any glass receptacle for your indoor garden. It may be an old aquarium, fish bowl or candy jar, but be sure to have a piece of glass that completely covers the top. The plants collected, you are ready to start your garden. Moss is what you need—it has no true roots and takes its nourishment through its growing parts. Add to the moss the partridge berries, checkerberry, wintergreen, arbutus, prince's pine and some bright bits of tree-growing fungi. To add character to your woody places use different shapes of rocks and twigs. A spoon and paper opener are effective garden tools. Your terrarium will soon be in good form!

When you make your garden in leisure time during the holidays remember as an added joy that it is easy to look after.

EDNA IKENA, *Senior I.*

A Salute!

IT all began in 1931 when the budget was cut and the realization came that there would be changes in the school system. It was an emergency that had to be met and it was up to everyone to help. In any light it was an amazing situation. The graduates of 1931 were the first to feel the change. About one-half as many teachers were appointed as had been in former years. There were enough teachers on the list, waiting for assignments who would be glad to take their places, should they fail, or even shirk. Everything they knew was put into this work. A Class II Substitute had become a thing of importance. There were students who stood fortieth on a list of two hundred who seldom got work. The graduates of 1931 didn't despair. Those who never saw the inside of a schoolroom attended classes at Hopkins so they would be better prepared "when things got better and they were placed." The demonstration classes were well attended by all of the new teachers, employed and unemployed. They hadn't lost a bit of hope or enthusiasm.

In February, 1933, all of the newly appointed teachers who had taught for a year and received no election, were placed as Class II substitutes. The former Class II substitutes looked for work in other fields. Some found it. Others continued to study and spent their time

in the Libraries when they weren't looking for work. Supervisors became principals; principals became teaching principals; vice-principals became teachers. It was a great change. The graduates of 1932 had been substituting to the best of their ability and doing splendid work, but they had no chance of appointment. It was a hard year in the history of Baltimore's School system.

But things are brighter now. In September, 1933, most of the dismissed teachers had been reappointed, and by October all of the preferred list had received appointments. A few of the new list have been appointed recently and the teaching situation, in general, has made an advance. A great many of the young teachers have been given a chance to obtain employment in the Night Schools. The old Class II substitutes have been given an opportunity to "swing into action again" and the smell of chalk dust is a welcome one. As soon as an opportunity to teach was given, the majority dropped their former employment and went back, just as enthusiastic as they had been on that first day of September when they had received their first teaching assignments.

"A Salute, then, but not to the vanquished. The youngsters have met a steel test, withstood it, and are returning with flying colors and marching forward in the vanguard.

May the beginning of the New Year mean a turning point in their lives, a rebirth of opportunities for people of their courage and stamina. One dares not criticise them—one can only cheer and say, "God bless them. They have done their best!"

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, 1931.

TRUE

College is just like a washing machine; you get out of it just what you put into it but you'd never recognize it.

* * * *

Then there was a freshman who was taking Medieval History who thought that Knighthood was a sleeping cap.

* * * *

Tau Bete: Work is my meat.

Student: Well, I am a vegetarian.

* * * *

1 1/c: "What are the children of the Czar called?"

4/c: "Czardines, sir."

What Nots for Christmas Vacation

To some of us the Christmas holiday or mid-winter vacation comes as a "god-send"—the only time when we can do those many put-off-till-tomorrow things, or the time when we can enjoy several days of leisure. And yet there are among us some who do not have every moment accounted for, or if they do—may desire means of entertaining their friends. For this reason perhaps you may not consider this an entire waste to read further and find added methods of o'erpowering dull moments.

Before delving into the ways of modern entertainment I would like to quote a record of our ancestors' diversions during the Christmas season.

"The time of the year being cold and frosty, the diversions are within doors, either in exercise or by the fireside. Dancing is one of the chief exercises, or else there is a match at Blind Man's Buff or Puss-in-the-Corner. The next game is Questions and Commands, when the commander may oblige his subject to answer any lawful questions and make the same obey him instantly under penalty of being smutted (having the face blackened) or paying such forfeit as may be laid by the aggressor. Most of the other diversions are cards and dice."

As you can readily see, the above means of passing the time are not so different from ours. We still have the dancing, cards, and dice. You may say the steps are different in the new dances and that there are now more varieties of cards and dice, but nevertheless, the fundamentals are the same. Most of the other mentioned sports are probably familiar even though you may not use them at Yuletide. Another game similar to the "Commands" of former years is the present "Truth and Consequences." A version of this game is to have a questioner ask questions of the various persons in the room. The absolute truth must be told or any desired consequent action is given to do.

One favorite Christmas sport, very generally played on Christmas Eve and one that has been handed down to us from time immemorial, goes under the name of "Snap Dragon." A quantity of raisins are deposited in a large bowl or dish (the broader and shallower the better) and brandy or some such liquor is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders then endeavor to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames. As this is somewhat of a feat requiring both courage and rapidity of action, a considerable amount of laughter and merriment is evoked at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors. While the game is going on it is usual to extinguish all the lights in the room so that the lurid glare from the flaming liquors may exercise to the full its weird effect. The face can easily be singed in this

game, so not the least amusing spectacle of yesteryear was the man of the day with his long whiskers and moustache.

Other games that can be played and that are decidedly Christmassy in aspect are: to have a contest of throwing popcorn into a box; to pick articles from a tree while blindfolded; to pass a lighted stick and penalize anyone who lets it die in his hand; to have a race rolling a glass tinsel ball with a toothpick; to have a miniature paper sled blowing contest; to toss up and catch in the mouth five kernels of popcorn while doing the backward cross-step race.

Can you use some of these games? They may appear foolish, but try them and you may have fun.

SELMA TYSER, *Senior II.*

River and I

DESTERDAY, I passed the river again. It was no new experience for me. For days and days I had passed that same river. I had come to know some of its moods just as I had come to know my own moods. But today, somehow, that river was different. No longer was it a sparkling, merry stream flowing along, singing its happy song, just as I do, when, carefree and lighthearted, I drift along. Nor was it flowing in its sometimes serene, silent course as it does on a calm summer night when the shimmering silver of the moon reflects in its water all the beauty of the night. No—yesterday it was different—very different.

Yesterday, the river was tired of its self-same course. It wanted to free its pent-up emotions. It was angry and was letting loose its wrath and vengeance upon all the earth—calling upon heaven to hear it, to right its wrongs. As I watched the torrent I grew afraid, afraid because I had often felt the same emotions surging within me, striving to be free. High and angrily rose the waves. Higher and louder sounded the lashing of the water upon the rocks. Madly the liquid flood rushed forward, pulling, pushing, straining every muscle in its mad dash to the sea. From all sides resounded the echo of that tumult. Even the trees and sky joined in the mad symphony with the river, for they, too, must keep in harmonious discord. Long I watched. Gradually, and oh, so slowly that madness—that roaring, subsided. A peace still and deep settled upon the water. Long I watched, and over me came that same stillness—that same peace. "Perhaps," I thought, "it were better that I leave now—in the quiet that follows the storm." And so I did. But as I turned the wind brought me this whisper:

"For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise."

SYLVIA BRAVERMAN, *Senior II.*

Benefits—Or, What Have You?

IT is a deplorable fact that the human race doesn't stop often enough to take stock of itself. All too rarely do we see people go into trances and mutter, "Now, what have I accomplished in the past week?" (or month, or year, depending, of course, upon how often they go into trances). This state of affairs is especially prevalent among college students. Now there's something innately wrong here; college students pay for their education (bear in mind that we use the term "education" very loosely), and so ought to be anxious to derive from it some tangible benefits. But alas! 'tis not so. The students in our higher institutions of learning are notorious for their unorganized manner of living. I propose to do something about this. I feel that by setting down specifically just what I have learned in my two years and three months at Normal, I shall stimulate other serious-minded students, if any, to do likewise, and thus to be liberated from the rut into which they have fallen. Take, for instance, my improvement in the game of billiards (pool). That alone is justification for my two years (and three months) of hard study. Everyone recognizes the social value of being able to play a good game of pool. Where would man be today without pool? Who knows? (Who cares?) Well, to get down to brass tacks and concrete examples, here is what I have learned at Normal:

THINGS LEARNED IN FRESHMAN YEAR

1. We learn by doing was first said by either Thorndike, Dewey or Mussolini.
2. In pool, two balls besides the cue ball must hit the cushion on a "safe" shot.
3. If called on in psychology class, "The reaction to a stimulus is the response" is the right answer nine times out of ten.
4. In a completion test, if you don't know the right answer, there is nothing to lose and everything to gain by a good guess.
5. Geography is the study of man in relation to his environment.
6. Psychologists say that the Latin and Algebra we learned in High School were of no value, after all. (We have known it for a number of years. Well, two, at least.)
7. It is unprofessional to "thumb" rides.
8. If the earth were one inch in diameter the sun would be about nine feet in diameter, and the moon would be as small as a very small pea. This would be very valuable to a person making a model of this size (which nobody would).

9. An important thing to be considered in life is the non-specificity of causation in human behavior.

10. Metabolism consists of katabolism and anabolism.

11. Thorndike says that all arithmetical learning consists of many unit skills into which it may be broken, and are we to question what Thorndike says?

12. A test may sometimes be deferred a day or two by a sudden exclamation of surprise when it is announced. "What! A test?" is, I have found, about the most effective.

13. Iron, magnesium, calcium, sodium, potassium, sulphur, iodine, and chlorine, are essential to our diet.

14. Most conductors will accept school tokens at night if you are in a group and ask for your token back after you have dropped it in the box.

THINGS LEARNED IN JUNIOR YEAR

1. To find "do" in a sharp key, call the last sharp "ti" and count to "do."

2. To put "English" on the cue ball, hit it to one side of the center.

3. Geography is Environment-Response.

4. The best place to get a ride is at the end of the road leading from school into York Road. The one disadvantage is that someone is sure to stand a block behind you at the car station and thus "chisel" you out of a ride.

5. It does no good to study for a test. Teachers have a most ingenious way of asking about something you seem never to have heard about.

6. The average distance of the moon from the earth is 238,000 miles.

7. The hours from 9 to 12 are for study only. The ping-pong and pool tables are not to be used during these hours.

8. There are 21 steps from the first floor to the second; so when you go up two at a time, you have to allow for the odd step. This may be done by skipping the first step and counting 1-3-5-7, etc., to 21, or starting on the first step and counting 2-4-6-8, etc.

9. Some people study in the library.

10. English cities whose names end in "chester" are sites of old Roman camps.

11. The most popular excuse for lateness is that the street-car was delayed.

12. Larva is *not* molten rock.

13. Nothing is more important than a person's "maturity" and "background of experience."

THINGS LEARNED IN SENIOR YEAR (SO FAR)

1. Geography is E-R.

2. Newcastle, the place to which one doesn't carry coals, is in England.

3. The motivation for a lesson is the part where you try to have a good excuse for teaching it.

4. One should be "blank" careful when one is teaching geography.

5. Philosophy is anything you can solve without moving from your desk.

RAY HARTER, *Senior III.*

Freshmen Mother's Week-End

At last! The greatly anticipated occasion—November 3rd and Freshmen Mother's Week-End.

Proud mothers arrived to be greeted by excited daughters, to make new acquaintances, and to forget their troubles for a week-end of glee. After a most delicious dinner an informal sing-song helped the mothers feel the school spirit as we feel it.

Saturday—a sight-seeing tour of beautiful Loch Raven and Baltimore; luncheon followed by conferences which brought instructors, mothers and students together. After tea the parents had the pleasure of talking with Dr. Tall concerning school interests. Dinner was most impressive—candle light; music furnished by the orchestra.

Real school life was depicted in the evening program of singing, dancing, short skits, and last, but not least, movies filmed and presented by Mr. Walther.

After returning from church, Sunday morning, mothers and daughters greeted the fathers who came to share some of our school life. Dinner together and a tour of the Administration Building climaxed the week-end.

The late afternoon brought fond farewells to the parents and left the Freshmen sad yet happy with the pleasant memories of the past week-end.

A Faculty Member Quoted by "Time"

ANATOMY OF TARDINESS

How may parents speed up their lagging children, prevent their being tardy at school? Last week Miss Nellie W. Birdsong, psychologist of Maryland State Normal School, told a Child Study Association meeting: "Children too frequently feel themselves the centre of attention when repeated calls are made for them to get up in the morning, to hurry over their dressing and to eat their meals. Flattered, they try to keep the center of the stage by actions that seem to them to elicit this specific attention. A little seeming indifference on the part of parents and the throwing of more responsibility upon the child for his lateness at school often will remedy such a 'situation'."



Assembly Programs—Oct. 23—Nov. 6

MR. DANIEL RANDALL

Interesting to all of us was the talk given by Mr. Randall. The basis for this talk was opportunities that Maryland history affords us for study. Its history is a growing romance. Next year is the 300th anniversary of the settlement of Maryland, and the state is proposing to celebrate in some appropriate and adequate fashion, the early circumstances of our beginning. In the first place, the state has erected a cross at St. Mary's—the landing place of the party who came here in the "Ark and the Dove," and also the site of the final capital. Mr. Randall told us that he was "born and bred" in Annapolis and that he loves this old town, but he is willing to acknowledge that St. Mary's represents what Annapolis cannot claim—the seat of the first governmental building in a New World. Mr. Randall also told us of the dedication of Memorial Hall in Annapolis on March 26th next. The original histories of Maryland history have been seriously mutilated. They are invaluable, and are being restored as well as can be done. They will be kept permanently in the new building. The purpose of Mr. Randall's talk was first, to give us a notion of our Maryland history, second, to tell us something of the plans for commemorating the beginnings of our state, and third, to arouse our interest and our desire to co-operate.

ENGLISH—JUNIOR V

On October 31st, Junior V gave an assembly connected with their English course. The theme of the assembly was "aims of oral composition, and some of the methods of teaching it." One aim remains in

my mind, as decidedly worth thinking about—that is, how to provide a situation in which children have something to say rather than where they are merely obliged to say something. Too often, it is the other way around.

After aims had been given, they were actually applied. The members of the section enacted the part of a sixth grade class. In the first act, the teacher and children planned an exhibit. In the second act, the exhibit was displayed. In this way, the aims enunciated were exemplified for the benefit of the audience.

DR. TALL

Again, Miss Tall brought us another of a series of travel talks. To get the audience in the mood for the talk, Miss Tall recited a stanza of Masefield's "Sea Fever." Nothing more was necessary. We were under the spell. Why does one go to Paris? Is it opera? Boulevards? Night life? Churches? Parks? Shopping? Churches proved quite interesting to Miss Tall. Her favorite church stands on a mount back of the Pantheon—just a little shrine which breathes reverence. The Russian Church, too, is exceedingly interesting to visit. The service continues from 12 to 2 o'clock. No instruments are ever played. Voices alone ring out in rich harmony—perfect and peaceful.

Leaving Paris, our thoughts roamed to Geneva—the city of Calvin and Knox of the Reformation, and the City of Rousseau and Voltaire. Leaving Paris at 11:45 A.M., Miss Tall arrived in Geneva at 8:10 P.M. All of the city, its lakes, its mountains, its modern buildings—all are beautiful. But the unique feature of Geneva is Mount Blanc, whose face is often hidden, but when seen can never be forgotten.

Quite impressively, Dr. Tall compared the value of travel to Longfellow's "Daffodils"—as "those things that flash upon the inward eye which are the bliss of solitude."

MISS LIDA

Miss Lida comes to us as an authority on the Girl Scout Movement, and is quite willing to lead such a movement for any members of the Normal School who may wish to join. Scouting is not only a great aid to one's body building; but it builds up one's morale, it can also actually assist us in teaching, for if we can become pals to children, we are likely to win proper respect. "See through the eyes of the child, and be a companion to him." This sentence is well worth your thoughts.

RUTH KOLATA, *Senior VII.*

* * * * *

Diplomacy is the art of letting someone else have your way.

Orchestra

ON Saturday evening, November 4th, when the Freshman Mothers were guests of the School, the Orchestra played during the dinner hour. At the opening of the afternoon meeting of the Mothers and Staff, Frank Zeichner played a violin solo.

At the regular assembly on Tuesday, November 7th, the Orchestra played the following program:

Gavotte Gossec

From the Canebrake—Saxophone Solo....Gardner-Gureivich
Dorothy Olert

Bagatelle
Theme in G
Theme from Sonata } Beethoven

Adagio Beethoven

Minuet—Violin Trio..... Dussek-Bornschein ..

Leonard Kulacki, Frank Zeichner, Morris Hoffman

Second Valse Godard

The children of the Elementary School having been engaged in the study of instruments, we were invited to play for them on Wednesday, November 8. Besides three pieces played by the entire Orchestra, Dorothy Smith explained and illustrated the playing of the double bass, Elwood Beam the woodwinds, Barbara Bartlett the brass, and Harris Baer the tympani. Since the violin is a familiar instrument no explanation was given of it but instead the children were given an opportunity to hear a violin trio played by Leonard Kulacki, Frank Zeichner and Morris Hoffman. We found the children a charming audience, most attentive and appreciative.

We are now rehearsing the Sinfonietta, that is Little Symphony, by Schubert. This is the first time the Orchestra has essayed a symphonic type of composition.

Having returned from student teaching Virginia Cable has resumed her place as organist and Vivian Cord hers as first cornetist in the Orchestra.

The Glee Club

HERE we are with the first quarter of the year already gone. This period may have gone rather speedily, but the Glee Club has, in this short time, added a few more sprigs to its laurel wreath. Besides the customary performances at assembly time, there have been a few of what might be called "public appearances." A group representing

the club body sang three numbers for the city teachers of practice, and was well received. The numbers were *Gloria Patri*, *Bless Thou the Lord*, and the pleasing *Czechoslovakian Dance Song*. Among the audience at this session were Miss Tall, Miss Rutledge, Miss Woodward, and Mr. Denues, the city director of music.

Then there was the vocal music of the Freshmen's Mothers' Week-End which was participated in by a group from the Glee Club. Here was sung the *Czechoslovakian Dance Song* (again!) and *When You're Away Dear*, from Victor Herbert's *The Only Girl*. There were also at this entertainment smaller group presentations by members of the Glee Club, as *The Tinker's Song* from *Robin Hood*, *Shortnin' Bread*, a girls' trio and a male quartet.

The presentation of these numbers requires much work. So, in order to relieve the tired vocal cords of our group, the Club held its annual picnic in the glen where everyone enjoyed himself in a huge way. But 'tis a paradox. What did the picnicking members of the Glee Club do after supper in the glen but sing heartily for well over an hour! Well, that's the way it goes.

Now, we are working very hard on our Christmas numbers—but you'll hear more of them later.

ARTHUR SHAPIRO, Vice-President.

Normal Repeats Early Season Victory

STATE NORMAL again sent the strong Towson High School team down to defeat in a hard-fought, thrilling soccer game. Normal escaped the scare given them earlier in the season by Towson in a 3-2 game, and went right to work in registering a 3-0 victory. Aggressiveness and following the ball at all times accounted for the victory. Goals were registered from scrimmage by Capt. Tom Johnson, Len Kulacki, and Allen Harper. Early in the first quarter the ball was brought down the field and shot toward the center for the center man to ram home. Amid a scrimmage, Tom Johnson got hold of the sphere, set it up a split second for a shot; score 1-0, Normal. Later, a ball rebounding off the chest of the Towson goalie was headed into the net by the ever alert Len Kulacki. Allen Harper registered late in the final quarter on a direct shot.

This is the first season for several years Normal has been able to defeat Towson both of their scheduled games. Western Maryland College has also met defeat twice this year at the feet of the Profs.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Junior III.*

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

The Men's Meeting

“**E**DUCATION is freedom from incompetence,” said Colonel Pratt, of The Maryland School for Boys, in his informal discourse on education to the Men's Group on the evening of November 8th. We were fortunate indeed to have a speaker of Colonel Pratt's caliber give us a full hour of his time, during which we received instructive information equivalent to at least fifty hours of book perusing, and then some.

The first part of our meeting was given over to discussion of business matters pertaining to our life at Normal. Our business meeting was adjourned at 7:50 o'clock, at which time Dr. Tall introduced the speaker.

It was with reluctance that the fellows permitted Colonel Pratt to bring his talk to a close. You may readily understand how interesting he was, when I tell you that we were all unaware of the fact that partaking of refreshments was the next thing on the night's program.

What is your greatest desire after you have eaten some good food? To be entertained? Surely, you answer; well, so do we. Thanks to Mr. Seidman, our very competent entertainment committee chairman, and the many men who contributed their talents, we were entertained as never before at one of our meetings (and that is really saying something, considering the high class entertainment to which we had grown accustomed). Now don't you wish you had been there?

STANLEY MALESKI, *Senior I. A.*

Elementary School Doings

Literature and Music of the American Indians

THE seventh grade of the Campus School recently completed a unit of work on the literature and music of the American Indians. The culminating activity of the unit was a program presented by the children for other classes in the school.

The program was very simple but it gave a rather complete picture of the whole work. It consisted of Indian songs, a story, poems, and a dance, all of which were selected by the children from materials which had been presented to them during the unit study. Short reports on different phases of the class work had been written by the children and were delivered during the program.

The program was presented in the seventh grade class room to an appreciative audience. The children were seated on the floor in a large circle with arms folded in Indian fashion. No costuming or stage properties were used except the caribou antlers improvised by the boys, and an Indian drum made by a committee of the children. The "Dance of the White Caribou" presented by eight boys, and an Iroquois legend, "The Birth of the Arbutus," told by one of the girls, were favorites. Some significant learning that took place during the working out of the program was a development on the part of the children, of a discriminating taste in Indian literature and music, brought about by a careful emphasis on the authenticity and accuracy of all materials used.

DOROTHY MUDD.

Norse Mythology

DURING the first nine weeks of this fall the girls and boys in the fifth grade of the Campus School made a study of Norse Mythology. After an extensive study of the religion, customs and beliefs of these ancient people a myth was dramatized as a summarization of the information gained from this unit. The children wrote their own play, which was based on the popular myth "The Death of Balder," the underlying theme of which is how the Norse people accounted for the change from summer to winter. The play was made up of three acts and was arranged in such a way as to give each child a chance to participate in the program. The featured characters were Balder, Odin, Loke, Thor, Frigg, Nanna, Hodur, Sif and the giant. The rest of the children were goddesses, gods, and warriors.

The costumes, spears, head-gears, swords, shields and stage properties including a backdrop and a large Viking ship, were planned and made by the children.

We feel that this study of Norse Mythology has been instrumental in the socialization of the group and has made the children more conscious of the audience situation. The children have learned to appreciate literature as a source of information and pleasure and we feel that this new interest will not stop with the completion of this activity but will grow and become more valuable through the study of other worthwhile literary classics.

DOROTHY LIDDELL,
Fifth Grade, Campus School.

Original Poems From a 5B Grade

THESE poems came after six poetry appreciation lessons, three of which were made up of poems about the sea. Many poems written by children were read to the class. At the end of the sixth lesson, a class poem was developed. A box for poetry contributions was placed in the room. At the end of the week, the following selections as well as many others were in the box. These are the children's first attempts. They are transcribed as they were originally written by the children. Only certain outstanding grammatical errors have been corrected—no other corrections or changes have been made.

*Practice Teacher, MISS DEPPENBROCK,
Student, DOROTHY BOTHE, Senior 1,
School No. 236, Grade 5*

The Sea

The sea is like an arm that reaches out and brings you in.

CATHERINE ASHBURN.

Questions—A Class Poem

O sea, what makes you so strong?
You are beating so hard against the rocks,
You are so strong it's a wonder you don't break them.
O sea, you toss the boats from here to there,
And often you crash them on the rocks.
O sea, why are you so cruel?

My Boats

Tiny boats and large boats
As many as you've seen.
I'll put them all out to float
On the ocean green.

Little ones and big ones
Stemming o'er the tide,
Oblong ones and square ones
Floating side by side.

Do you think they'll ever reach
That land across the sea,
And someone else will find them
And send them back to me?

ARTHUR BUSCHER.

ALUMNI NOTES

A Portrait

THERE are no griefs harder to bear than the death of someone young and full of strength and promise. If Evelyn Gibbons Monk had lived, what might she not have meant to her generation?


From the time Evelyn entered Normal until the day of her graduation in 1925 she applied herself whole-heartedly to her studies, maintaining all the while a very active interest in the school's extra curricular activities. This was done with such a nice balance that she became outstanding in both of these phases of school life. She was a member of the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity, President of Alpha Kappa Delta, and a tireless worker with the Orchestra and Glee Club.

Her success at school followed her into her work, and it was not surprising to see her become, at Catonsville School, one of Baltimore County's strongest teachers. It was her enthusiasm for her teaching that led her to pursue courses at the Maryland Institute and the Peabody Conservatory of Music.

Evelyn will be remembered as the possessor of many great personal qualities. Her unfailing cheerfulness, her boundless energy, and her ability, gained the love, admiration, and respect of all who knew her.

RUTH FRECH PLANT, *Class of 25*

The Loyal Cecil County Unit

 In the afternoon of October's last Saturday, a typical, sunshiny autumn day, a score or more members and friends of the Cecil Unit of the Alumni of our Alma Mater convened for the one meeting of the year, at "The Hermitage," the colonial home of Katharine Bratton and Mary Bratton Gonce. The hospitality of this Maryland home was extended by its gracious hostess, Miss Susan Bratton.

Mrs. Margaret McDowell England, who was the guest of Helen Lort Teeter, gave a number of beautiful selections on the piano, after which a routine business meeting was held, and motion to continue one subscription to THE TOWER LIGHT was carried.

Miss Lida Lee Tall spoke, encouraging the Unit to go on and on, giving an outline of conditions, enrollment and study plans, at Normal. She told, too, of the elementary building recently added to the group.

Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough brought news of interest from the school and exhibited the loving cup which is awarded each year to the class having the largest representation at reunion.

President Frank C. Purdum in a brief talk urged membership in the State Alumni Association.

Mrs. Laura Phelps Todd and Miss Mary A. Grogan were other guests from Baltimore.

Refreshments were served and the group adjourned to meet the last Saturday in October, 1934.

Officers elected:

Mary Smith Field, Elkton, President.

M. Ethel Taylor, Aiken, Vice-President.

Katherine M. Bratton, Elkton, Secretary-Treasurer.

* * * * *

A PUBLIC UTILITY

Johnny Hughes—"What's the good of a time-table if your buses are always late?"

Tom Hughes—"Well, how would you know they were late if you didn't have a time-table?"

* * * * *

Question—"What is the organization of the field in Education?"

Answer—"Very good."

Sport Slants

WONDER of wonders—it's been done! For the first time in the history of the school our soccerites have won every game played. We have received widespread recognition for our players and our teamwork. Not only shall we rank with the best teams of the country, but we probably will be the only undefeated team in scholastic records.

Another point in our favor is—not a single man was seriously hurt during the season. This can be attributed to the cleaner, better passing, no contact game played.

What would you do without an entire side of your body? That's what we have to think of in soccer, for having attained a peak, we must start play next season minus an entire left side. It will be a difficult task to rebuild a team to come up to the standard attained this year. Those who will be lost by graduation and who composed this invulnerable spot on the team are: Tom Johnson, Don Schwanebeck, Len Kulacki, and Temp Smith.

As a climax of the season, after the last practice or game, a dinner will be given in the dormitory for the members of the squad. At this time, instead of the previously mentioned medals, there will be given to each boy a picture of the team. Around the picture will be the team record and individual records. To the two high point scorers, framed pictures will be awarded.

Some say knowledge is caught, not taught. I don't know whether close association with our strong soccer team supports this or not, but there are a few girls who certainly can play soccer.

Good work, Juniors! We see you mean business and no halfway affairs at that. Two games in your favor is a tribute. And Freshmen, you are not to be scorned!

Are the seniors losing their prowess? We wanted the best teams to win and in spite of those consequences we can TAKE IT.

Basketball opens! November 28th will present Wilson Normal School at Towson. This will be our first game on the earliest schedule inaugurated at Normal.

In December we shall meet three very strong teams—teams who have contested with such schools as St. John's, University of Baltimore, University of Maryland, Navy, Pittsburgh, and City College of New York. They are Gallaudet, American U. and Catholic U. The last was ninth in the ranking of Eastern Colleges last year—along with University of Pittsburgh and C.C.N.Y. This game should be particularly good, as last year the Cardinals emerged the victors by only six points.

During the Christmas holidays the cagers will continue some of their practice work. Two or three practice sessions will be had with Baltimore City College, or Calvert Hall, or both. Nat Holman, coach of the champion City College of New York team, may send one of his men to Towson to help introduce the professional style of play; we believe, during the Christmas holidays. With the games scheduled in December and the hoped-for practice during the holidays our team should emerge capable and conquering.

When Miss Roach was to be away from school she informed Seniors IV and XI that Miss Daniels would teach them a new game. After playing hockey a short part of the period we learned a peculiar game; namely, to properly take showers while being timed by Miss Daniels. More doings while Miss Roach was away. Fairfax Brooke took charge of Junior I in its regular class period. A laurel to good leadership!

Our outstanding soccer team is to live on—not only in memory, but in the actuality—of the films. A reel of 100 feet has been taken of soccer fundamentals and team playing. This is to be used for future soccer players and theory classes.

I have heard of various means of keeping warm in cold weather, but that inaugurated by a certain senior section “gets the orchid.” When told to be active while awaiting their turns to play soccer in a regular class period, about ten young maidens hilariously played “Farmer in the Dell.”

And many a blasphemous tale has been told of a certain senior hockeyite—from whose path all flee. It appears that the best tactics are to either dodge her stick or grin and bear it.

Colleges throughout the country have symbolic names used mainly in athletic contests. We think of Maryland as the Terrapins, Loyola as the Greyhounds, Princeton as the Tigers, Duke as the Blue Devils, and so on through the collegiate world. What emblem could M.S.N.S. adopt? What do you think of the Tiger or Indian for our symbol?

❖

Hockey Finale

THE interclass hockey games this year were played with many innovations. First, three classes were represented, each by two teams. Second, instead of each class having an “A” and “B” team, Miss Roach divided the strength of the two teams into a team No. 1 and team No. 2. Third, anyone playing on a team received 15 points, instead of 20 and 10 points as one formerly received for making an “A” or “B” team, respectively.

This year the hockeyites experienced real winter weather. Wednesday afternoon, November 8, 1933, turned out to be a bitter cold day—

the first cold spell of the season. Many sweaters and gloves were much in evidence.

Junior Team No. 4 and Freshman Team No. 5 played first. During the first half, Claybaugh scored for the Juniors. After this, the Freshman defense tightened up and allowed no more goals. In the second half, the play of both teams was easily matched. The game ended with the score 1-0 in favor of the Juniors.

Senior Team No. 2 and the Freshman Team No. 6 next engaged in hostilities. Rust scored the lone tally of the whole game to give the Freshmen victory. This was a close game, as the slim margin indicates. Time after time the fighting Seniors had the ball in the Freshman goal area, only to be repulsed by the excellent defense of the first-year men.

The last game was played by Senior Team No. 1 and Junior Team No. 3. Again a Junior team won—this time by the score of 3-1. Snyder scored for the Seniors, while Suarez and Mueller scored for the Juniors. The members of these two teams afforded their audience many spectacular plays. The aggressive Junior forward line had fine pass-work, while the Junior defense admirably supported the forward line.

Especially fine was R. Bollinger's playing in the second half of the game, when the Seniors continually kept penetrating the goal area and threatening to score. Even though the Seniors did not win the game by scoring, they won a moral victory, for no team that afternoon showed such fighting spirit as they. Their playing was a fine example of Spartan courage, for they kept up the fight until the whistle blew to signal the game had ended. The members of the six teams were as follows:

Senior No. 1: R.W., Perugin; R.I., Donaldson; C.F., Snyder; L.I., Stromberg; L.W., Sahlin; R.H., Toole; C.H., Williams; L.H., Troyer; R.F., Kolata; L.F., Dean; G., Myerly.

Senior No. 2: R.W., Harris; R.I., Simmons; C.F., Kellemen; L.I., Cralle; L.W., Hobbs; R.H., Brown; C.H., Bussard; L.H., Peregoy; R.F., Sadowsky; L.F., Riggs; G., Earle.

Junior No. 3: R.W., Tunney; R.I., Kries; C. F., Suarez; L.I., Waxman; L.W., Mueller; R.H., Harper; C.H., Brooke; L.H., Coster; R.F., Bollinger; L.F., Bartlett; G., Stanley.

Junior No. 4: R.W., Jacobson; R.I., Cook; C.F., Claybaugh; L.I., Osborne; L.W., S. Cohen; R.H., Summers; C.H., Weaver; L.H., Cooley; R.F., Lowe; L.F., Coffman; G., Stanley.

Freshman No. 5: R.W., Hergenrather; R.I., Vogelmann; C.F., Boone; L.I., Lewis; L.W., Rine; R.H., McGuigan; C.H., Dayette; L.H., Yoder; R.F., Hancock; L.F., Stevens; G., Middleton.

Freshman No. 6: R.W., Hunter; R.I., Smith; C.F., Rust; L.I.,

Middleton; L.W., Hock; R.H., Straining; C.H., Yenkinson; L.H., Merryman; R.F., Cunningham; L.F., Ayres; G., Lewis.

The two Junior teams, not content with each having won a game, decided that they ought to play one another to determine which was the better team. This game was played the following Friday. When the two teams lined up against each other, Team No. 3 had no goal-keeper or left fullback, and Team No. 4 was minus two fullbacks and a goal-keeper. Soon after the initial bully, Suarez scored. At this time, two more players for Team No. 4 entered the game. Team No. 3 continued to score. This time, after a series of passes on the front line, Suarez shot a goal. Gradually the game became faster and the plays more open, when, in the midst of this furious playing, F. Brooke broke a hockey stick. Next Claybaugh broke away from the center of the play and dribbled the ball for about fifty yards to score for her team. Immediately, Kries retaliated by scoring for her team. A minute later, Suarez scored her third goal in the game. The whistle blew to end the game at 4-1 in favor of Junior Team No. 3 and to say finis. Hockey had ended!

E. W., *Junior I.*

Basketball

NORMAL SCHOOL's basketball team, which is gradually being rounded into shape, will play their first practice game Wednesday, November 15th. Two teams have been selected from the squad which has been coming out for practice for the past two weeks. The Blues are composed of the more experienced veteran players, Rankin, Cole, Johnson, Tuerke, Wheeler, Benbow, and Dugan. These boys are not only sure shots for the basket, but are also very shrewd players—the outgrowth of their past experience with Coach Minnegan. The other team, the Normal All-Stars, are formed of a fine group of reserves whom Coach Minnegan is keeping on hand. These are the less experienced players of last year and the few Freshmen who came out for practice.

The schedule of games has already been arranged for the season. We expect to meet at the beginning of the season: Gallaudet, Wilson Teachers' College, American University, and Catholic University. Wilson heads the list with a game before Thanksgiving.

When this article goes to press there will have been no games played to date, so we shall not have a definite prediction of our team's strength. Nevertheless, all we can do is hope to tread along, perhaps not step for step, but anyhow along the same path made by our soccer team.

BOSLEY ROYSTON, *Freshman IV.*

Victory March of Soccer Team Comes to Perfect End

COACH DON MINNEGAN's soccer charges scheduled fifteen games during the current season and registered fifteen consecutive wins. Beginning with a 4-1 victory over Sparks High School and ending with a 5-0 win over Forest Park High School, Normal kept her record unblemished for the first time in the history of soccer at State Normal.

Among the more noted games were the 2-1 and 4-1 victories over Western Maryland College, a nationally recognized team. Two wins were also registered at the expense of Towson High School, probably County Champions, and another over Blue Ridge College.

Splendid team-play dominated the whole season's play. Every player came through with his best efforts and the results were more than gratifying to themselves and Coach Minnegan.

To the reserve material is due a sound round of applause. They did not play every game or very long at any time, but the regulars, realizing that other men, just as capable as themselves, were ready to play, were forced to give their very best to stay in the game. These same men are Coach Minnegan's hopes for next year. At the rate they progressed this year his worries should be little for the next campaign.

Let us not forget Coach Minnegan. His untiring efforts and splendid coaching was as big a factor in the success as the efforts of those players carrying the White and Gold of Normal.

Those players, who will be back next year hope to duplicate the feat accomplished by this year's club, and the four seniors who will not be back; Don Schwanebeck, Len Kulacki, Temp Smith, and Tom Johnson, can only wish them and our coach the best of luck. Follow the ball, fellows!

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

Outstanding Cinema Successes at Rex

Normal School students will be able to enjoy fine cinema entertainment this month at the Rex Theatre, 4617-25 York Road, Govans.

Among important pictures which will be shown on the Rex screen are: "MY WEAKNESS," Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery in "THE BOWERY," "FOOTLIGHT PARADE," with James Cagney, Mae West in "I'M NO ANGEL," "DINNER AT EIGHT," and many others.

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares
Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories
Silk Undies, Silk Hose, Etc.—Gift Packing

Hergenrather Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists
Since 1901

Phone Towson 39 We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candies, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S
Garage & Service Station
Towson, Md.
Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station
Official AAA Station
24-Hour Service Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths
421 North Charles Street

DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE

Founded 1815

▲
The
Second National Bank
of Towson, Md.
▼

HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds Watches Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.

Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting

Birthday Cards Parker Pens Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

York Road and Willow Avenue
Towson, Maryland
Towson 50

Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows' Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost in style for the collegiate miss and youth.

The Hub

Baltimore - Charles - Fayette
CAvert 4-4-4-4

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

Compliments
of

TOWSON THEATER

You Will Enjoy Our
Home Made Sandwiches
Coffee Hot Chocolate
Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe
420 York Road Towson, Md.
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries

TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

Come Up and See Us Sometime!
Hollywood's Leading Sheiks on Our Screen!

REX

Theatre

4617-25 YORK ROAD

Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

STEBBINS-ANDERSON COAL & LUMBER CO.

LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed

Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE TOWSON

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

PLYMOUTH

Phone: Towson 525

Say It With Flowers

The most artistic in Cut Flowers
and Plants.

Let us fill your Flower needs.

I. H. Moss, Inc.,

5315 York Road

Tuxedo 1400

Run Right to

READ'S

TOWSON'S BEST
DRUG STORE!





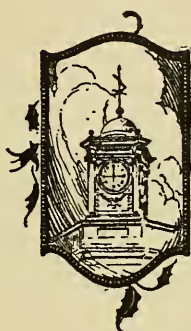
THE TOWER LIGHT

J A N U A R Y

1 9 3 4



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

Contents

	PAGE
Cover Design.....Bernice A. Brouwer	
Campus School Dedication.....	3
Poems	4
Christmas Comes Again.....	6
Christmas Festivities.....	8
Ye Olde Englyshe Dinner.....	8
Christmas With the Glee Club.....	10
Orchestra	11
On Wings of Song.....	11
Chinese New Year Festival.....	13
Poetry	16
Another Salute.....	19
Book Reviews	20
Editorials	22
Assemblies	24
Maps Interpreted by ——!	28
School News	29
Alumni Notes.....	38
Humor	39
Sports	42
Poetry	46

The Tower Light

VOL. VII

JANUARY, 1934

No. 4

Campus Elementary School Reception and Dedication

THE afternoon of November 24, 1933, was set aside for the dedication of the new Campus Elementary School Building.

At one-thirty a reception was held in the Assembly room of the new school. The mothers who were the class chairmen formed the receiving line with Miss Steele and Miss Tall. Parents, friends, school officials, teachers, and members of the State Board of Education mingled pleasantly enjoying punch, cakes and conversation. At intervals the elementary school orchestra played informally or small groups of upper grade children sang the School Song and "America the Beautiful."

All this time regular school activities went on in the classrooms and many parents and visitors availed themselves of the opportunity to see teacher and child working together. At two-thirty the children of the intermediate grades walked over to the Auditorium of the Maryland State Normal School where the students, their instructors, and friends of the school were assembled for the dedication program.

Dr. Henry M. Fitzhugh, president of the State Board of Education, and Dr. Albert S. Cook, State Superintendent of Schools, made presentation addresses. Acceptance talks were given by a representative group from the school, including Miss Lida Lee Tall, principal of the Maryland State Normal School; Miss Irene M. Steele, principal of the Campus Elementary School; Mrs. Ralph D. Finkbinder, president of the Parent-Teacher Association of the Campus Elementary School; and Dorothy Rullman, president of the Student Council of the Campus Elementary School. The Normal School Orchestra and Glee Club and the Campus Elementary School children made the program memorable with beautiful music. Two tributes, poems written for the occasion by a faculty member and a student (class '34) were read.

Prelude

Hands of men builded of brick and stone
A school—and placed it clean in the wind
On a hill.
Deep silence followed clamor.
The school looked quietly out
On the hills hugging their purple,
On the shimmering green of summer mists;
Felt the tingeing of autumn leaves,
And held close the deep joy of nights alone.
Outside—nature.

Inside the long new halls—a loneliness.
Echoes of the first footfalls—thin and hollow.
Soon came a thronging of echoes,
Came work and children's laughter.
Something began to stir within the building—
A slow clumsy awakening to a spirit.
All loneliness fled.

It seemed as though in two great kind hands
Was held a low light—shielded.
And a voice from the mists of all Beginnings
Cried, "Here is a building.
You who are rich with understanding
And wise in the ways of beauty
Make of this a holy place."

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.



The School

O childhood's temple,
Wherein, concealed from all but inward eye,
Is built th' eternal shrine to Wisdom,
Whose worshipper
Through dance and song and speech and through the
 written word,
Seeks ever the undimming light,
To pierce the darkness of the night.

Delight is thy ritual!
Not flagellated scars, not tears, nor woe,
As in the olden time.
Thy rites demand the upward climb, but stair by stair—
Pausing as hours go by,
To seek wise counsel for the troubled day,
Or raise the childish voice in joyous lay.

The brick and stone may crumble.
The rose, the snowflake, the echoing note of music
Gleam for a moment,
Then are gone, and the world knows them no more.
But through the dark is heard
A voice saying, "I am the Word."

BY A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY.



Christmas Comes Again

ON the evening of December the twentieth parents and friends of the Campus Elementary School children and teachers were gathered in the Auditorium of the Maryland State Normal School waiting expectantly for the Christmas pageant to begin.

The lights in the auditorium dimmed, and from the rear of the room came children's voices lifted in song, "O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant." The words rang out, alto and soprano well-harmonized, as down the aisle the vested choir of children advanced in procession. The youthful column swung across the front of the auditorium to the choir seats at the right, just below the stage.

The lights grew dimmer. There was utter darkness and a moment of breathless quiet. Then, upon the stage one saw, not quite distinctly, the walls and gates of an ancient city—such walls as Damascus might have had long centuries before the Roman era. Wearily, a man's figure loosely robed in a prophet's garb, advanced toward the city gate, then sank upon the ground. Out of the air came a voice deep, profound, borne on a shaft of blinding light, "Give ear . . . hearken . . . hear my speech! . . . Behold my people have rebelled against me. . . Rise, and I shall show thee my children oppressed, spurned of the mighty, defiled with destruction and bloodshed." The voice ceased. Slowly the light faded into semi-darkness. Through the city gate passed a slave scourged by his master. Again darkness brightened into twilight only to reveal a beggar spurned by wealthy travelers. A third half-indistinct view caught the eye. This time one saw soldiers in deadly combat. Then complete darkness and The Voice, "Go ye, my servant, John. Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

The second scene, a stable illuminated from within, suggested to the eye the dawn of the Christian era, while upon the ear fell the illuminating words of the choir accompanied by piano and violin. "O Holy Night the stars are brightly shining. It is the night of our dear Savior's birth." Slowly angels advanced to watch o'er the stable. As the last notes of the "Cantique de Noel" swelled to their triumphant close little children arrived, saw this Infant Child and went away telling how "Away in a Manger no crib for His head, the little Lord Jesus" had "Laid down His sweet head."

"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" sang the boy soloists, as fearlessly, wonderingly, shepherds drew near the stable and entered. Reverent, awed, the shepherds came from seeing the Babe. From the manger issued soothing tones of girl voices,—"Hush thee, child, thy crying cease; Close thine eyes and rest in peace." Softly, drowsily came the last strains of "Holy Mother Sings." Boyish voices

now proclaimed, "We Three Kings of Orient Are" as a king and his gift-laden attendants approached the stable to lay at the Babe's feet—gold. Boy soloists announced the arrival of a second and yet a third king, one offering myrrh and the other frankincense. Upon this scene came the prophet who hailed the event as the prophecy come true. Softly, smoothly, there stole upon the air the choir's subdued voices in "Silent Night, Holy Night" and angels, shepherds, servants, kings and prophet knelt in silent adoration.

In the last scene the door of a great cathedral with its rose window drew one's attention. Up the street came a group of small children of the twentieth century singing, "O Little Town of Bethlehem." As they reached the church a vision appeared over the door. Framed in the rose window stood the slave-master reaching his hand to lift the slave and share his burdens as a brother. As the figures faded, the carolers passed into the church. A second group (present-day youths and maidens) approached—singing (Christmas Song) "Bells are ringing, angels singing." Then the rose window framed a second vision. A wealthy lord wrapped his cloak around a beggar while another gave him his purse. As the second group of carolers entered the church—the vision disappeared. A third group approached the church singing Saint-Saens, "O Tuneful Hosts," as a third vision was framed in the rose window; two soldiers casting aside their swords and linking arms in friendly comradeship. As this vision faded from view, these carolers entered the church, to join the others in a re-consecration of self to the service of others. The ceremonial inside finished with the triumphant strains of Handel's "Joy to the World" as the curtain closed on an echoing Amen.

ELSIE ARTHUR.

❖

Alliteration

Slim saplings
Sheathed in ice
Stretch stiff shivering fingers to the sky.

Clicking like castanets
Clinking and clattering
Casting cold shadows when the moon sweeps by.

Lovely and lonely
Like ladies languishing
They lift longing arms toward the stars on high.

HELEN S. ROGERS, *Junior VI.*

Christmas Festivities

WITH the highly commercialized aspect and the rush and hurry of Christmas assailing us on all sides, much of the responsibility for holding the real values at this season rests upon the school. The Campus School attempted to meet this need by the giving of a pageant expressing the Christmas Story through drama and song, and by carrying on Christmas—giving activities in every classroom. The pageant is described elsewhere. Our teacher friends will be interested in the ideas expressed in the Christmas gifts which developed from the regular curriculum.

Many types of material were used in the making of gifts for fathers and mothers. One group used discarded pieces of roof copper from the main building to make candle holders. The candles? Old stubs were melted, colored, and hand-dipped. Desk blotters with attractively painted designs, and clay bowls were fashioned by another group. Quilted holders filled with wool which had been carded in school, waste baskets made of cut-down boxes, and block-printed Christmas cards taxed the ingenuity of others. Candy and marmalade attractively prepared seemed especially suitable for the grades studying about foods. Decorative Christmas booklets containing old favorites and original poems were additional gifts.

The Student Council took over the task of stimulating a feeling of responsibility for the helpers in the school building. Children should learn to appreciate their dependence on these workers. So they joined in contributing to their Christmas fund. A splendid collection of used toys was mended and refinished that other children might have Christmas, too.

So are we learning for today and tomorrow.

Ye Olde Englyshe Dinner

A FAVORITE motif for fairy tales of olden time was that of the flying carpet which took the hero wherever he might wish to be at the moment. We, of this realistic day, cling to the fantasy and romance of bygone days, and create for ourselves at certain seasons an imaginary world. Such is the Christmas season.

In the assembly devoted to preparation for the flight into fantasy, Miss Bader weaves the magic tapestry or rug, with its warp of pagan custom, shot through by the shuttle of Christian thought, carrying the woof of religious ritual and feeling.

When we enter Newell Hall on the notable evening, we step upon the magic carpet prepared for us, and take our flight to England, far in space, and far back in time.

We antedate the Twelve Days of Christmas a bit, and make-believe that it is Christmas Eve; hence, the ceremonies begin appropriately with the hearth fire in Richmond Hall and the kindling of the Yule Log. The Middle Ages, despite their splendor of apparel and processions, were very barren of the comfort of modern days, and this Yule Log, with its radiance of light and warmth, was a symbol not only of physical cheer, but of truly beneficent and magical qualities for the household.

Jesters enliven the assembled guests with their merry quips and play, and the guests proceed to the great dining-hall. Here we feast on Christmas fare: Brawn; frumenty, manchets, sallets, pasties or puddings are ready waiting, with plenty of cider and Adam's ale broached to wet a parched tongue.

The grand procession is one long to remember. Here come the lord of the castle, with his lady, the children, the retainers, and the guests, all wafted to the state table or dais by a herald and accompanied by the singing of carols. Now come the honored dishes of the season: The boar's head carried on its silver dish by the chief cook, followed by the gorgeous peacock pie, the flaming plum pudding, and the dazzling, steaming wassail bowl. To the strains of viol and cymbal, strings and horns, the gleaming dishes are carried about the state table and set before the lord and lady of the castle. Feasting now follows, enlivened by music and the gayety of the jesters.

In the foyer, after the banquet, the magic carpet carries us still further into the past of tradition. Custom of bygone days determines the entertainment devised for the pleasure and delight of household, guests, and wayside travelers who find welcome in the hall, warmth and cheer instead of the cold darkness of a lonely road, or the uncertain shelter of an inn. With the songs and music offered for diversion, are mingled the efforts of the uninvited guests and villagers to entertain. On Christmas Eve, each does what lies within his power, and none is scorned, be the performance that of a poor juggler, or a noble knight skilled in high minstrelsy, or the melodies of gleemen and troubadours.

The traveling showman has his bears perform; the troupe of dancers tread their measures; the Lord of Misrule introduces each performer with his gay and whimsical verses that whet the appetite for the winged words that follow.

Again we live with Aucassin and Nicolette, the faithful lovers whose misfortunes and whose happy reunion were the theme of minstrels for centuries. In verse, in cante-fable, or in story and song, we hear again their adventures, with the musical refrain, and "So speak they, so tell they, so sing they the tale."

As in the cante-fable, all who listen to this lay will be cured of all their miseries, so with the evening's feasting and gayety, we are cured

of all weariness and sadness. The magic carpet has carried us into the far land and time of romance, and we come back with youth and hope renewed for another year.

M. L. O.

Christmas With the Glee Club

“THE spirit of Christmas is upon us. No holiday is more universally kept by all the peoples of the earth than is this one that comes at the winter solstice. The triumph of life over death, of light over darkness, of joy over despair, are all made vivid and inspiring in the music of the peoples of the world now commemorating this festal occasion. The Christian era brought in its wake its own tribute in song for the glorious advent season. The Maryland State Normal School at Towson rejoices in the Christmastide and brings you today, in uplifted voices, its appreciation. Would God we were singing not only of the triumph of life over death, of light over darkness, but that also our songs might be heralding to a disheartened world the ultimate triumph of good over evil. Will it come to pass? Let each person search within himself.”

These were Miss Tall's words, spoken on the occasion of the Glee Club's broadcast of Christmas carols from WCAO, Sunday, December 17th. They truly encompassed the spirit of the season, and gave an appropriate setting for the Christmas music.

The program of songs and carols was as follows:

“Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee,” from “Sleepers, Wake”. . . Bach.

“Carol of the Birds”—a French melody, arranged by Noble Cain.

“A Joyful Christmas Song”—a French carol.

“Lullaby, Jesus Dear”—a Polish carol.

We are glad to have had the opportunity to send our music beyond the confines of four walls so intimately to many homes. Who can tell how far-reaching is the effect of one's broadcasting? We do know, however, that many of our friends listened with enjoyment, and we hope that many others were made to think sympathetically of the Christmas spirit of music, and of Alma Mater.

The Glee Club made other Christmas appearances. There was the Govans Community Sing on the night of December 19th, at which we repeated the first three songs of the radio program. Then there was the Old English Dinner, at which, as waits in the lordly castle, we sang again. After the dinner, we went caroling with all the rest of

the student body in the neighborhood of Towson. Then last of all came our school assembly program, Friday, just before the holiday, when we again contributed our songs to the general program. On this occasion also, a group of students, many of whom were Glee Club members, presented "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

As Miss Tall said, the Christmas spirit is upon us. And surely we have tried to give to that spirit our voices and our good will.

Orchestra

FOR the dedication of the Elementary School building the Orchestra played while the audience assembled. On the program they played the "Adagio" from Beethoven.

Rehearsals during the month of December have been given over to Christmas music. A group of carols were prepared for the Old English Dinner, also pieces of Christmas character, including one with a cornet solo with violin obligato played by Vivian Cord and Frank Zeichner. For the carol assembly on Friday the Orchestra played the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" for Orchestra, and accompanied two of the carols.

Morris Hoffman, Frank Zeichner, and Malcolm Davies furnished the violin accompaniment in the "Cante" fable at the Old English Dinner.

At the Elementary School program on Wednesday evening the violin obligato with the chorus on "Cantique Noel" and the violin solo, "Ave Maria," Bach-Gounod, which occurred between the second and third parts of the pageant were played by Leonard Kulacki.

"On Wings of Song"

*"On wings of music roaming,
With thee, sister dear, I glide"*

THAT is what Goethe wrote about music—but why? Music of love, music of sorrow, music of war and music of many, many other subjects; it ever expresses emotion! It carries you "on wings of song" into a land which it creates for you after a pattern of your own design. It may be a haven from the never ceasing wheels of life because it has the power of recalling yesterday, of helping you live today, and of opening a road for tomorrow. It leads you on and on with its ever stirring melody. Music is a means of expressing feelings and pictures which may be interpreted by the listener to fit his every mood.

But these tone pictures are colorless unless you have the magic key to unlock the melodic succession of sounds presented—What does the composer wish to tell you? Why did he write the music? Consider Chopin's "Funeral March" which does not mourn the death of a person so much as it does portray the composer's feelings about Poland's loss of independence. It is the story of his own country. The knowledge of the composer's nationality and of the history of Poland will add to an understanding and appreciation of his composition.

Music in the richer sense is always beautiful no matter what it expresses. It is a part of someone who knows how to express his feeling so others may enjoy the child of his creation. How does he express it? He writes a beautiful melody—lasting by reason of its artistic simplicity which ever charms; enjoyable in its rhythm, the underlying current of motion; rich in its harmonies, combinations of tones; delightful through its form, a unit expressed by originality and variety; impressive in its mood, arousing an emotion without the aid of a single spoken word.

"The world about you is full of music; but is your own Aeolian harp attuned to vibrate to the gentle winds of beauty, love, and sweetness that are flowing your way, if only you can catch their message?" (F. E. Clark.)

J. F. H., *Senior I.*

❖

Building

A builder built a house
He pondered o'er blue-print plans,
And with a keen regard he mapped
Artistic draughts and practical.
He fashioned it of strengthened steel;
He modeled it of sturdy stone;
He landscaped with an artist's zeal;
He built a house, but that alone.
A builder built a house.

The Builder built a home
He pondered o'er humanity
And with His knowing Love he mapped
The essence of His lovely gift.
He fashioned it of hearts sincere;
He sent His Peace down from above;
He modeled it in simple cheer,
And filled it with His crowning Love.
The Builder built a Home.

ORA BUSSARD.

Chinese New Year Festival

CHINA is a country of festivals. Throughout the year hardly a month passes without a special celebration. But of all the festivals no other is so universally celebrated as the New Year; the only one that comes anywhere near it in the enthusiasm that is put into it is the Christmas celebration in Christian countries.

China is a great country and there are as many different customs as there are provinces or districts. In this article I shall try to give you some idea of how the New Year is celebrated in a small village in the province of Shantung as told me by a former student who lived about eighty miles northeast of Tsinan City.

No matter where celebrated, the festival begins on the twenty-third day of the last month of the moon calendar and lasts until the middle of the first month.

The first thing that one notices is the newness about everything. New scrolls are posted on every door and gate. Over the window and door sills are hung red, green and yellow paper decorations of many designs which produce a very pretty effect and make the whole village gay and beautiful.

The children begin to wear better and cleaner clothing as early as the twentieth of the last month of the year, but their very best clothing is reserved until the New Year's Day. The very poorest even get a new suit of clothes for this day. The contrast is all the more striking when we bear in mind that Chinese clothing is chiefly made of cotton cloth which soils very easily and becomes quite faded with frequent washings. Thus the newness of everything, especially of garments is very noticeable.

The worship of the family god is an outstanding event of this festival. The god is represented by a colored picture which is pasted on the wall of the kitchen above the hearth or big stove in which the family's food is prepared. Besides the god of the hearth there are twenty-four other gods known as the Pa Hsien or the eight gods. There are three orders of them; the upper Pa Hsien, the middle Pa Hsien, and the lower Pa Hsien. They are probably put there to help the god of the hearth to look after the family. On the twenty-third of the last month of the year, the god is removed from the wall and burned in the court yard, thus sent to heaven, to report to the one great god. But before he is removed the mistress of the house kneels down before the hearth and offers up this prayer: "We thank you for looking after the happiness of the family for the year and we hope that you will make a favorable report. Should we have done anything virtuous, tell the

High God about it. If we have done otherwise, say not a word. In any case try to make the High God pleased with us and to bestow blessings upon us." Then a feast consisting largely of malted candy is offered the god. This candy being very sticky, may prevent the god from telling too much of what he has seen during the past year. A new picture of the kitchen god is then put up.

On the last day of the year the family worships the Heavens. All of the precious belongings of the family are arranged on a large table placed in the middle of the court yard, because it is believed that during the night all of the gods descend to earth, and therefore it is fitting and proper that they should enjoy offerings of the humble people. Crackers and other fireworks are fired to frighten away the evil spirits.

Another custom on this date is to sit up late at night and to rise early on the New Year Day. This is called Sung Sui (seeing the year off) and Ying Sui (welcoming the year).

Before the twentieth of the last month the women of the family are busy preparing food enough to last through the celebration. Even the rich do not on ordinary occasions eat wheat. They usually eat a bread called Wueh To, made of bean and millet or bean and kaoliang flour, but during this festival the poor as well as the rich eat wheat flour bread. Well-to-do families continue to eat this luxury until the end of the next month, but such are looked upon by the whole village as extravagant and headed toward sure ruin. The average family uses the wheat bread for only four or five days.

Another special food is the "chiatze," made of ground pork, cabbage and beets wrapped in small pieces of pastry and boiled in water. The good housewife takes particular care in boiling these, for, to have one break is a sure omen of ill luck.

The "Kao" or dumpling is also eaten during this celebration. It is made of very sticky flour and dates molded into fantastic shapes and then boiled or steamed.

The Chinese not only worship heaven on New Year's Day, but pay great respect to their elders. Every one over twenty years of age must "kotos" to the older members of the family. Strictly speaking, one ought to go to all of his elders within forty li of his home and perform this ceremony. If one is not able to do this on New Year's Day he must do so before the end of the second month. After having received this distinction, the elder treats his guests with peanuts which are called in Shantung, "chang sheng ko" the long-life-nut.

The New Year Festival may be styled the festival of visiting and play, for during this season practically everyone is free and can indulge in a little social enjoyment with his neighbors. It is the one and practically the only time during the year when everyone rests from his

labors. The length of the celebration varies with the needs and means of the family. If one can afford it he pays little attention to his business for the entire period. On the other hand the day laborer feels himself most fortunate to rest for only a day or two. The children and men spend most of this time in the streets; the former, shooting fire crackers and playing games; the latter visiting from house to house or listening to or even playing in the village band. In every village there is at least one set of band instruments which are rarely used except during the New Year's season.

The celebration reaches its climax on the fifteenth of the first month in a festival called the "Yuan Hsiao," which means the First Night. On this day the people eat a peculiar kind of sweet called the "Yuan Hsiao," made of sticky white flour molded into a ball around sweetened dried fruit. This is a great favorite with all children.

Processions of all sorts of lanterns, with the monster dragon as the principal figure, parade the streets at night. For this reason this day is also known as the Lantern Festival. The celebration ends with a very beautiful pageant, the favorite version of which is called "Mrs. Wang Mends the Jar." It is a play of humorous but sometimes rather satirical dialogue between Mrs. Wang and a Coppersmith.

The New Year has its economic significance as well as being a great social and religious event. It is one of the three times during the year when the Chinese close up their business accounts, balance their books, and settle their debts. It is a disgraced man indeed who owes but a cent when the New Year Day dawns. Is it thus any wonder that it is a season of rejoicing and thanksgiving?

HARRIET A. BADER.

Want

From a still indoors I stepped
Into a stiller star night.
Alone I felt the sky;
I wanted you.

ORA BUSSARD.

Exchange

I climbed a weary way
To the queer old shop
On the crest of a distant hill.
The road was hard.
I carried my dreams
All quiet and still in my arms.

A young wind blew along
And paused in wonder to look at them
Lying so quiet and still.

The trail was worn and coiled.
Slowly I reached the barren top.
I lifted a great gold knocker
On the door of the queer old shop.
The huge door opened;
A hand sought mine
And drew me into a strange dim room.

The ceiling was low and solid,
Gilded the counter and chairs,
The windows close-shut and barred.
Cruel was the keeper.
His shrewd cold eyes
Questioned me in a sharp blue flash.

I offered my dreams.
"How much?" I faltered.
He rubbed his hands
And smoothed his long gray beard.
He delved in a bag, all soiled and squat
And brought forth an ancient coin,
A coin as old as man.

He clawed my dreams with his greedy hands,
All but the tiniest one.
He threw them down in a dingy place
And laughed.

I tongued the coin;
It was salty and bitter.
Fear and emptiness filled my soul.
I crept up slowly,
Flung down the gold with metallic cling,
And grasped the only untouched dream of all.

I opened the door with a mighty effort
And raced down the trail with my shining dream—
Eyes on the crest of the highest hill.

Close in my ear—a sardonic echo.
Close in my heart—a dream!

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

❖

Changing Views

A slipp'ry road,
Some whisp'ring pine,
A bare, brown field—
In wintertime.

A winding road,
Pine leaves all new,
A brown, plowed field
Is springtime's view.

A dusty road,
A grove of pine,
A field of green—
In summertime.

A leaf-strewn road,
The stately pine,
Some stacks of grain—
In harvest-time.

ELEANOR BOUNDS, *Junior IV.*

Harbor at Night

Night—

Harbor waters—black and inky.
An oily sheen—dark with foreboding.

Mist—

In the haze are seen dim outlines—
The ghosts of ships—a man slinking by.
Street lamps on grim posts—their tiny light
ineffective.

Quiet—

All is still—only the lapping of the waters
against the piles.
The silence is maddening, threatening.
Suddenly a splash! The solitary figure gone.
The mist lifting.

HERMAN BAINDER, *Junior III.*

Tribute

You, who speak of the divine, eternal fire
Are yourself a flame,
Stretching towards immortality,
Brushing the heights,
Straining upward and onward.
But your light is not white—
It is a warm, rosy hue
Like the sun.
It shines on those about you
And warms them.
And in your presence
A tiny fire is kindled in them, too,
And they, like you, begin to reach
For divinity.

DOROTHY BOTHE, *Senior I.*

Another Salute

IN the December number of THE TOWER LIGHT an article appeared giving the picture of the situation which has faced the city graduates since 1931. A note of optimism was sounded, since, with the passing of the Class II substitute list and the preferred list, all future appointments must be made from the new professional list. The most recent report is that seventeen appointments have already been made from this list.

This is a companion article which will attempt to tell something of how the county graduates have fared over the same period of time. In the counties there are no professional lists, but the same principle of supply and demand controls the teaching appointments. As a general rule the majority of students return to their own counties to teach, and the conditions existing in these individual counties determine their appointments. In the class of 1931 there were 137 county graduates. The following fall one hundred of these graduates were given regular appointments. This was in spite of the fact that the year 1931 marked the beginning of decreased county budgets and a smaller turnover in the teaching personnel of the state.

When the 1932 graduates came along 107 graduates were added to the list. Some county superintendents felt that before appointing the 1932 graduates they should absorb the students who had waited for a year. Consequently 17 from the 1931 class were placed and 57 from the 1932 group. Comparing the number of appointments for the two-year period you can see that there were 74 appointments in 1932-33 as against 100 the previous year. The budget reductions and other factors were really beginning to have their effect.

In 1933, as you know, there would have been no graduates except for the fact that a small group of Seniors were given the privilege of completing the new three-year course. Of this group 9 were county students, and in addition there were 15 two-year graduates. Of the 24 graduates of 1933, 16 have been placed this fall. Naturally the superintendents followed the plan of the previous years and appointed some of the remaining 1931 and 1932 graduates, 3 from the former class and 31 from the latter.

The following figures will present the facts more clearly:

	Class of 1931	Class of 1932	Class of 1933	Total
Number of graduates...	137	107	24	268
Number placed.....	120	87	16	223
Number not placed....	17	20	8	45

Giving the data in percentages, 88 per cent of the 1931 class have been placed, 81 per cent of the 1932 class and $66\frac{2}{3}$ per cent of the 1933 group, or a total of 83 per cent for the combined groups.

Although we have no definite information from the unplaced 17 from the 1931 class, we know that of the 20 from the 1932 class only 12 should be considered unplaced, since one is teaching out of the state, one has entered training for a nurse, one has died since graduation, and five have been released by the State Department of Education to continue their education, two of them here at the Normal School.

The picture presented above is far from a gloomy one, and if compared with figures from other professional schools we believe will stand out as quite an enviable record.

REBECCA C. TANSIL.

Bess Streeter Aldrich—Miss Bishop

FRIENDSHIPS are among Life's sweetest gifts to us. We revel in the comradeship, the interest, the understanding of a friend. Because of this feeling which is within us we are truly grateful when an author leads us to a new friend.

"Miss Bishop," a most recent novel of Bess Streeter Aldrich, has just such a gift for all who seek to know Miss Bishop herself—Ella Bishop, whose life was poured out in service for others.

Often the "book friends" of our imaginative world can help us more than those friends of our world of reality. We see Miss Bishop act as we ourselves have acted; we hear words from her lips which remind us of words we have spoken; and most helpful of all we read her thoughts—thoughts which illuminate that which is said and done; thoughts which have often been our own and about which we have wondered.

What a picture of Life we see—the whole of Life: Ella, the youthful girl, with youth's ambitions and youth's dreams tingling through her whole being; Miss Bishop, the teacher, her every thought to carry high the torch that youthful minds may know not only the use of the comma and the principal parts of speech, but how to meet Life's problems fairly and squarely; Ella Bishop, the matronly woman, living the present, but delighting in slipping back in memories to days when Life was fresh and dreams new.

If an experience is a vital one it will change us in some way. "Miss Bishop" does change the reader. It reveals that Life, regardless of how much of it is tragedy, may be glorious comedy, when we know that some time, somehow, those things for which we now see no purpose will blossom forth into radiant joy and happiness for someone.

ELIZABETH MACINTYRE.

“Save Me the Waltz”

HAVE you ever felt that life was monotonous and that you were just “fed up” with the drab and drag of it all? Then Alabama, the heroine of “Save Me the Waltz,” is your friend and sympathizer. The author, Zelda Fitzgerald, recounts the stormy pathway which that young girl led from early childhood to maturity. She marries a young artist, David Knight, who has already become famous by his paintings. Most of their married life is spent in Europe among the glittering people of Paris. While David is busy with his work and is being entertained every night at parties, Alabama’s life grows more and more empty, dreary, and tiresome. She becomes desperate to find some new interest in life and thus turns to training for a ballet dancer. But would you believe it—she returns to the home of their early married life, in a little Southern town, happy and eager to go on living there with just her small family, David, and Bonnie, their only child. If you’ve ever searched for something new in life, if you have found the thing you sought, and then if you’ve realized that the thing you sought and found did not bring you as much happiness as the things you’ve had all along, then you need not read this story to understand why Alabama gave up the brilliant, dashing life of a ballet dancer for the quiet, slow living in a home in the South.

But if you haven’t had that experience then you must read the secrets of Alabama’s career enveloped in such descriptive passages as:

“The moon waddled about the tin roof and bounced awkwardly over the window sill.”

“One summer night . . . it poured with rain and the vines swished and dripped like ladies folding silken skirts about them; and the drains growled and choked like mournful doves, and the gutters ran with foamy mud.”

Just by way of whispering a hint that everything ends happily, here is Alabama’s concluding sentence:

“I just lump everything in a great heap which I have labeled the past, and having thus emptied this deep reservoir that was once myself, I am ready to continue life in a simple Southern town.”

E. T.



The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MARY-STEWART LEWIS

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

ELSIE ECKER
VIOLET GARREN
LEE YENKINSON

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Faculty Representative

MARY DI MARCANTONIO

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Post Christmas

N EARLY a month has passed. No longer does the pine lend aromatic enchantment, nor the prickly holly peep from windows. Long, flickering, red tapers have burned low in their sockets. Christmas trees which once joyously glistened and sparkled—dripping with jewels—are now stripped and lie pathetically deserted. The enticing, snowy boxes bound in crimson are forgotten. The carol books which

have been closed and placed upon their shelf are already dusty. Where is the radiant, jostling, bundle-laden crowd? Where is Christmas? Where is good-will? Where is peace? Are they in that carol book? Do they lie deserted like the tree?

M. S. LEWIS, *Senior IV.*

❖

Gifts

ANOTHER birthday! Another year of joys and sorrows. Another victory for Father Time! This year, as before, I shall probably receive some gifts. Gifts! What a world of meaning the mere word holds. Gifts! The joy that comes with receiving something, no matter how small, that comes from the heart, that comes to me, for me, from a friend who cares! It touches so deeply that certain spot, somewhere within, where I keep my cherished hopes, and dreams and thoughts.

The one thing, the gift I want most, cannot be measured by money or size. It can be measured only in the relationship of one human being to another. The gift I want most is the gift of sincerity, the gift of understanding, the gift of simplicity; the simplicity and sincerity that come with a knowledge of human nature; the understanding that is deep enough to overcome the many situations which might cause a severing of that something we call friendship. That is what I want—sincerity, simplicity, understanding, all embodied in the greatest gift of all—Friendship for every day of the whole new year!

SYLVIA BRAVERMAN, *Senior II.*

❖

Finding Oneself

ARE you merely living without any sense of direction? Have you found your greater self or are you in pursuit of it? These questions cause discomfort in some of us, regardless of age.

A small bear, while still young, was captured by a man. The bear grew large and became his son's friend and playmate. One day while the child and bear were playing together near a forest in the mountains, the growl of another bear was heard in the distance. For the first time the boy's playmate realized his greater self, his potential energy, and his power. Without hesitation, he sprang upon the child, fatally injuring him before his insistent cries were discerned. The bear had for the first time found himself. He had been stimulated.

We realize our potentialities by widening our experiences. We learn to seek these within the walls of books and in the lives of many. We partially find ourselves. Life means more. Some people grow old

before finding themselves. How colorless are their lives! Inward satisfaction only results when we discover our greatest aptitude.

A boy became a doctor because he helped an injured person. Another boy became a carpenter after having been given a tool chest by his grandfather. Are you like one of these people? This may be a crucial moment even if you have not as yet realized it. Seek within the portals of your mind to find yourself!

DONALD TALBOT, *Junior IV.*

◆

Assemblies

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1933

Toys! Surely we've all heard of them. We've seen them, we've played with them, we've loved them, and we've shared them with others. But what is the origin and history of these toys which yield so much pleasure today? To many of us had never occurred this question until it was presented and so skillfully explained by Miss Osborn in her assembly. Dolls of long ago were compared with "Hitty," the well-known and loved actual doll immortalized in literature, of whose story two girls gave interpretations. As a very fitting and climactic conclusion of the assembly, Miss Yoder told us the famous story which since childhood we have loved, Hans Christian Andersen's "Steadfast Tin Soldier."

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1933

Many beautiful thoughts can be best expressed through the medium of poems. On November 16, 1933, it was our rare privilege and pleasure to have as our guest Mrs. Kinsolving, the famous Baltimore poet. "Autumn" . . . "Ships" . . . "Late September" . . . all brought to us the beauty and love of nature as interpreted by her. One of her loveliest poems is dedicated to Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, another distinguished Baltimore poet, whom most of us have had the pleasure of meeting, if not personally, at least vicariously. May we soon again experience the thrill of hearing and seeing such a dynamic personality as Mrs. Kinsolving.

Three books of Mrs. Kinsolving have just been purchased for the library and will soon be available for circulation: "David and Bathsheba," "Depths and Shallows," and "Grey Heather."

E. BEALL, *Senior VIII.*

NOVEMBER 21, 1933

Children's literature! What a store of fanciful tales it holds for all of us! Do we ever tire of reading Hans Christian Andersen's wonderful fairy tales—or of dramatizing them? Nor do younger children. It

THE TOWER LIGHT

was Senior IV's purpose to show us how dramatization may be very easily and simply adapted to the classroom situation. "The Swineherd" lends itself very readily to dramatization—a few boards nailed and hinged together with a curtain drop and a screen and you have your Prince of the Little Kingdom's palace. Any makeshift material quite rudely put together will form the swineherd's insignificant hovel. Place one of these scenes at either corner in the front of the room, leaving the center space for all remaining scenes. There—your stage is set. Your aim? To help and inspire the children that they may feel the loveliness of this tale—and act it with the same exquisite simplicity displayed by Senior IV.

NOVEMBER 23, 1933

International relations. How do they affect us? It was Dr. Alexander Alley, a representative of the National Council for Prevention of War, who answered this question. Did you ever think of the world as one large family, the nations its members? Though miles apart, all are closely linked in many respects. For instance, millions of dollars are owing to the United States by other nations. A policy of isolation must mean that these debts cannot be paid. This will bring a serious loss to individual citizens. If our trade is cut off, our industries will stagnate. If our industries languish, there will be unemployment, and suffering all over this country. In every way we are affected by what is done in other countries. Dr. Alley pointed out furthermore that if nations need to learn co-operation, their citizens, first of all, must know how to live together. It is the teacher who trains young citizens in co-operation, morality, and "Simple Abraham Lincoln Democracy." "We can do this if we are men possessing the sturdy qualities of our forefathers" Where, then, teacher, does your responsibility lie?

NOVEMBER 28, 1933

Did you know the origin and development of your favorite sports of today before they were vividly shown to us by Junior VI? Running, fighting and fencing was practiced by the caveman through need for protection, and was perfected to a high degree by the Greeks and Romans. As time went on, man became more skilled in archery, swimming, boxing, throwing, jumping and various ball games. Even in the time of lace petticoats and ruffled skirts women played croquet and tennis and rode bicycles in their leisure moments. Educators realize the need of physical training. We have, therefore, in our schools today a program which provides a variety of sports for the children. Many of these have come down to us through the centuries.

THE TOWER LIGHT

DECEMBER 4, 1933

It was especially appropriate that Dr. Tall should have the first assembly after the holidays. There is something about the psychology of coming back from the holidays that seems to knit us closer together. It is a new beginning. One-third of the year's work is behind us, but before us lies the remaining two-thirds, in which we should strive to develop initiative, leadership, professional ethics and those desirable personality traits which are a part of a good teacher. It is essential that we students of the Normal School should possess all these since the teacher is undoubtedly one of the most important persons in the life of the elementary school child.

DECEMBER 6, 1933

Junior I, assisted by their guide, Miss Prickett, took us traveling through Europe by means of song. Through their songs people of all nations express their emotions, daily life, and customs. This program was so realistic that we students felt as if we were in the British Isles, and then traveled to the mainland visiting France, Spain, Italy, and Russia. Such a program growing out of a subject matter course is not only entertaining, but educational as well.

DECEMBER 11, 1933

Dr. Florence Bamberger from Johns Hopkins University brought to us a highly significant message during our assembly period. We found ourselves confronted first with three problems of the modern world. How does it happen that we have millions of men without work? Why does society make it so difficult for us as young people to go out and find our place in life? How does it happen that men are being pensioned at the age of forty? What, we ask, is the relation of education to these problems? Merely this—it is through education and only through education that we can answer these problems and begin the necessary changes in the present social order to adjust these intolerable conditions. Let us talk with our children—help them to feel the responsibility which is theirs by teaching them how we came to be, through events of the past, what we are today. And, finally, consideration of the big question which remains unanswered—What can we further change to improve our present social conditions?

DECEMBER 14, 1933

What could have been more appropriate than to have had Miss Bader initiate our Christmas season by recalling the origin of some of our most cherished Christmas customs. Our Christmas today is a combination of Christian and pagan ideas. We are not wholly certain that December 25 was the day of Christ's birth. This date, no doubt had its

origin in Rome, where during the period of the winter solstice, this day was celebrated in honor of Saturn. Feasting, merrymaking, and giving of gifts were all a part of the celebration. The idea of making use of the Yule Log had its beginning in Scandinavia, where the people, once during the winter season, burned the Yule Log in honor of Thor. The custom of decorating, being an outgrowth of natural instinct, had its origin years before Christianity. It was the Druids who worshipped the Mistletoe and each winter, in a most elaborate ceremony, cut it and brought it into their homes, placing it over the door, thus bringing peace and prosperity through the year. Carols were sung early among the clergy by the Bishops. Later children went through the village singing and now everyone sings Christmas carols. Nor would Christmas be complete without the tree with all its decorations, a tradition which has been handed down through the ages.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1933—EXERCISE

Is regular exercise necessary to good health? If so, is there any danger in too exhaustive exercise? Dr. Baetjer from the Johns Hopkins University presented a lecture based upon these very thoughtful questions. No one has proved that regular exercise will make a person immune to diseases, or will extend his life, but it is known that better co-ordination of every part of the body is insured; therefore, the person is in a better physical condition to stand all physical strain. This person need never fear dangerous results from exhaustive exercise because extra exertion will not affect the strong heart muscles. It is only the person in a weakened physical condition who cannot resist the infectious diseases.

The Difference

Isn't it funny
That a wee little bunny
Should have—(and you know it's true)
A tail of a sort
That is very, very short,
And ears so long, and two!

Isn't it a pity
That a wee little kitty
Should have—(and you know it's true)
A tail very great
It would really make eight
And ears so small, and two!

SOPHIA LEUTNER.

*Maps Interpreted by —!

MAPS are fascinating—of that, there is no doubt. The sight of a nicely colored edition of the world on paper gives you a comfortable feeling. The fact that you can put your finger on Baltimore gives you a sense of power and security. The Patapsco River twisting much as the mighty Mississippi, except on a smaller scale, fills you with a sense of well-being. This all sounds very lofty and poetical until maps are viewed from the practical side. Then your mind begins to concoct all sorts of depressing ideas.

How do you know that Italy is really shaped like a boot? Who drew Spain to look like a king with a crown? Why didn't the map-makers put South America and Africa together? (Some of us are art-conscious and feel as though it is our duty to push them in place.) Why are Norway and Sweden so close together—they started to go separately and then thought better of it. What makes England so rugged? Who knows just how the Hawaiian Islands are placed? (The islands should be numbered so that when you connected them, there would be an elephant or clown or something.)

Thus the mind wanders on. Of course, any map maker could give me a good answer for all these questions, but the fact remains that I am entirely in his power. I feel like a child who has had no reading. He could be taught that "ogd" spells dog and I could be told that China was North America and the Malay peninsula could be Florida. But with thousands of others I have enough sense to leave well enough alone. The map maker knows his business and I will accept his ideas.

There, the relationship between the map maker and the outside world should remain, but, unfortunately, maps must be interpreted. Some maps show mountains, rivers, states, areas, with like temperature, air pressure, and wind direction, and still others show ancient trade routes. I have managed to steer clear of most of these maps, but due to unalterable reasons, I have been thrown in constant contact with Roman maps.

Roman maps have all the names written in Latin. This, although adding mystery to the map, does not make it any too likable. All bodies of water are called "mares." I suppose the Romans were being subtle in connecting the two forms of transportation. Places are called by such interesting terms as "Arabia deserta," "Kaka," "Germania," "Gaulum," and so on. Russia in the old days was known by that friendly name, "Muscovy."

The Romans lasted a long while and every year or so they added another layer of Europe to their possessions. The situation played right

*The blank, if filled in properly, will rhyme with the first word of the title.

into the hands of the mappers, with the result that the Roman Empire looks like the car card that says, "If you can read this from where you are sitting or standing you are gifted with phenomenal eyesight." Besides conquering people, the Romans were great road builders. They have managed to clutter up the whole map of Europe with red road lines.

Some day I will make a map myself. All the countries will be two inches square and colored black and white according to the checker board pattern. Countries will be numbered 1, 2, 3 and so on, and there will be absolutely no roads shown. But that day will never come—my conscience would hurt when I would think about the old map makers and the lovely myths they have established.

ELEANOR GOEDEKE, *Junior III.*

A Trip to Logan Field

ON Thursday, November 23rd, three teachers and six student teachers of Dundalk School went down to Logan Field. The three teachers were the Misses Perry, Tinley, and Bandel. The student teachers were Misses Gale, Garner, Sahlin, and Hendrix and Messrs. Smith and Schwanebeck.

We drove down to the field and were met by Mr. Barranger, the dispatcher for the Eastern Air Transport Company, who escorted us around, after we saw a plane land and take off.

The first place we visited was the Weather Bureau, where a machine records the weather all over the eastern and central sections of the country. The man in charge places a map in the machine. At four o'clock the machine starts typing the conditions over the country at this time. Incidentally, this machine is controlled at Cleveland, Ohio.

An army hangar with its three ships furnished our next interest. The first was a demonstration ship, model of 1928, seating two. The second was a bomber. It was a 1930 model. All that we saw of the third ship, a 1926 model, was the framework; the wings, motor, ailerons, propeller, etc., had been taken off. The rib work (which remained) was made of steel and was very strong.

We next viewed the insides of a motor. Our guide gave us an illuminating talk on the various parts of the motor. He showed us the working parts, such as the valves, pistons, bearings, etc. We were told that every thirty hours of flying was followed by an adjustment of the valves; every forty-eight hours by the bearings being tightened, and every two hundred hours the motor is overhauled.

We left the hangars at dusk, but Mr. Barranger told us a plane was expected in ten minutes, so we waited for a plane five miles away. The

floodlights went on, turning the field from gloom to a dazzling brightness. Two and one-half minutes later the machine was over the field.

We stood while the ships were landing and taking off—just staring and marveling at such happenings. We had an experience with aviation that is personal and one that will make us teach this phase of transportation more intelligently. S. & S., Senior VI.

International News-Letter Association

THE International News-Letter Association recently held a very interesting convention attended by representatives of thirty eastern college newspapers and magazines. Johns Hopkins University was the host college. Many addresses were given, papers read and prizes awarded, but one of the chief events long anticipated was the banquet held at the Emerson Hotel. THE TOWER LIGHT representative, although not a member of the association, was invited to attend the banquet and dance.

The guests of honor were Frank B. Noyes, the President of the Associated Press, and Sir Wilmott Lewis, Washington correspondent of the London *Times*. Other speakers who were outstanding in the newspaper and journalistic field, such as Watson Davis, the scientist-journalist, were present.

Mr. Noyes gave a résumé of the history of the Associated Press, which he founded and of which he has been president for many years. He brought out the point that the work of the journalist and reporter was extremely taxing and not remunerative except in the joy of work well done. "Journalism—like art—is a jealous mistress."

Watson Davis, who has interviewed many world-famous scientists, spoke of the necessity to a modern scientist of the gift of language. The thrilling achievements of science have not been very well understood by the common run of people because of the number of technical terms used. Keen analysis is needed to reduce the language to its simplest terms and still express the fundamental thoughts. Here is a broad field for the young ambitious journalist with a yen for science.

Sir Wilmott Lewis was the prize speaker of the evening. In his deep, cultivated voice, which vibrates with a keen sense of humor, he stressed the need of a firm fundamental grasp of knowledge of English literature and language. He commented on the number of college women interested in the field of journalism. He shared with us his philosophy of journalism or certain of the "ethics" of journalism. Right dealing, a respect for truth, and certain high standards of achievement were points brought out.

The evening was extremely valuable. Contact with great personalities of the world of newspaperdom—as with great personalities in all fields—provides lasting inspiration.

The Rural Club's Tea Dance

The Rural Club held a most successful tea dance on Wednesday, November 15. Many students and members of the faculty enjoyed drinking the delicious cider and buying the jellies, preserves, and pickles which were on sale (I won't say that we're all domestic—perhaps most of these came from our parents' pantry shelves). Four student teachers, all members of our club, cast aside their classroom austerity and furnished us with "sweet strains of the tunes of the day." All in all—we had a delightful time. The Rural Club is planning to have another tea dance and jelly sale—watch for the announcement of it!

DOROTHY B. JOHNSON.

A Freshman Party

We had to pay a dime—but that was cheap. Why, we had the best fun you can imagine. Nearly every one of the Freshman class—that includes Miss Keys, was present. We played games and danced, and by refreshment time everyone knew everyone else. We sang several school songs and departed reluctantly from the gayety.

ELINOR WILSON, *Freshman VI.*

The Men's Meeting

"POETRY is ever-present; there is no field of endeavor into which it does not enter, or in which it does not play an important part."

So said Folger McKinsey, The Bentztown Bard, in his exceedingly interesting talk on poetry appreciation to the Men's Group at the third of their monthly meetings, on the evening of Wednesday, December 13.

Mr. McKinsey's reading of his poetry in his inimitable way was most convincing and delightful. The selections included: "The Ark and the Dove," "A Rose of the Old Régime," and "Ante-Bellum." Who could not say after such an experience that poetry had not risen to greater heights in his estimation?

Our business meeting took place, as usual, before the speaker's arrival. Refreshments were then eagerly consumed (with some, I fear, very noticeable disregard for the etiquette of eating.) After this enjoyable pastime we were entertained by students. Ask Mr. Tuerke why he insisted that the lights be put out when he gave a monologue.

After the good-byes, we assembled outside Dr. Tall's home and sang a couple of songs. Perhaps tone quality was absent from our singing, but feeling was certainly there.

STANLEY MALESKI, *Senior I-A.*

Campus School Contest

WHEN a gill of milk costs only four cents, extra pennies dropped into the Milk Fund bottle in the cafeteria. But this fall children need five cents for milk and apparently had no pennies to give to a Milk Fund to help others. Then word came of a family that needed over two dollars a week for milk.

Something had to be done! The Milk Fund Committee in the sixth grade laid plans for setting aside the first week in November for an intensive drive to raise the money. Posters were prepared, small Milk Fund bottles were placed in each room, and announcements were made. Then the contest began. Daily the committee reported the progress of each grade. Pennies were harder than usual to get. First a dessertless day and then a no-candy day were used to increase the money for the fund.

When the contest closed the sixth grade had made the largest contribution, with the fourth and third grades not far behind. In all, \$16.03 had been collected. This is just enough money to provide two months' milk for the family. There's another drive coming after Christmas. The children have adopted the slogan: Save your pennies! Watch for the signs!



Campus School Child Study

January 10—Scope of Mental Hygiene, Dr. George H. Preston.

January 17—Mental Hygiene in the Home, Dr. Francis P. Coman; Parent and Parent Relationship; Parents and Children Relationship.

January 24—Mental Hygiene in the Home, Dr. Francis P. Coman; Child and Child Relationship.

January 31—School Relationships with the Home in the Interest of Mental Hygiene, Dr. Leo Kanner.

February 7—Mental Hygiene of the Child in School, Miss Margaret Coe.

February 14—Emotional Disturbances—Based on Questionnaire Sent to Campus School Parents, Miss Pauline Rutledge.

February 21—Changing Conceptions of Discipline, Miss Birdsong.

February 28—Discussion of Case Studies of Normal Children, Miss Birdsong.

March 7—Interpretation of a Work and Play Survey Made in the Campus School, Miss Steele, Miss Birdsong.

March 14—The Place of Leisure in Mental Hygiene, Dr. Florence Bamberger; Spectator Sports, Movies, Radio.

March 28—Music as a Force in Mental Hygiene, Miss Hazel MacDonald.

April 4—Education and the New World, Miss Lida Lee Tall.

April 11—Business Meeting.

❖

“About Six”

Stormy nights are “Scary” Nights
When I am all alone

In bed

An’ I just lie an’ Shake n’ Shake

With covers pulled in—

’Round my head—

It seems that “Wind’s” a

Giantman a stridin’

Thro’ the air—

He yells an’ screams an’

Fusses an’ he

Doesn’t even Care!

“The One” that keeps the

Lights on, away up in

The sky

Decides to turn ’em out these

Nights that Wind goes

Stalkin’ by—

I s’pose it’s quite all right

If “That One” ain’t afraid

On stormy nights—but me—

I’d rather “Wind” should

Go—

And “Someone” would put

Back the lights.

A. L. S., *Senior VII.*

Well, Well, Well

BEFORE we plunge into the scandal of the month, may we take this opportunity to acknowledge the enthusiastic comments of our readers upon the omission of this column last month? We were gratified to find that we had so many well-wishers in the school.

Well, dear reader, winter is here again and your much-befuddled editor is at his wit's ends for material. (I can just hear the questions popping, "Why shouldn't you have a lot of material to write about? Aren't things happening at Normal School any more?") My answer to that comes in a simple, one-thought sentence. "I am student teaching!" So, even if things do happen, how am I to know? Anyway, in spite of my absence from the scene of activity, I am able (through the aid of my star reporters) to relate the innermost secrets of those people at school who can afford to have "innermost secrets!!"

They tell me that a certain star on the soccer team recently jilted his old girl friend by telling her that he was thinking seriously of marrying a girl who didn't go to M.S.N.S.!! Try that one on your old girl friends, fellows!

Fie upon the people who *would* say that your editor is of the redoubtable I. A. Men. Don't you know, silly people, that there isn't a man among them with sufficient intelligence to construct a coherent sentence?

Has anyone heard Schwanebeck going about beating his breast and singing to the stars that "he is the champion ping-pong player at M.S.?" We know for a fact that Herman Miller or Isadore Friedman can beat him any day.

Then, there are the things we could go for in a big way—less lights in the parlor, heat in the nurseries, reclining chairs in classrooms, bigger and better lockers, dancing until one instead of twelve o'clock at the monthly dances, radios in the rest rooms, and self-adjusting showers.

We recently learned that Ossie Bachman is quite a football hero. He plays football on Saturday and it takes him a week to recuperate from the effects of the game.

In spite of his crazy rhythms, unsteady tempos, and mediocre playing, the school misses its wild-haired piano player. Room 223 seems barren and desolate here lately.

A certain Senior lad—the one who last month summed up the learnings of his last two years (and three months) at Normal—keeps from laughing too loudly in class by suddenly concentrating upon the

Siege of Troy or the number of chromosomes in an Evening Primrose. When he tires of this, he begins to cackle like a hen. The latter proves quite diverting to the class.

Why do Lew Harris and Margaret Knauer *always* sit next to each other at the Monday Student Teaching conferences? Just idle, pointless curiosity. . . .

As you know (or don't know) our library functions in accordance with the Dewey-Decimal system of classification. There are some students, however, with a flair for originality, who have devised a system all their own. Its underlying principle seems to be that the Nearest Empty Space is the Best Empty Space, in so far as replacing books is concerned. May we congratulate these pioneers upon their initiative—certainly nobody else will!

An obliging young lady carries to us the news that a student in Senior VII has withdrawn from Normal for the purpose of saying "I do." Funny people, these Normalites.

Since when has Roy Hardesty (Senior III) been so partial to blondes?

The city student teachers have been tossing verbal bouquets at the city directors of practice. The students feel that they are peculiarly blessed with two very fine and understanding women in the persons of Miss Woodward and Miss Rutledge. Would our directors blush if they heard some of the nice things said about them!

And while bouquets are being tossed, one or two should go in Miss Weyforth's direction for her share in the very fine work of the Glee Club. Congratulations upon the club's singing have been coming from many sources. Did you hear the broadcast?

If you want to read some excellent poetry, get A. A. Milne's "Now We Are Six" and "When We Were Very Young" (children's department, main library). We hesitate a bit as we recommend them for we feel that many of the Normal School students are not mature enough to understand them . . . Our second graders were wild about them.

Primary teaching seems to be affecting the boys. It's a little too early to diagnose results very definitely, but we hope that whatever is happening is for the best. We did see an advanced case, however, sucking on a lollypop.

Do You Know:

1. That certain members of our faculty go horseback riding frequently?
2. That THE TOWER LIGHT sent a representative to the Intercollegiate Newspaper Association's Convention held here in Baltimore, November 17th-18th?
3. That the Senior girls of M.S.N.S. were well represented at the I.N.A. Convention? In fact, some of them are still raving about their dates.
4. That a certain teacher is interested in the "origin of style?" (She has a detailed background of information. "Come up to see her some time.")
5. That a certain Senior class is trying to put a Crystal radio set together, thereby having to take apart an old set in order to learn the mechanism of radio?
6. That before long we'll have two weddings to attend, since two of our present Seniors are already engaged?
7. That we have a Freshman boy who hails from Mexico?
8. That a certain Senior girl has crocheted a different colored hat to match each of her dresses? And by the way, she starts them for those girls who are just learning. In case you need any help, stop by on your way to lunch.
9. That the members of our faculty are beginning to compose poetry during classes? A certain geography instructor, stimulated, perhaps, by Miss Key's recipes, gave the following formula as an outgrowth of discussion on rocks:

"Feldspar and quartz
Large quantities take
Pepper with mica
Mix up and bake."

10. That some very fine effects were obtained by many of the Juniors when they made their own Christmas cards and book plates by printing from linoleum blocks?
11. That the cafeteria serves most delicious pie—tender, flaky crusts and sweet, solid filling? (Pardon us while we become lyrical.)
12. That there are several first-rate collections of National Geographics in the Junior Class?
13. That the Industrial Arts men and the Academic men have expressed their desire for a more unified Men's Review constructed after the fashion which most satisfactorily carries out the purpose for which the Review was conceived?

14. That a Junior (male) has a collection of over 3,000 pictures on subjects ranging from Azalias to Zebras? The collection is systematically filed and easy to use.
15. That on very cold days, salt is sprinkled on the steep driveway to the school grounds and on the walks between the Administration Building and the Elementary School to prevent the formation of ice?
16. That if in our Library you find a book greatly biased on one side of a question, you can usually find a book just as radical on the other side of the same question? We call that fairness to the n th degree.
17. That the Elementary School Building does not have a bona fide cellar? (It does not need one.)
18. That theoretically, each student visits the infirmary 1.5 times a year (unless we made a mistake in our division)?

◆

Faculty Notes

The faculty spent the Thanksgiving holidays in various ways. Miss Jones says she "did *nothing* at all." All she did was go to church, shop, see a show and make out schedules!

Many of the faculty went out of town. Miss MacDonald, Miss Stitzel and Miss Owens went to New York to see relatives and FRIENDS. Miss Dougherty and Miss Woodward went to Philadelphia; Miss Holt and Miss Bader, to Washington; Miss Tansil, to New York; Miss Munn and Miss Osborn, to Washington, returning on Friday to attend Kreisler's concert.

Miss Prickett and Miss Osborn entertained some members of the faculty at a theatre party. They saw "Iolanthe."

Miss Tall sings "Barbasol, Barbasol," too.

Miss Weyforth can sing (?) two notes at the same time.

Miss MacDonald, Miss Diffenderfer, Miss Tansil, Miss Gilbert, Miss Daniels, Miss Medwedeff and Miss Auld are perfecting themselves in horseback riding.

During a brief visit to New York, Miss Treut attended the theatre. But she was more interested in the man in front of her than in the entertainment. The man was Ralph Pearson, the well-known artist-critic.

Miss Blood, Miss Tansil, Miss Treut, Miss Cowan, Miss Bader, Miss Daniels and Miss Birdsong were seen at the Boston Symphony Concert.

Miss Weyforth spent three weeks at the dormitory. Her first offense was coming in late for breakfast. She claims she was up at five o'clock but she positively did not hear the morning bells.

Miss Byerly, who was in the Educational Measurements Department last year, is now studying in Chicago.

Miss Medwedeff is planning to take one of those "hop and skip" round-the-world trips next summer.

Incidentally (or perhaps this is not so incidental to many of us), Miss Medwedeff makes "grand" nut bread and layer cake.

Mrs. Brouwer is working hard on her penmanship. She wants to show us that she can make "r's" so that they look like "r's" and not "n's."

And those lovely buttons that were on Mrs. Brouwer's black dress are definitely going to be given to Miss Treut.

Miss Osborn, we believe, wrote the lovely poem that appeared on the back of the Dedication Exercises Program.

Did you know that Miss Tall is the only woman principal of a Normal School in this country?

There is a matter that is puzzling this department. A few weeks ago a member of the faculty rushed up to three others, who were carrying napkin-covered parcels, and breathlessly said something. The only words of this conversation that were caught were "fish" and "sandwiches." These fragmentary bits lead us to think that food was the topic of such intense interest—but in what connection? And why fish? If anyone knows and shares the solution of this mystery, he will have the boundless gratitude of a baffled staff.

Alumni Notes

THE problem concerning whether or not the Special Seniors are to be classed as Alumni or as "mere students" has been solved in part (one-eleventh, to be exact) for Doris Deppenbrock has been placed in Pimlico School, and is henceforth classed as "Alumnus." In the October issue, the writer's phrase—"or may one . . . stand on their toes on crowded street cars as one would naturally do with MERE students," was misinterpreted, and the MERE was changed to MEN. It was the fault of the writer's penmanship; she would never dare associate the M. S. N. S. men with the word "mere."

Two Saturdays in succession have we met Katherine Smith of '32 emerging from a downtown store laden with packages. "Next time you treat."

Cecelia Allen (now Mrs. Robert Gabler) is the proud mother of a little girl. From all reports the baby is very cute.

Genevieve Shules is much absorbed in case history work at the Union Memorial Hospital.

Martha Alford is continuing her study of voice, and is performing with Eugene Martenet's group.

Louella Klug is taking a business course, and is also studying at Hopkins.

Evelyn Wieder, class of 1927, was married recently.

Among those who have been recently placed in the city schools are: Leonore Astrin, Naomi Friedman, Betty Newman, William Seeman, Virginia Stinchcum, Ida Hausman and Doris Deppenbrock.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR ALUMNI DUES?

◆

“Hits and Bits”

KING FOOTBALL, which has been threatening to invade classrooms, has now broken into textbooks. Realizing that geometry is, after all, only second to football, professors at the University of Chicago have hit on the happy plan of combining these two in order to get students to study geometry. In preparing texts for classroom use, therefore, geometrical theorems are illustrated by football plays and devices.

* * * * *

The tooth of an *Equus Occidentalis*, an ancient western horse which roamed around California some 20,000 years ago, was recently found by a geology student of the California Institute of Technology. The tooth was probably the only one that missed “The Last Ground-Up.”

* * * * *

One of the professors at the University of Nebraska states that love, dumbness and faculty intelligence are the reasons for freshmen flunking out of courses.

* * * * *

Suppose there happens to be a birdie in the tree? On the campus of North Carolina University stands a famous old tree known as the “Kissing Tree.” According to the prevailing legend many a campus romance has had its start and many a broken pact has been renewed under its protecting branches.

* * * * *

Ah! The big brutes are getting intelligent. For the first time in its history the chapter of Tau Beta Pi at West Virginia University has pledged a football player. The athlete is a member of the electrical engineering department.

* * * * *

A good reason that Purdue varsity seldom misses signals—34 members of the squad are majoring in mathematics.

According to the Notre Dame *Scholastic*, Vassar recently got out an injunction against a candy company for making "Vassar Kisses."

* * * * *

The University of Dayton goes one better than an All-American football team. On the squad are Swedish, Polish, Scotch, Irish, Lithuanian, Australian, Hebrew, French, German, Dutch, Slavic and Hawaiian representatives.

* * * * *

Freshmen at the University of Maryland declared an "open rebellion" against the "weak and doddering" sophomore class, going so far as to reverse the custom, issuing a set of rules for sophomores to obey.

SARA LEVIN, *Senior IV*.

❖

Jokes

"Waiter, did you think it was next Christmas that I wanted that duck?"

"No, sir, but if you will please be patient, the management thinks she is going to lay an egg."

* * * * *

"Are you a real Scotchman, Sandy?"

"Sure, but I was born over here to save the price of a passage over."

* * * * *

Photographer: "Do you want a large or small picture?"

Joe E. Brown: "A small one, please."

Photographer: "Then please close your mouth."

* * * * *

Homely Girl: "There's the man! He kissed me. I think he's crazy!"

Fellow: "I'll get him. He IS CRAZY!"

* * * * *

A MISFIT

They sat on the steps at midnight,
But their love was not to his taste;
His reach was 36 inches,
While hers was a "46" waist.

* * * * *

"There is one thing I want to say about Hopkins," said Freddy Frosh as he flunked his mid-year's. "Other colleges may be easier to enter, but none are easier to get out of."

SAFE!

An Irishman was telling his friend of a narrow escape in the war. "The bullet went in me chist and came out me back," said Pat. "But," answered his friend, "it would go through your heart and kill you."

"Me heart was in me mouth at the time," came the quick reply.

* * * * *

MISCONCEPTIONS HERE AND THERE

Personnel—individual belongings of the colonists.

Aborigines—a mountain range of South America.

Ibid—"What book did Ibid write?"

Found in a Freshman observation, "The teacher blew on the mouth organ and the children sang."



On Being Seasick

ROLL, pitch, rock, toss. Thus went the deep Atlantic on the thirty-first day of August. I, hardly realizing my identity, was prone on the aft deck of the *Priscilla*, on which I was returning from a summer's sojourn to my home. If you have ever been seasick, you can sympathize. My inner anatomy felt as if it were all tangled up in one mass. My head felt like a lump of lead. Still the deep blue tossed me about mercilessly. Once in awhile I would look up to see what Father Neptune was doing. One look was enough. Still the waves rolled the boat and me with no compassion. On it went for what seemed years, actually three hours. Between my head and my stomach I was the most wretched creature on earth. Suddenly there was a shout of triumph from other sea-sick members of the party. We had entered the calmer waters of the Manasquan Bay.

All thoughts of sea-sickness were banished, but I have since thought "I'll see America first and let Europe wait forever."

TRUEHEART CRALLE, *Senior IV.*



Rex News

Such important stars as Dortha Wieck, James Cagney and Leslie Howard are on the screen in January at the Rex, the favorite entertainment center of many Normal School students. Among the features will be: January 18 and 19, "Day of Reckoning"; on 20th, "From Headquarters"; on 21st and 22nd, "As Husbands Go"; on 27th, "College Coach"; on 28th and 29th, "Lady Killer," and on 30th and 31st, "Sitting Pretty."

Sport Slants

A PERFECT season, a perfect spirit, and a perfect ending, and—what have you? Namely, the Professors' 1933 soccer team. The perfect ending was held on Wednesday, December 13th, at the soccer dinner in Newell Hall. At this time pictures of the team were presented to the squad members. Framed pictures were presented to—Donald Schwanebeck and Joshua Wheeler, best defensive players; Melvin Cole, most valuable player; Tom Johnson and Leonard Kulacki, the high point scorers who each tallied 18 points. Melvin Cole was elected captain for the coming year. The features of the dinner were Miss Sperry's gift of a beautiful cake representing the soccer field, and the finale, of school cheers and songs of the dormitory girls led by Elise Shue. A salute should be given John Owings, too, who arranged the dinner.

It's often the men on the sidelines who help the men on the team to win the game, but useless is this support without good spectator sportsmanship. Consequently, it is not wise to stand on chairs, crowd aisles, or cheer at the same time the opposing group does. The cheer leader is responsible for her group, so here's for better action in the future.

The worst defeat the Normalites have ever suffered was at the hands of Catholic U., when the Cardinals proved the conquerors by a score of 68 to 16. In the past, we have had close basketball games with these victors; one of these was three years ago when Normal, 12 points ahead at the half, lost by a score of 22 to 20.

Why was the soccer season so successful? Competing with D'artagnon and his musketeers the booters strongly upheld the theory of "one for all and all for one." Throughout practices and games there was a group co-operation as well as individual concentrated action. If a person were weak in a particular fundamental skill he practiced to perfect it. Thus we have seen what a squad can do by combining their efforts and all working for the ball.

The soccer trips brought out some unusual studies in health habits—showing their relationship to the actual physical activity. Problems of diet, rest, and exercise before games were considered.

Have you noticed the increased publicity afforded the M.S.N.S. teams in the Baltimore newspapers? This may prove a means of making prospective worthwhile opponents and prospective Normalites more conscious of our prowess. Do you consider this a welcome feature?

During the middle of November Joe Davidoff, a former captain of the C.C.N.Y. basketball team, spent two days with the Normal School squad. His demonstration and discussion work was very helpful to the group as a whole. Launching a new precedent, the squad will practice during the Christmas holidays. Due to this practice and the games had before the holidays, Mr. Minnegan expects the team to show a decided

improvement—perhaps to be the best team in the history of the school.

We have had an indication of what the White and Gold can do by their having met and defeated teams from the Independent Leagues in the city. The boys in the leagues are former high school and college stars, hence affording strong competition. Those teams downed by M.S.N.S. were St. Dominic's of the Catholic League and Susquehannocks of the Baltimore League.

Another important game has been scheduled—M.S.N.S. versus Loyola at Evergreen on the evening of December 23rd.

We now have, at the disposal of the school, a fine series of films on basketball fundamentals. And here's where Mr. Walther "gets the orchid"—for it is by his co-operation and fine technique in developing the pictures that we possess them. They have already proved useful to the squad.

Plans for the Men's Review are under way—and, mind ye, Freshmen, this means an eventful and gala affair. The machinery will soon be in working order, for at the January Men's meeting various positions will be filled.

This year when the M.S.N.S. boys' team plays the Alumni, it has been suggested that a team of the M.S.N.S. girls play the Alumni girls in a preliminary game. As a climax to the evening there would be a dance lasting till 11.30. Would you, You, and YOU come?

In competing with such teams as the Greyhounds, Cardinals, etc., our followers of the White and Gold will be known as the "Indians." Symbolized as an Indian warrior, perhaps, we too, will become known as being unusual in endurance, in fleetness, possessing the spirit of self-sacrifice, and above all having the true fighting spirit.

SELMA TYSER.

◆

Freshmen Defeat Juniors

DEFEATING the Juniors in their annual soccer game seems to have become one of those undesirable Freshman habits. In a contest sparkling with both pathos and humor, the two teams fought, ran, bumped, and kicked each other until one faction had victory definitely within its grasp.

Inasmuch as the Juniors were pre-game favorites, the result was a complete upset. The score was 2 to 1. Early in the game, due to the lack of organization on the part of the losers, the Freshmen quickly piled up two goals. Within a short interval the net was dented twice by Harper.

With the advent of Mr. Minnegan upon the field, the struggle became a somewhat grim affair. Bruises, bumps, spiked toes, sore limbs, etc., took their toll. The upper classmen had several fine opportunities

to increase their score, but on only one occasion did they succeed. Late in the game Cohen took a pass from Epstein and shot past the goal-keeper. The final chance the Juniors had to even up the tallies failed by a few inches when MacCubbin just missed getting his foot on the ball. The lineups follow: Freshman team—Royston, P. Miller, Novey, Markenson, Kelbaugh, Harper, Oliver, Pindell, Brumbaugh and Berlin.

Junior team—Davies, Podlich, Kolb, Arnold, I. Miller, Woronka, Palmer, MacCubbin, Muller, Samuelson, Cohen, Smith, Bernhardt, and Epstein.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Junior III.*

Play-Off!

WITH the advent of the winter season basketball once more holds sway. Basketball electives are being held by Miss Roach on Monday afternoons for the Freshmen, on Tuesday afternoons for the Seniors, and on Thursday and Friday afternoons for the Juniors. The elective classes afford the players opportunity for more actual playing experience than they would otherwise receive in the regular gym classes.

During the physical education periods the girls are taught the fundamental techniques and rules of basketball—pivoting, juggling, dribbling, chest-throws, shooting goals per minute, free shots, overhead and round-arm throws. In these classes every girl has the chance to play basketball in a game called "Nine Court Basketball."

This will be the first year that the Freshman, Junior and Senior classes will each be represented by two teams in the tournament to be held at the close of the basketball season. Instead of playing the games after school and cutting the playing time, Miss Roach has decided to have the players on the teams stay for supper at the dormitory and participate in the tournament at night. By this plan each game will be played in full-time periods. Attention!!—all basketball players!! Attend practice and thus be allowed to attend this promised gala event.

EDITH WAXMAN.

Fencing Team Prepares for Coming Meets

THE State Normal School fencing team held its first regular practice of the year the week of November 19th and found that it had numbered within its fold four new members: Morris Hoffman, Abe Berlin, Frank Silverman and George Markenson. As a result of the larger squad a more successful season is anticipated. Fundamentals during the coming practices will be strongly emphasized so as to form a good foundation for actual fencing. Last year not much time could be spent with teaching individuals the fine points of the game such as performing

intricate attacks, parrying skillfully, etc., for the fundamental techniques had to be learned. Now, with the old members back, these new skills can be introduced as a means of producing a more polished performance. The first meet is scheduled for some time in January. Poly is to be engaged on the 9th of March.

THEODORE WORONKA, *Junior III.*

Normal Conquers Gallaudet College

Normal again broke down ancient traditions when on Friday night, December 15, they journeyed to Washington and defeated a strong senior basketball team of Gallaudet by a score of 17 to 16. Normal led at half time by a 10-3 count, mainly through the efforts of all five men, who passed and shot with accuracy. The college boys were not to be denied forever and the second half soon found them trailing by only one point. For the final five minutes of the contest the lead continued at one point in Normal's favor. Shot after shot rolled off the White and Gold basket, and only yoeman work by George Rankin, captain and guard of Normal, staved off defeat for Coach Minnegan's charges. The return meeting at Normal should provide a full evening's entertainment for the followers of the White and Gold team.

TOM JOHNSON, VI.

Normal Conquers Dominic's

State Normal ushered in another of her basketball seasons with a win over the St. Dominic's quint of Baltimore. Using their new offensive system for the first time, Normal got off to a slow start against their opponents. However, the first half found the Profs on the long end of a 13-9 score. Josh Wheeler sank several *birdies* to make possible this first half lead. At the beginning of the second half both teams began to click in impressive style and only a last-minute rally and a tight defense gave the White and Gold a 26-22 victory.

Rankin and Wheeler led the scoring in this half, George scoring four long shots and two fouls for a total of ten points. Normal takes on the strong Susquehannocks, Baltimore Basketball Leaguers, in their next game.

Normal Defeats Chiefs

For the first time over a long period of basketball years, Normal emerged victorious over the Susquehannock Tribe. Taking a commanding lead early in the first half, the White and Gold hung on till the final whistle. The Leaguers were not to be taken without a battle and with only two minutes of play left were only two points behind our

own aggregation. Nearly every player had a hand in the scoring, and this surely isn't a bad sign on any club. Normal next encounters the strong Catholic University quint at Washington.

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

❖

Dance

Black naked savages—
Frenzied rhythm.
Tom-toms beating weirdly.
Stamping feet
In maddening beat;
Primitive.

Gypsies in vivid dress,
With dark gleaming skin—
An emotional people.
Fiery tempo
Of allegro.
Passionate.

Peasants grouped on the green-
Moving lightly,
An array of glorious color.
Bodies whirling,
Couples twirling—
But simply.

A ballet in downy white,
Gliding, floating in air;
Graceful as birds on the wing.
Ethereally light—
A beautiful sight.
Effortless.

HERMAN BAINDER, *Junior III.*

❖

He Doesn't Know

My blue rag dog with black button eyes
So disgustingly content on my blue pillow lies
I complain at the reflection the mirror sends to me
But he placidly smiles contempt as though he can't see
Why I fuss and fume and hurry so
But then he's just rags; he doesn't know.

A. WILHELM, *Junior IV.*

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares

Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories

See the Wonderful Values During our January Sale

Hergenrather Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists

Since 1901

Phone Towson 39 We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candies, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S

Garage & Service Station

Towson, Md.

Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station

Official AAA Station

24-Hour Service

Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths

421 North Charles Street

DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE

Founded 1815



The

Second National Bank
of Towson, Md.



HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds Watches Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.

Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting

Birthday Cards Parker Pens Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

York Road and Willow Avenue

Towson, Maryland

Towson 50

Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows'
Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost
in style for the collegiate miss and youth.

The  Hub

Baltimore - Charles - Fayette

CALvert 4-4-4

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

Compliments

of

TOWSON THEATER

You Will Enjoy Our
Home Made Sandwiches
Coffee **Hot Chocolate**

Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe
420 York Road Towson, Md.
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries

TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

Come Up and See Us Sometime!
Hollywood's Leading Sheiks on Our Screen!

R E X
Theatre
4617-25 YORK ROAD

Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

STEBBINS-ANDERSON
COAL & LUMBER CO.
LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES
Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed
Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE
TOWSON

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS
PLYMOUTH
Phone: Towson 525

Say It With Flowers
The most artistic in Cut Flowers
and Plants.
Let us fill your Flower needs.

I. H. Moss, Inc.,
5315 York Road Tuxedo 1400

Run Right to
READ'S
TOWSON'S BEST
DRUG STORE!



23424

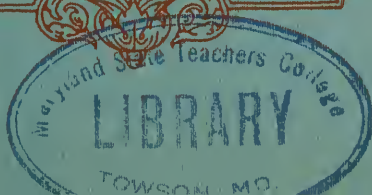
31



THE TOWER LIGHT



FEBRUARY, 1934



The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

Contents

	PAGE
Valentine	3
Founder's Day	4
Uday Shan-Kar	6
Poetry	7
Man and Woman	9
Shadow	10
The Power of Music	11
Book Reviews	13
Poetry	15
Steel to You	16
Industrial Arts	17
On Choosing Pencils	19
Editorials	20
Assemblies	23
Faculty Notes	26
Campus News	28
Alumni News	31
Sports	32
Jokes	36
Do You Know?	37
Advertisements	39

The Tower Light

VOL. VII

FEBRUARY, 1934

No. 5

Valentine

*"And I a maid at your window
To be your valentine."*

SHAKESPEARE.

For many years February 14 has been set aside as a day when maids and men might exchange tokens of love. The origin of this day, St. Valentine's, has been long attributed to Bishop Valentine, but etymologists insist that the custom originated in this manner: the Norman word "Galantin," a lover of the fair sex, was often pronounced "valantin," and by a natural confusion of words Bishop Valentine was established as the patron of lovers. We do not know really when Valentine's Day originated. We do know, however, that it was observed in England as early as the fourteenth century. There are records of reforms started in the sixteenth century by St. Francis de Sales, but he met with little success. Our modern valentine really began in 1667. Pepys, the great diarist, has under the date February 14, 1667, this entry: "This morning came up to my wife's bedroom little Will Mercer to be her valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper, in gold letters, done by himself very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it."

There are some people who say that the charming customs of St. Valentine are fast passing. They hold that our practical, machine age culture is smothering the imagination and love of romance which is native to us all. We beg for a return of the simple, sweet observance of Valentine's Day. We know the thrill that valentines bring to all. We know the joy of the mother when the son—her son—sends flowers to his "valentine." Romance dead! No, never!

SYLVIA BRAVERMAN, *Senior II.*

Founder's Day—A Beginning

WHEN there is a beginning of anything, whether it be a human life, a new way of doing something, or an institution, he who witnesses feels an intangible challenge in the air; a meeting of forces which hitherto have never met. The very act of coming into existence will start a whole new series of reactions. *It must either grow or dwindle.*

When we look back upon a beginning, it is almost impossible to escape a feeling of destiny, for the farther we are removed from an event, the more clearly we can see the culminating forces which produced it; the more clearly we can see a meaning.

Monday, January 15, was Founder's Day. It is a day on which we turn back to a beginning. This present Normal School and all it symbolizes was somebody's dream. It was not without difficulty that the dream became an *active* embodiment.

This year I attended the exercises not as a student, but as a guest. I was among people who were distinguished for their work in education, and who were in some way associated with "our beginning." Some were quite old. Some who attended Founder's Day Exercises three or four years ago were not present Monday; they have finished their work and gone beyond. Some who attended this year will be missing three, five or fifteen years from now.

I was the youngest among them. The thought of that gave me a queer feeling, a mixture of challenge, pride, veneration and humility. "Among these people are those who have moulded and fashioned and builded this school. And as the youngest among them, what have I of the thought, breath, beauty and fire of their dreaming and working? Using myself as a gauge, has that, whose beginning they watched and fostered, dwindled or grown?"

Dr. Marvin, who addressed us, is a dreamer and builder. To him there is meaning in beginnings. It is as though he said to us, "If you find that this school has given you anything of the thought, beauty, and fire that they who dreamed it gave, do not let it dwindle. Pass it on fuller and stronger than you found it."

M. DOUGLAS, '33.



Founder's Day

RISING majestically from the noble walls of the Maryland State Normal School is a tower which at night, when illumined against a darkened sky, emanates rays of hope and light, a fitting emblem indeed of a Normal School founded just sixty-eight years ago.

In a hall fraught with memories of these days gone by, we gathered on January 15, to commemorate Founder's Day. We dedicated our program of words and music to those who had caught a glimpse through the haze of distant years of the light of a tower. These men dreamed a dream—a dream which became a reality—a school.

Dr. Marvin said that from the very beginning of time every race has set forth in an unending search for the ideals embodied in the laws of life. Among all the other races, the white man, striving diligently, has found, in part, these ideals. Through them we see a distant vision, in which we will not only live, but live amicably together.

PROGRAM

Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee, from "Sleepers Wake"	<i>Bach</i>
Glee Club	
Gloria Patri	<i>Palestrina</i>
Glee Club	
Ave Maria	<i>Bach-Gounod</i>
Orchestra	
Meditation—Traditional melody harmonized by Brahms	
Students	
Address	DR. CLOYD H. MARVIN
President George Washington University	
Founder's Day Hymn	<i>Barnby</i>
Students	
Alma Mater	School Song
Student Body and Audience	

A SENIOR'S REPORT.

Deserted Hills

I wander among desolate mountain wastes
 Whose hills are bleak—torn, demolished.
 The slopes stripped of trees—defaced.
 Overhead loom jutting peaks—black crags,
 Their disfigured faces beaten by relentless winds.
 Throughout, there echo eerie cries,
 Emitted from the bowels of the hills
 In pained utterances of acute agonies.

H. BAINDER, *Junior III.*

Uday Shan-Kar

THE Lyric curtain rose slowly, revealing to a curious audience an equally curious sight. Against a background of purple squatted a dozen turbaned Hindu musicians, each with a formidable array of unique musical instruments before him. Stringed instruments, drums, horns, gongs and bells, cymbals and a xylophone of a type common to the Eastern World.

Vishnu Dass Shirali, master drummer, starts a rhythmic melody on his tabla taranga, and from the wing of the stage comes Shan-Kar, the dancer, his dark-skinned body gleaming in the light, his black hair fairly glistening as he dances. His body motion carries the dance critics into ecstasies of joy. The musical interludes, "Raga Sohini" and "Raga Prabhakali," bring storms of applause from the audience.

It is always more interesting backstage, for it is here that we see and hear things. Shan-Kar the Dancer and Shan-Kar the man are two different individuals. Back of the scenes Shan-Kar is all business—discussing transportation cost, care of the many curious musical instruments and a thousand little things that make or break a show. The sound of his voice is constant, first in one language and then in another, for he speaks English and French besides his native Hindu tongue.

The instruments excite our greatest interest. Let's take a look at the percussion instruments first. The "mridanga," the most common of the Hindu drums, has two heads and is constructed of wood. (The older "mridanga" were made of clay.) It stands between two and three feet high and has a central girth of about three feet. The two heads are covered with parchment, which can be tightened or loosened by means of leather braces. The two heads are tuned an octave apart. Before using any of the many drums a mixture of boiled rice, manganese dust, and tamarind juice is applied to increase the note's pitch. This mixture appears as a black spot on the head of the drum. On the "mridanga" it is applied to one head only—the other head is treated with a solution of boiled rice, water and ashes to give a dull sound to the instrument. Different tone qualities are obtained by striking, upon the different parts of the head, with the full hand or the different fingers. The "tabla taranga" is a drum with only one head. The method of tuning and playing is the same as the "mridanga." Vishnu Dass Shirali, the master drummer, sits in the center of a circle of twelve to sixteen "tabla taranga" and plays with a skill that is unsurpassed. His hands move with precision, and the accuracy of the tones produced prove his mastery. The "mridanga" and "tabla taranga" are only two of the multifarious drums of India—the two most important, according to Vishnu Dass.

The stringed instruments are many and of various types. The most important is the "sarode." This member of the large group of vina is made of one block of wood. The lower belly is covered by a fine grade of well-stretched skin; the neck is long, narrow, and covered with metal. To enrich the resonant quality, a hollow gourd is attached to the end of the string plate. Sound is made by plucking the strings, near the ivory bridge, with an ivory plectrum held in the right hand. Similar to all the refined stringed Hindu instruments, it has many strings for sympathetic vibrations. "This instrument," to quote Timir Baran Battacharyya (sarodist) "is worth \$5,000 in your American money." Is it any wonder that it is handled with much care?

To say more about these curious musical instruments it would be necessary to write a book—to say anything about the Hindu music beyond the fact that it is very complex and a part of their religious beliefs would require volumes.

EARL H. PALMER, *Junior III.*

A Piece of Music

A succession of majestic tones,
A blending of exquisite sound,
A story immortality enthrones,
A melody from notes unwound.

The flaming of creative fire,
The theme that grew within a heart,
Forever, it shall life inspire,
A tribute to its master's art.

J. F. H., *Senior I.*

A Gift

Pure white snow,
A gift of God,
Blankets the earth.
Quiet, still, serene is all
Save for an occasional moan of the wind
As it plays with the bare branches
Swinging them in rhythmic movements.
The sun breaks through!
All around is gleaming gold and silver;
Man looks on, wonders,
Droops his head, utters a prayer,
"We thank Thee, God, for winter."

ALICE VAUGHAN, '34.

Seeking

I sit brooding
With the ghost of a love that died
And loneliness.

But soon I shall arise
And go in search of another love
Long-lived and constant.

I shall find many loves,
And many disillusionments.
But I shall seek
Untiring.

And some day
When the path has been rough,
The journey long and hard,
And I am faint and weary
I shall raise my eyes.

And a clear white light
Will pierce me,
And a warmth
Will fill my heart,
And I shall understand
All mysteries.

I shall arise.
My soul will rejoice within me.
For then shall I have found
Love.

SENIOR.

❖

Dawn

Dawn
Is like a nun
Who tiptoes to the altar
Extinguishing the candle light
Of Stars.

Note: Who is author of this? It was found in a classroom here.

Man and Woman

IN the beginning God created man and woman and placed them upon our earth, strangers to each other. With their newly opened eyes they saw the horrors which they were to face. They knew little and thought less. For them existence was a fear of wild life and the strange environment. For them life was only self-preservation, and man and woman somehow managed to survive. Man became the leader, the stronger of the two. To him had been given potentialities of strength and to him it was that woman clung. Where man went there went she, for with him she was not so afraid—so lost. So it was that woman became the submissive mate, and man, being yet in the brutal animal stages of existence, made of woman only the means by which he might gratify his animal impulses.

For eons of time this state of affairs existed. But gradually man became more man and less animal. His instincts were softened and submerged, so that life took on a newer aspect. No longer was it necessary to hide from animals—to fear the dark—to tremble at night. And with man's adjustment to his environment his attitude toward woman changed. He beheld in her more than just female. True—man was still the stronger of the two, and in most cases he was the leader. Because man had not yet developed the finer qualities of right and understanding, man often used woman as a tool of exploitation. But to woman God had given weapons as powerful in their way as any club which man could wield. To her had been given beauty and cunning and deep emotion. And so it was that she used these weapons subtly, suggestively, and effectively to hold man and to hold her place in this world. And yet man was leader—leader in the sense that he ruled the affairs of state and church and home. For a long time woman had suffered, hoping that man might realize her splendid powers, which, when given an opportunity, would bring forth something of beauty, value and justice to this mystery we call life. She went about in her quiet way striving that her dreams might in some form be realized, and some were.

When God made man and woman, his plan was for a life that was to be more frankly that of equality; an understanding that would be beautiful and just; a love between them that was to be sacred; a sharing between them of ideas, ideals, joys, sorrows, hopes, and dreams. All these He planned so that together man and woman might weave of life a pattern that was forever a mingling of light, color, beauty, and symmetry. Then might God look down upon man and woman and with the smile of the Master say, "And thus I created them. Be it ever thus!"

SYLVIA BRAVERMAN, *Senior II.*

Shadow

THE sun looked into the bare, ugly room and made it a little brighter. From the window the room looked bright enough, but one standing in the center of the floor would be able to discern a recess, a kind of alcove, that was dark and gloomy, even on this bright morning.

The sound of children's voices came through the window into the room. From the dark recess there came strains of music from a piano; strains that sobbed and pulsed with sorrow, and strains which grew from softest sounds to thundering tones, which died away into reverberating echoes.

A man was seated at the piano. One would say that he was an old man, for his hair seemed very white in the gloom that enveloped him. The music testified that he was a genius. He swayed with rhythmic motion to the time and sometimes he would murmur to his "children" (this was the name that he called the keys of the piano).

Now he ceased playing, and stared long and hard at the keys. He could hardly make them out. An anguished cry rang out into the room.

"Soon, my children," he cried, in broken tones, "you, too, will be left alone in the world. Soon you, too, will be deserted. Soon—Oh! God! my sight!"

"Alone—alone and blind—Oh!" There was silence and gloom in the alcove, but most of all there was despair. Despair that mocked at the shrunken sob-racked figure that was so lonely. It whispered to him; told him to remember the day when he had played to a woman, knitting by the fire, and to a small boy, who sat as if enchanted upon his knee, as he touched the keys. It bade him remember the time when he had been in the "limelight." And it laughed as the man started up from his chair and slowly made his way through the room.

Here it was bright. He hated the sunlight now that it had become merely a yellow glow to him. It reminded him of happier days—days which would never come again. He had chosen the dark alcove as the home for his "children" because the sunlight was not there and because there he did not try to see the keys, trying to make himself believe that his eyesight was not deserting him. But of late Despair had been in the alcove, and he couldn't stand it.

He wandered to the window and stared down into the courtyard that lay below. A white blur that he knew was a girl, because she had been there before, was looking at him.

"Please," she said, "play some more for me. When you play I forget. You see I—I used to play like that—before I—lost the use of my h-hands." He could not see her face as he stood there, but his ear caught the hint of tears in her voice.

Back to his "children" he walked, and as his fingers felt their way over them, he was conscious that Despair had departed, that the shadow over his heart had lifted. He cried in a voice fraught with feeling, "Thank God for my hands."

A FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT.

The Power of Music

"**M**USIC makes anything go. It makes a peace meeting more peaceful; it intensifies the spirit of courage in soldiers; it makes drunkards drink more; it seduces; it uplifts; it stimulates workers; it soothes and heals." The use we make of it determines its effect.

Music can affect whole nations. The light-heartedness so evident in the Italians has been sustained by the melodies of Donizetti, Rossini, Bellini, and Verdi. Cyril Scott states that "sequential and conventional melody, coupled with obvious rhythms, tends to keep a certain poise and balance by awakening pleasant emotion." The music of the Italians has counteracted the influences of Wagner and Strauss, which inspire revolutions. In short, Italian melody has "prevented a serious and acrimonious revolution in Italy" by keeping the Italians in a good temper.

But what of the English "Ballads"? In Grove's dictionary this term is defined as "a composition of the slightest possible degree of musical value, nearly always set to three verses—of conventional doggerel." But even though these ballads were not artistic and full of sentimentality, they served to counteract the hardness of the Victorian people, and even, strange though it may sound, the hardness of Victorian furniture.

Cyril Scott's opinion of jazz is quite interesting. "Since the dissemination of jazz, a very marked decline in morals has eventuated, and, in place of control, we find promiscuity. There is an element about this syncopated rhythm, entirely divorced from more exalted musical content, which produces a hyper-excitement of the nerves and loosens the powers of self-control. Whereas the old-fashioned melodious dance-music inspired the gentler sentiments, jazz, with its array of harsh, ear-splitting percussion instruments, inflames, intoxicates, and brutalizes, thus, for the

time being, causing a reversion to the instincts of man's racial childhood. Jazz, after all, closely resembles the music of the primitive savages."

Several years ago, one Eva Vescelius started a movement for healing through music. Marvelous results were obtained, but, despite this fact, little attention was paid to it. "The medical profession," says Seymour, "scoffed, and the lay mind looked askance." Seymour gives several interesting cases in which patients were cured by music.

Again and again people who have not rested for weeks "fall quietly to sleep under the influence of musical therapy. Those who have insufferable worries are able to unbosom themselves; headaches disappear, depression is relieved; severe fevers are assuaged." And why not? Musical healing is not merely an emotional thing which takes a patient's mind off his troubles for the time being. It is based on scientific facts and its benefits are lasting.

A short time ago in *The Sun*, several interesting statements on the power of music were made. "A dinner, eaten to the strains of an orchestra playing soft, pleasant music, would be far better digested and assimilated than a dinner eaten to the syncopated eccentricities of a jazz band." This article also states that as long as 3,000 years ago in Egypt, music was used for curative, calming, and exciting purposes. Saul of Israel was rested and restored by music. Physicians prescribed musical treatments for Philip V of Spain, George III of England, and many others lower in rank. The same article lists the following diseases as being particularly susceptible to musical treatment: St. Vitus Dance, hysteria, hypochondria, melancholia, and sciatica.

Music, claim many scientists, can increase or decrease blood pressure, circulation, respiration, metabolism pain, and delirium.

"Music makes one think; it makes one feel. Surely thoughts and emotions are powerful factors influencing health."

Overstreet speaks of music as a powerful civilizer.

Ruskin says, "The four necessities of life are food, shelter, raiment and music."

It is quite a paradox, then, when people, credited with excellent thinking powers, say that music and "other frills" should be eliminated from the elementary school curriculum.

EDWARD MACCUBBIN, *Junior III.*



I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnny to play his drum.
Why?

Well, this afternoon he gave Johnny a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum.

“Anthony Adverse”—Hervey Allen

HERVEY ALLEN's “five pound romance,” the “Book of the Month Club” selection for July, is believed by the publishers to be one of the greatest historical novels and the most exciting recent addition to American literature. It is vast in scope and action and wealth of character. Mr. Allen was four years writing it, and certainly it is the longest novel of today. “It hinges the last flamboyancy of the eighteenth century aristocracy with the first seriousness of the nineteenth century individualism in industry, banking and empire building.”

Beginning in 1775 on the hill of Georgovia, in French Auvergne, it ends in 1825 in New Mexico. In this period we see Anthony Adverse, an illegitimate son of an English girl, married to a Machiavellian Spanish diplomat. He started life as an orphan in an Italian convent, was adopted by a merchant in Livorno, became successfully a man of fashion in Cuba, a slave trader in Africa, a rich milord in Paris and London, a powerful financial agent in New Orleans, a plantation owner, a savage in the wilderness, a prisoner driver across Mexican deserts, a rich man again, and finally a contented domestic recluse.

Anthony is the centre and prolocutor of all of these events, and peculiarly susceptible to quality of places and persons and things. The other characters in the book act in the same way. The story is full of adventure of place and event, of sea, wilderness, court and village, birth and death, love and hate, fighting, scheming and overbearing lords and ancient gentlemen, passionate women, murder, revenge, long voyages and desperate encounters.

Hervey Allen was born in Pittsburgh, December 8, 1889, and was educated at the Naval Academy, four years later attending the University of Pittsburgh and Harvard. Following this he became an instructor in English at Columbia University and Vassar. He married Miss Andrews, a student at Vassar, and has two children. He served with the infantry in the A. E. F. and was wounded in action in August, 1918. As described by “Lizette W. Reese,” a personal friend of Mr. Allen's, he is young, genuine, and a great reader. His best poem of the World War is “The Blindman” and his best book, “Toward the Flame.” He bought a farm on the Eastern Shore, but the past three or four years he has lived in Bermuda and is known as a poet, critic, diarist, and biographer. He was a close friend of Amy Lowell and a poet whose work she admired greatly.

CATHERINE N. COOK.

"My Life and Hard Times"

IF you wince and draw away at the mention of reading an autobiography, take hold of your courage and pick up James Thurber's autobiography, "My Life and Hard Times." The cover will make you look under it, and the illustrations under cover will make you read the pages opposite. Thus, before you realize it, you've read the story of someone's life and your fear of a dry autobiography has disappeared.

Mr. Thurber proves that, in this modern age, one no longer has to be a Lincoln, an Edison, or a Lindbergh to write an autobiography. James Thurber tells the story of his life as an ordinary young man of our modern world. Most of his "hard times" occurred in his home town, Columbus, Ohio. You won't wonder that Columbus is noted as a superstitious town, where most anything can happen, when you've finished reading all the queer, seemingly improbable things that happened in Thurber's life, such as running from the flood waters of a dam that never broke, contending with a grandfather in the family who thinks the Civil War is still on, taking a laboratory course in botany although he can't see through a microscope, and asking his startled father at three o'clock in the morning to name all the towns in New Jersey.

The many humorous tales of Mr. Thurber make one think that his "hard times," after all, were enjoyable. He tells of registration day, when he entered college. The student in front of him was asked (as each student was), "What college are you in?"—that is, whether Arts, Engineering, Commerce, or Agriculture. The student answered promptly, "Ohio State University."

Out of a long line of one hundred sixty-two servants of the Thurber household, Mr. Thurber has told many delightful incidents resulting from their varied personalities. There's at least one hearty laugh in each chapter.

E. TROYER.

"No Second Spring"—Janet Beith

Complications set in when an eager and spiritually minded young minister and his childishly gay young wife take up their post in the highlands of Scotland. Hamish, the young minister, works hard and untiringly with the unreligious highland folk, and his young and now lonely wife finds consolation in the company of a young artist, crippled spiritually and physically in the Napoleonic wars. They are drawn together, these two, by the material side of life which Hamish entirely neglects. The eternal triangle, you say, but told with a rare understanding of the needs and emotions of men and women.

IDA MAE SHIPE, *Senior IV.*

A Live Valentine

One time, amidst the wind and rain,
I wandered on a lonesome plain.
My eyes were looking upward when
I stumbled, landing in a glen.
While picking up my battered bones
Amidst my groanings, sighs, and moans,
A tiny flower caught my eye,
In color red, but very shy.
"Aha!" I cried, "Look what I've found—
A valentine from out the ground.
Had I not stumbled, I do fear
I'd never known that you were here.
I hate to pick you, but you know
You brighten up your corner so,
I'll give you to a person who
Adores all flowers just like you.
She cannot see wild flowers grow
Because she's old and poor and slow.
She'll like you for a valentine
Much better than a card or line."
With it I walked back home again,
Rejoicing in the wind and rain.

ELEANOR BOUNDS, *Junior IV.*

A Century of Progress

1834

Dainty ladye, I implore
Deign to listen! I adore
All the lissome grace of you
Your blue eyes—and dimples, too.
Say the words that make you mine!
Ladye, be my Valentine.

1934

Listen, kid; I think you're great
You sure seem to be my fate
Bet your life! Of course I'm rich,
Hotcha, honey! Let's get hitched.
You're some baby! You're a wow!
Be my Valentine—and how!

HELEN S. ROGERS, *Junior VI.*

Steel—to You

IN an open letter to an applicant for a teaching position the recipient was told "book learning" wasn't all that was necessary for a teacher; that in addition there must be a knowledge of things around us. Unfortunately, one of our greatest Maryland industries is not accessible to all of us for first-hand knowledge, so we must turn to books for a vicarious experience. In presenting this brief résumé the writer will endeavor to place before you a comprehensive study of the Sparrows Point plant; its operations and its products.

Very few of us know of this plant other than it is a "steel town," located about ten miles from Baltimore. Sparrows Point has a population of approximately 8,000, with 1,200 houses. In normal times about 12,000 people are employed. Of all the steel plants in the United States, it is the only one located on tidewater.

The origin of Sparrows Point dates to 1887, when the Pennsylvania Steel Company conceived the idea of building blast furnaces at a tide-water plant so as to produce pigiron from foreign ores as well as to utilize the advantages of a short rail haul to Steelton, Pennsylvania. Sparrows Point was also conveniently located for rail shipments of coke, limestone; both necessary for pigiron production. In May, 1887, construction started on the new 1,221-acre tract.

Much preparation was needed, such as the building of railroads, shipping facilities, and the filling in of marsh lands. In August, 1887, foundations were laid on "A" furnace, and in October, 1891, the last of four new furnaces started operation. These furnaces had a capacity of 250 tons of iron a day, as compared with the 1,000 tons in the modern furnaces.

With the introduction of improved Bessemer methods it was not practical or profitable to ship pigiron to Steelton. So Bessemer and rail-mill departments were built, together with a maintenance department. With this came the incorporating of the plant now known as the Maryland Steel Plant. Here at Sparrows Point the first Bessemer steel made in Maryland was drawn on August 1, 1891, and on the seventh of the same month the first rail was rolled.

In 1916 the Bethlehem Steel Company took over the plant and a marked expansion took place, until today, Sparrows Point produces all of the following: tin, pipe, wire, nails, bale ties, rails, steel plates, sheet metal, pigiron, rods, staples, and coke—with its derivatives such as coal gas, ammonia, tar, and ammonium sulphate (used as a fertilizer).

Perhaps the most interesting of the articles mentioned are the nails, wire, and rod. The next in our series of articles will take up the manufacture of the omnipotent nail and the indispensable wire.

J. R. O., *Freshman IV.*

Industrial Arts

IT is a matter of fact that less is known about the practice teaching efforts of the Industrial Arts group than of any other group in the school, be it county or city. Below is the description of a typical I. A. day.

We (the I. A.'s) are placed in Junior High Schools that are as near as possible to our homes. I happen to teach sheet metal at the Garrison Junior High School, to which I walk in the morning. After I get to my classroom, my first act is to open the windows and unlock the doors to the stockroom and the toolroom. Then I fetch a wrench and turn on the gas to the furnaces. This done, I scan my lesson plan in order to discover the tools and materials needed for my first demonstration. I get these out and arrange them on the demonstration table at the end of the room. After the homeroom class leaves, I await my incoming class. Now the real work of the day has started.

It so happens that, due to reasons too numerous to mention here, I have classes ranging from the 8B to the 9A. I shall take for my exemplary class 8B, because, as a rule, they are small and easy to handle, and, being easy to handle, are easy to describe.

My class comes in and is duly seated behind the demonstration table, on which I have previously placed my tools. They come to order or are brought to order. (Usually the latter procedure is necessary.) I proceed with the lesson. After properly motivating the lesson, I must give a detailed description of each operation necessary to the proper completion of the job. Some of the more complicated jobs require a knowledge of from six to ten operations. However, only one or two new operations are taught at a lesson. Not only must I teach the operations, but I must be able to talk at the same time in order to keep the interest and still not take more than twenty minutes of the time. (There is a double period of forty minutes each.) The lesson being taught the class is put to work. However, this is more easily written than done. The smallest class numbers twenty-eight. Out of these you must take one boy as the main toolroom boy and one as his assistant. (The assistant only stays in part of the period.) That leaves twenty-six. Now, if the teacher orders the class to work, there will be twenty-six boys in a mad rush for the

toolroom manned by only two boys. To avoid this, half the class is sent to the toolroom and half is sent to the lockers to get their work out. Now I start what I call my "Daily Marathon." As soon as the class is at work, I must pass around the room in order to give individual instruction. Each boy has a thousand questions to ask that must be answered. One boy doesn't want to work because his father is rich and he will never have to do "this sort of stuff," anyway! Another boy burns his finger and it must be treated. Still another boy cuts his hand on a piece of tin and he must be treated. This boy was absent and missed last week's lesson. That boy had his work stolen or lost it. One boy climbs on top of the toolroom to cry because the burring machine pinched his finger. Just picture a twenty-eight-ring circus being ballyhooed by one master of ceremonies, and you will have a fair conception of the eighty-minute period in which the class occupies the room. Then, at the end of the period, ten minutes are allowed to clean up. These ten minutes are the most hectic, because the boys try to finish "a little bit more." It is then that you try to be heard over the noise of ten hammers on as many anvils. Finally, the class has cleaned up and is seated, waiting for the half-minute or so before the bell. It rings and they pass on to their next class. Still your work is not over. Now you must sit down and write out everything that the class has accomplished in the period. This, as you may readily see, is necessary in order that you may plan for next week. Suppose the majority of the class has finished its project. Then you must prepare a new one for the following week. This consists of four things, namely: (1) a job sheet, (2) an operation sheet, (3) an information sheet, (4) a lesson plan. The job sheet is a working plan of the project. The operation sheet tells how to perform the specific operation or operations included in the job. The information sheet gives all the necessary descriptions of the materials used in making the job, so that the boy can recognize them and know of them. The lesson plan—well, who doesn't know what a lesson plan is? To top this, I have afternoon classes every day but Wednesday. They begin at three and are over at five-thirty. These classes are held at Polytechnic and Clifton Park Junior High, in Forest Park. I can practically say that I am in school from eight-thirty to five-thirty.

Summarily speaking, I hope that the reader has gained some faint conceptions of the average day of an Industrial Arts Student Teacher.

HERMAN MILLER (I. A.).

Math Prof: "Now watch the blackboard while I run through it once more."

On Choosing Pencils

MEMBERS of a very select group know that the flavor is an all-important factor in the choice of a pencil. As one must have a motivation for teaching a lesson, so one must find a motivation for testing the flavor of pencils. One can't wander around aimlessly biting on them. It would immediately precipitate a rush on the library to secure the book "How to Tell Your Friends from the Apes."

Perhaps the best motivation is furnished by being asked to write a theme. It does not involve very high computations in Euclid to discover that the process requires at least seven and one-half pencils.

The preparatory step includes arranging the pencils in symmetrical designs before you. There is where you correlate your art with literature. As inspiration is the first thing you need, you cast your optics over the imposing array. If you wish to write a brilliant descriptive passage choose a red pencil. Both the color and taste of a red pencil are inspiring. Of course, before sampling the flavor, be sure the specimen is of soft wood. It would never do to break a molar or a bicuspid so early in the game. The preliminary test consists of denting the wooden cylinder with the fingernail. A depression of fifty millimeters assures you the pencil is safe. If it shows an impression of ten millimeters it may chip your enamel, while if you crack your fingernail, immediately consign that pencil to the scrap-heap.

After deciding that the pencil is of the desired softness and that the flavor is satisfactory, it may be used until your mood changes. Matching the flavor to the mood is very important. Remember also to be careful of the color; red pencils for descriptive passages, blue ones for lovely poems, yellow ones for humor, and black ones for scathing satire.

Although color and flavor are significant factors in the criteria for choosing a pencil, there are other subsidiary items to be considered. Among these are specific gravity, the price of eggs in Denmark, and the ifness of what.

Q. E. D.—A supply of rainbow pencils is indispensable.

BERNICE HUFF, *Senior VIII.*



Brief history of the U. S.:

1928—GOP	1931—IOWA
1929—SOS	1932—FDR
1930—COD	1933—NRA

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MARY-STEWART LEWIS

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

ELSIE ECKER
VIOLET GARREN
LEE YENKINSON

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Faculty Representative

MARY DI MARCANTONIO

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

“Make-Up”

THE principle of rotation has been applied to the earth, the moon, the sun, and planets spinning dizzily in space. Even tobacco and sturdy grain crops have had the word used in connection with them. The TOWER LIGHT staff, being active and interested in applying to other things the education they have received, has decided to rotate its members. (You must not think of the word “dizzy” in this connection. I assure you that the staff is quite practical and sane.) As a result of our

decision, Edith Beall and Eleanor Bruehl were given the job of editing the February issue. The rest of the staff helped out, of course, but theirs was the chief responsibility (and worry). It was they who had to corner people and persuade them that they wanted, above all things, to write an article for the February issue. It was they who had to coerce the faculty members. They also looked dismayed at the small amount of material handed in one day before all material was due. The theme had to be selected and a cover design chosen. The criticisms which we receive (quite philosophically) were worked on by ye two editors to improve this issue. Each time we attempt to improve and satisfy the demands of the "consuming" public—who naturally enough are never satisfied.

The various other mechanisms and processes, intelligible only to those who speak the language of a magazine, were carried on successfully by these two same "rotifiers."

The veterans on the staff wish to say of the two editors—"They have done their work right faithfully and well."

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

"Let Us Grow"

LET us grow in wisdom, for wisdom gives us the power wisely to judge the right and wrong; to see a little child, who in sorest trouble says, "I hate and fear the world," see the joy and love of learning.

Let us advance in strength, for strength gives us the force to stand for our convictions, and yet, to see the point of others. With strength we can ward off the knocks of those who neither know nor care to learn our goals.

Let us grow in love, for love gives us a beauty of soul, a love for our fellow-man. With love, our hearts are open to the beauty of nature in the stately, lonely pines; to cascading, white waterfalls; to the song of a mating bird.

FRANCES FANTOM, *Senior VIII.*

Editors' Note

The editors wish to acknowledge a very serious error in print in the January issue. The "International News-Letter Association" should have read the "Intercollegiate Newspaper Association."

There are two women principals of Normal Schools—Miss Caroline Woodruff, at Castleton, Vermont, and our Miss Tall.

"Crescamus"

SENIOR DAY—Friday, January 12, 1934—and the Seniors began to realize what 1934 meant. The first of farewells—the presenting of the banner! The entire day was a memorable one. Seniors marching in, meant to many—memories of high school graduation, and to others a foretaste of graduation from Normal.

The program itself concerned mainly, of course, the banner, but was ably interspersed with speeches of good wishes and encouragement from our constant guide, Dr. Tall; our adviser, Miss Rutledge, and our president, Raymond Dugan. The banner—the most impressive gift a class could make—embodies more than mere design and artistic workmanship; the ideals and standards of the class of '34. Ida May Gibbons gave the history of the motto, "Crescamus," and Ida Mae Shipe the history of the design. Adele Plitt told the origin of the materials of which the banner is made—Rosewood, Redwood and Maple.

Mr. Dugan reminded us that what the individual is, the class is—the chain only as strong as its weakest link, and voiced the wish of the entire class—that the banner, and all it stands for, may come to mean as much to the rest of the school as it does to every Senior.

I. M. SHIPE, *Senior IV.*

On Lateness

IT is often one's fate, rather the sad lot, to arrive late for first period classes.

For some, the fault may lie in faulty working of the synapses in reflex action. That is, the buzz of mankind's friend, the alarm clock, fails to stimulate enough to elicit response.

Ah, but the street cars! The innumerable woes of Normal School students have been laid to the motormen of the Towson line.

"Why are these cars always behind schedule?" asks one maid of another at the renowned corner of North and Greenmount Avenues.

"And I awoke earlier, too," returns her friend gloomily.

"What time is it?" inquires the first with glum foreboding, adding, "This is the fourth time this week. And I have Miss X!"

Presently, several minutes later, an 8 car appears on the southern horizon. A quiver of joy pierces the hearts of the aforementioned, but too soon. Cruel gods! A Govans car.*

The students now board a bona fide Towson car, meeting brethren-in-misery aboard. A Freshman (who is taking a psychology course)

*Censorship of students' comments.

mournfully speaks of a latent lateness complex which has now thrust its ugly head above the surface.

Someone, in his helpful way, trying to lighten the thickening atmosphere, advances:

"She might be late, too. She came late for us once."

This attempt at levity is ignored.

At nine-fifteen the car stops with a vengeance before the Normal School grounds. With parting baleful glances at the motorman, the students stream forth from the door, and madly scramble up the path to the school a la Marathon.

A pitiful moan from a Freshman:

"Ohhhhhh, I forgot today I have the first period free!"

H. BAINDER, *Junior III.*

ASSEMBLIES

JUNIOR IV

THE assembly presented by Junior IV, directed by Miss Jones, served two purposes. First: it provided a recall for those who have already had the course in reading. Second: it gave to those who have not had the course a survey of the historical development of reading.

The content of readers has evolved through four successive cycles, each with its own characteristic material and method.

Until approximately 1750 the content of readers was of a religious nature. The texts used were the Horn Book, the New England Primer and Webster's Blue Back Speller.

With the introduction of McGuffey's readers about 1840, the second cycle began. These were the first graded texts. Morals, patriotic and human nature stories made up these books.

During the third cycle folk lore and nursery rhymes dominated. Many recall the famous "Little Red Hen" story.

The fourth cycle had its birth in the twentieth century. Readers of today contain realistic, factual material taken from the child's immediate environment.

SENIOR SPECIAL

Turning back the pages of history, we find that the desire for freedom of worship was one of the basic factors in the Puritan migration to the New World. Once established in America, the Puritans found this freedom, but were intolerant toward those who did not accept their faith. We truly relived the tragic persecution of the Quakers as it was portrayed by the Senior Special group under the guidance of Mrs. Stapleton.

THE TOWER LIGHT

The play, "The Gentle Boy," dramatized from Hawthorne's story, told of an abandoned Quaker child, who found shelter in a Puritan home, the members of which, led by the child's faith, sacrificed their religion for his. It seems the irony of fate that the Quaker child should have died from cruel persecution on the very eve of religious toleration proclaimed by Charles II.

The cast was as follows:

Ilbraham.....VIRGINIA WEINLAND

A hero through his short life. He died a hero and a martyr, leaving behind him the memory of a beautiful life.

His Mother.....MARY DE MARCANTONIO

A staunch Quaker, possessed of an undying love for her son; she suffered to win victory for her religious principles.

Mrs. Pearson.....DORIS DEPPENBROCK

All that a kind, loving mother could be was this foster-parent. Ilbraham's sorrows were hers. She stood a protecting fortress to a Quaker child against the persecution inflicted by those of her own belief.

Mr. Pearson.....GWENDOLYN MICHAEL

Still mourning for his own son, he opens his heart to Ilbraham and gives to him all the love and sympathy of a true father.

Madame Cloud.....ROSALIE SUGAR

Dame Wiggin.....VIRGINIA EVANS

As village gossips and intolerant Puritans they scorned Mr. and Mrs. Pearson's love for Ilbraham and tried in vain to have the child thrown into the darkness of the ungrateful world—alone.

A Quaker Preacher.....MARIAN MULLER

A Quaker.....RUTH BOHANAN

Announcer.....DOROTHY WASHBURNE

ASSEMBLY—JANUARY 9, 1934

Have you a sales resistance to food, drugs, and cosmetics which often not only are worthless but dangerous? It was for the purpose of developing this sales resistance that Junior III presented an assembly program on the proposed Food and Drugs Act. This assembly was an outgrowth of Miss Keys' Health Education course. The scene of the program was laid in Congress and the students impersonated United States representatives. Several members delivered speeches concerning such articles as Crazy Water Crystals and Lash Lure, exposing their extravagant curative claims as arguments for the affirmative side of the proposed bill.

Petitions stating the fact that we favor early passage of the new bill were circulated among students and faculty with the result that 350 signatures were secured. The petitions will be mailed to the Maryland Representative in Congress.

Our Library Assembly brought to us a Normal School Alumnus, Mr. Willis Merritt, now teaching at the Sixth District Consolidated School. For the past two and one-half years he has worked untiringly, attempting to build up a library in his own school. He has arranged for parents as well as children to be taken into consideration and books provided for them. With the co-operation of Miss Osborn, the Baltimore County supervisors, and the Maryland Public Library Commission, he has achieved success. Here is a worthy example for all of us.

Yesterday's Music

People of yesterday are best characterized through their folk music and dances. It was Senior IX who, under the guidance of Mr. Minnegan and Miss MacDonald, interpreted for us the music and dances of four distinct groups in America. The reality of both the music and dances made one feel as if he were actually living with the various peoples. The groups depicted were:

The Indians—	{ The Zuni Sunrise Call
	{ The Penobscot War Dance
Colonial America—	The Minuet
Mountaineers—	{ O Bury Me Beneath the Willow
	{ The Virginia Reel
American Negroes—	Grumbillin' People

League Notes

The League of Young Voters has had many worthwhile meetings this year. Two speakers we enjoyed recently were Miss Cairnes, Principal of Eastern High, and Miss Coughlin, Head of the History Department at Western High. At some meetings the members discuss timely topics such as lynching, the gold situation, and Hitler. We have held one town meeting at the College Club in Baltimore. Miss Lazarus, Secretary to Judge Waxter, of the Juvenile Court, was our guest.

If you are interested in stimulating discussions and talks watch the League Bulletin for announcements.

S. N. EMMERICH, *Senior VIII.*

Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity

The Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity holds high the ideals of character, achievement and scholarship. The students elected to this society have proved themselves valuable members of the school. The society is glad to welcome the four newly elected members. They are Ora Bussard, Ida May Gibbons, Elizabeth MacIntyre, and Dorothea Becker.

According to the constitution of the fraternity, eight per cent of the Senior class is eligible to membership. There are at present twelve members. Five more Seniors will be elected to the society between now and graduation.

The eight Seniors elected last year are: Sophie Leutner, Elise Shue, Bernice Huff, Margaret Ashley, Eugenia Matelis, Miriam Jules, Dorothy Bothe, and Marguerite Simmons, secretary-treasurer.

Faculty Notes

CHRISTMAS time is family time and the faculty either went home or entertained relatives and friends this past holiday. Miss Giles, Mrs. Brouwer, and Miss Bader went to Michigan; Miss Treut, to New York; Miss Dieffenderfer, to Pennsylvania; Miss Prickett, to Nebraska; Miss Dougherty, to Philadelphia; Miss Owens, to Cumberland; Miss Blood, to Buffalo; Miss Tansil, to Tennessee; Dr. Abercrombie and Miss Osborn, to New York, and Miss Arthur, to Ohio.

Some members of the faculty spent their holiday entertaining. Miss Steele had her sister here; Miss Cook entertained Miss Ethel Sammis, a former faculty member; Miss MacDonald played hostess to a cousin from Iowa who spent her time visiting antique shops; Miss Brown had her niece from Pennsylvania. She also gave a tea for the faculty. Miss Auld entertained and was so socially active that she had to return to school to catch up on her sleep.

Miss Gross, who came to the Olde English Dinner, divided her Christmas holidays between Miss Sperry and the Minnégans.

If we want a nice snowstorm, we know where to go, now. Miss Jones went to South Dakota praying for a "good" snowstorm. On Christmas Day this wish was fulfilled. Her friends telephoned her to say that the snow was fine, but if she were responsible for the cold that accompanied it, she had better go right back to Baltimore.

A certain member of the faculty recently visited the oculist. She was told that each of her eyes was acting independently. Considering the character of this person, are we surprised?

We intend to keep Mr. Walther's method of greeting people at Christmas in mind for the next season.

Miss Tall, whom we missed very much on the return from the holidays, was nursing her very sick sister in Mississippi.

While we were "Eskimo-izing" ourselves during the holidays, Miss Holt was complaining of the heat, riding in buses with windows open, and looking at the bathers. She was in Georgia and Florida. She made us quite envious while she spoke of beautiful, old colonial homes, old plantations, ostrich farms, orange groves, alligator farms, St. Augustine, drinking of the Fountain of Youth and seeing the beautiful, flipping porpoises.

Miss Van Bibber is not yet able to be at home after her accident. She is still jovial, however.

Miss Arthur, who has been absent from school for the past two weeks, is now at Johns Hopkins Hospital for further treatment.

Dr. Lula Richardson is taking Miss Van Bibber's history classes until Miss Van Bibber is able to return.

Happy Days for Birds

DID you see the rather unusual Christmas tree at Normal this year? In the garden in front of the Administration Building was an evergreen, trimmed—not with regulation balls and tinsel—but with apples and suet, with strings of cranberries, and with tiny, colored baskets filled with grains and grapes. The tree was decorated by some members of the Rural Club, in order to encourage winter birds to come to the campus. It was believed the birds would thoroughly appreciate such delicacies during the cold winter days.

Many discovered the tree, and after wondering a few moments at such a freak of nature, investigated the decorations, and departed with full stomachs. Outstanding among those who came were two beautiful cardinals, who were daily visitors.

We are sure the birds had a Merry Christmas; and now that two bird feeding boxes have been put in the garden, we feel justified in saying they will have a Very Happy New Year!

R. JACOBSEN, *Junior IV.*

Prof: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.
Frosh: That's why we all flunked.

Campus Te-Pa-Chi Meeting

THE annual dinner meeting of the Te-Pa-Chi Club, held January 16 in the Newell Hall dining room, was a delightful affair. Following this, we were entertained by a string quartet under the direction of Mr. Herbert Essers. Dr. Alexander M. Martin, physician at Sheppard-Pratt, rounded out the evening by a helpful and practical talk.

Dr. Martin said in part: Present-day trends in psychiatry indicate a gradual renunciation of materialistic concepts as applied to personality development. Systems of classification, character typing, and rigid formulations are being discarded. There is a growing appreciation of the great extent of individual differences. Our twentieth century compulsion to standardize and pigeon hole everything, which has proved to be a great obstacle to our thinking, is being gradually overcome. Broadly speaking, the ultra scientific attitude is being modified, and there is a concentration of interest upon the subjective aspect of the individual, upon the inner world of thoughts and feelings, rather than upon outward appearances and objective data.

The individual is no longer being thought of as a separate and detached entity, but rather as an integral part of a complex cultural setting. "Problems" are to be regarded as situational rather than individual, consequently their solution often demands little or nothing from the child, but calls for radical readjustment on the part of other members of that particular social setting. Emphasis is thus upon the personal elements of the environment, rather than upon the physical or economic. The child's emotional or social adjustment to reality should be objective, and intellectual precociousness discouraged.

In the vast majority of so-called problem cases, much of the difficulty is with the parents and family. Because of individual susceptibilities and "blind spots," the real issues of a situation become obscured. We cannot make too much allowance for this personal factor. Parents, as a rule, will only see and learn what they want to about their own children, and doctors and social workers frequently find only that for which they seek.

Parents identify themselves with their children and through them try to realize not only their conscious ambitions, but many of their repressed wishes. Many difficulties are thus perpetuated because parents get vicarious satisfaction from seeing their inhibited desires exhibited in the child's irresponsible behavior.

The child is likely to be overestimated rather than underestimated. His ability to manipulate the personal environment and play one parent against the other must be borne in mind. There should be an attitude of

humility and a greater willingness to listen to the inner world of childhood.

Insight into difficult interpersonal situations can often be acquired by considering them in terms of a father-mother-child relationship. It is felt that in this original relationship are to be found the bases for the child's subsequent attitude toward society and his social technique. The early family setting also provides important determinants for the child's concepts of a deity.

The most challenging part of the talk seemed to arise from the statement: "In the vast majority of so-called problem cases much of the difficulty lies with the parents and family and with the child's ability to manipulate the personal environment by playing one parent against the other." Parents glanced at one another convincingly during the talk, then later during the discussion decided that an avoidance of this situation would be the solution for many shortcomings.

Reported by M. DOUGHERTY.

❖

Why A Campus School Student Council?

RESPONSIBILITIES! What meaning has this word to the Student Council of the Campus School? Does the Council have duties which are recognized as trusts?

To answer these questions one must look beneath the surface of the Campus School, for the Student Council is perhaps not the most obvious part of the school life. The search will reveal that athletic equipment is cared for systematically and thoroughly, that a lost and found department is in the fourth grade room, that the condition of lavatories is reported, that the workshop is inspected and scheduled by the sixth grade, and that the campus is kept beautifully clean.

Reports given at the Student Council meeting on January 12, 1934, serve as examples of the work which the children are doing. I quote a few, although I cannot include the zest with which each chairman gave his oral presentation.

Athletic Committee Report

The Athletic Committee has blown up all the balls from different grades. We have made a basketball program for the leagues. It will be put on the bulletin board outside of the seventh grade room.

BRYCE JACOBSEN,
BEN COSTER,
HERBERT SMITH

Seventh Grade.

Workshop Report

When we went down to clean up the workshop we found one mallet head broken off the stick and one table covered with clay dust. A lot of things were out of order and out of place. Two small paring knives are lost and we would like to have them replaced. We put the things back in their correct places and we would like you to help us keep them in place. We also have a workshop schedule.

BARCLAY FERGUSON,
BETTY MARIE PYLES,
HARRIET MICHELMANN,
WALTON FRANK CANEDY,
Sixth Grade.

Safety Report

The Safety Committee has been doing its duty very well. There have been a few cars blocking the driveway. One boy got out of his car and ran across the grass to the pavement. We told him not to. Two girls were throwing a ball back and forth to each other on the pavement where the cars stop, but when they were asked not to, they stopped. But most people have been following our directions.

JOHN SMITH,
TOMMY MILSTEAD,
Sixth Grade.

Mail Report

My responsibility is to get the mail four times daily. This I have done.

RUTHERFORD HOLMES,
Fifth Grade.

It was most impressive to hear these reports and to realize the genuine responsibilities of the Student Council. The officers and committee members have, of course, the greater responsibilities, but the entire student body of the upper grades realizes the Council's value and accepts as its own both assigned and unassigned duties.

Responsibilities? Yes! Duties and trusts? Yes! And they are fulfilled not merely at specifically stated times, but they are a living part of the daily life of all pupils.

REBECCA C. GILBERT, *Senior VI.*

Campus Committee

We have been working on the campus every day. We have picked up papers and kept it in good order. We have placed another sign on the campus.

We think our campus is in pretty good condition.

AUDREY GOLDSBOROUGH,

DORIS MILSTEAD,

Fifth Grade.

Alumni Notes

THE Enoch Pratt Main Library is an excellent place to meet old friends and exchange new gossip. Really, someone should be serving tea in the lobby on Saturdays to complete the air of informal tête-à-tête. Among those recently encountered are Reuben Baer, Alnetia Ewing, Hilda Timmerman, Eleanor Black, and Paul Yaffee. They all were bearing books that looked suspiciously like courses of study, or "Now We Are Six." Hilda Timmerman, Betty Newman, and Paul Yaffee have all been placed at the same school.

During our "one-day stands" we have seen Ruth Bonnert, Minnie Silverman, Dorothy Albert, and Martha Alford.

We can always tell when Margaret Spehmkouch has preceded us as a substitute in a class. The children ask, "Miss, do you know that story about 'Tickitickitambo' like Miss Margaret did?"

We would like to know exactly what duties Ben Kremen has at his hospital. Each report gives a different version. He must be the proverbial "man of all work," without which no institution could get along.

Louis Rachanow was seen wistfully surveying his familiar haunts at Normal School one afternoon.

Mike Saltzman is working at The Hub. He will sell you a pair of shoes whether you have any use for them or not.

A young friend informed us, "We had the nicest substitute yesterday. Her name was Miss Wheatley."

We almost had a collision with Martha Bennett on Thirty-third Street. She honked; we honked. She waved; we waved. She talked and talked; we talked and talked and talked . . . Then, as traffic behind us became rather impatient, we both drove on.

Editor's Note: When the writer speaks of "we," in the plural, she is referring to her old 1930 Model A. They always go places together, laugh at each other's jokes, and are growing old and crochety in each other's companionship.

Sport Slants

PLAY ball and roll up the score!—thus games are carried on by various teams. But part of our work at M.S.N.S. is to set up interesting, joyful experiences which are thrilling as well as educational. In the past we have tried to uphold such an aim, but always “on the up and up” for improvements we hope to make our games even more interesting by having—new and better organized cheers, a radio or victrola playing before the contest and during halves, better conduct during the games, higher caliber playing, and an Indian mascot to be on the floor to spur us on to victory. All this is not just for the future—we have already shown progress along these lines by our excellent conduct at the Wilson game in Washington.

During the holidays the cagers had two practice games, one with Poly and one with Franklin High School. Despite the fact that several injured men were unable to attend these practices, Coach Minnegan believes they were helpful.

The policy of the team play is to have every man carry out an assignment. Although not always very obvious, there are other assignments besides that of scoring. This has been ably shown by the defensive playing of M. Cole and the strong rebounding and passing work of G. Rankin. Mr. Minnegan feels he has eight or nine dependable players—and with the addition of L. Harris, L. Kulacki, and D. Schwanebeck, who are now student teaching, the Indians will be just “raring to go.”

Barring injuries, the White and Gold Basketeers have a good chance of winning all the games in 1934. We have won six games out of the nine played. If we win the remaining seven we shall have a standing of .813. In connection with those games played and to be played we must consider our status in relation to our opponents. We are competing with four-year colleges having from a 400 to a 3,000 enrollment, while we are a three-year school having sixty men and little time and facilities for practice. Notwithstanding this, we have several championship possibilities in sight—Normal Schools in Maryland and the District of Columbia.

Factors in the overwhelming victory over Elizabethtown were the fine aggressive spirit shown in the rebound work at both ends and the unusually good passing. “Here’s how, Novey, for your all-around good playing, and you, Clayman, for your good offensive rebounding.”

Spectators are a welcome feature—especially the home folk when playing on a foreign floor. Thus we hope, in the future, to feature two games a year when female onlookers will support their male participants at games played away from school.

The tilt with Gallaudet has been definitely selected to be a scholarship game. All money collected from M.S.N.S. students will go to the scholarship fund.

Cognizant of our following, by Normal's defeating Gallaudet, Wilson, and American U., a boys' club of Washington has made several attractive offers to our team to play there. Thus a post-season game will probably be played the first week in March.

For a number of years City College of New York has had the strongest basketball team in the world. They use the professional style of play, which we so successfully carried out in soccer and are now trying in basketball. Because of this, a number of members of our team hope to see C.C.N.Y. play Temple at Philadelphia on Saturday, February 3.

One of the ever-present problems of team management is that of outside competition. Practically all schools advocate outside competition only when the player is not engaged in that particular sport at the school. Although we have not followed this policy, statistics show that M.S.N.S. athletes who have played on outside teams have experienced two marked handicaps—falling off in scholastic ability and being kept out of our line-ups due to injuries caused in other games.

By the way—a folder of M.S.N.S. soccer and basketball schedules and results is to be published. Be sure to get your folder and recall the past meritorious season.

Yes, the alumni double-featured games are still pending. The M.S.N.S. girls versus the Alumni females will form the preliminary tilt, followed by a like grouping of the men for the feature game. A dance will follow, and, if you are interested, a tentative date is Friday, February 2.

The Frosh are organizing—Brumbaugh, Harper, Nicholl, Royston, Pindell, and Kelbaugh composing the group, none of whom had had high school experience. They will play some games at the end of the season. A scarcity of material is expected when the present array of stars graduate this year and next. Because of this and to uphold the policy of the greatest number participating, this Freshman team is being developed.

To enable the girls to play full-time games, the Senior, Junior, and Frosh elective goers will stay to dinner on Wednesday, February 15, and play their games in the evening. The following are the contests to be had:

Senior A team versus Junior A team.

Senior B team versus Frosh A team.

Junior B team versus Frosh B team.

The Men's Review is under way—ten or twelve acts almost "in order." At the February men's meeting, master of ceremonies and general

manager will be elected; all other places have been filled—people from past years carrying over their same duties. The show, starting at 8:15, is positively not to exceed two hours. Admission will be 35 or 40 cents. Remember!—this is to be the best Review yet, so—reserve Friday, March 16.

Seen at electives—new passes as rolling the ball to teammate or throwing it between the legs; shooting backwards for a basket; two rough-and-ready females whom Miss Roach threatens to put with the men; student referees holding up play seemingly for hours while trying to maneuver the inevitable whistle.

'S all to date,

SELMA TYSER.

Owls Blinded by Dazzling Form of Profs.

A thrill-a-minute game, featured by one of the most spectacular rallies ever staged by a Wilson team, left a large attendance and five Indians in a nearly exhausted condition at the final whistle. Entering the final quarter with 20-7 in our favor, a let-down in effort almost caused disaster. Wilson began clicking and the score began to read 20-13, 20-17, and so on until it read 23-21, with Normal ahead and just seven seconds remaining. A long tap from Wheeler and a missed shot by "guess who" took six of them. Before the ball came down off the rim, the gun called a halt to all evil thoughts Wilson might have entertained.

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

Normal Takes American University's Scalp

Tomahawks to you—that was Normal's gift to the American University quintet on their recent invasion of the latter's preserve.

Led by their consistent chief, Josh Wheeler, Normal swamped their Washington opponents by a 32-19 count. Over one-half of the total points, nineteen, to be exact, were scored by Wheeler. Nearly all were spectacular shots. Washington papers heralded him for his efforts, but his brilliancy did not overshadow the teamwork and defensive playing of the rest of the squad. Mel Cole showed a good crowd how rebounds should be taken, and, man for man, Normal had one of the best teams she has ever sported on the District floor. Incidentally, this was the first victory we've ever scored over an A.U. team. Wilson Teachers next. Followers, watch the headlines.

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

Warrior Quint Hands Drubbing to Elizabethtown College

Normal traveled a great distance on Thursday, January 10, just to prove her superiority over Elizabethtown in their annual game. Final count—44-19. Fast breaks and accurate shooting by Wheeler and Rankin accounted for thirty-five of the forty-four points. Josh gathered twenty-five points for his night's efforts, while George, ringing up five shots, showed the Pennsylvania boys how long shots should be made.

Normal displayed the most impregnable defense to date, and won the tribute of the Elizabethtown coach as being the best set of shots he has seen this year.

We know you won't miss the game with Frostburg, on January 19, at Normal.

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

Feathered Friends

*"When woods are brown in winter's coat
He darts a flash of red,
With crimson cloak and dusky throat,
And dauntless, crested head."*

ONE early morning I heard a beautiful, clear, loud whistle which drew me to my window. I caught a flash of red and paused, fascinated.

Later, I spied a cardinal on the branch of a tree, rocking madly from side to side and whistling ecstatically, while on a bush not so far off perched demurely his fawn-colored sweetheart. They soon became my very good friends and were duly named Mr. and Mrs. Cardy. A more distinguished looking friend than Mr. Cardy would be hard to find. He was dressed all in crimson, excepting a little black at the base of his bill. Even his bill was red, and he had a fine red crest. I was afraid Mrs. Cardy would be envious of her husband's fine clothes, but she wasn't. She wore a very dull dress. Her back was brownish-gray, her throat was grayish-black, and her breast was a dull buff with a faint tinge of red. Although she wasn't handsomely dressed, she seemed a trim, neat-looking little person.

How Mr. and Mrs. Cardy could sing! It has been noticed that some of the most beautifully dressed birds have the poorest songs. But the cardinal's call is as lovely as his coat. Mrs. Cardy was almost as good a singer as her husband.

My interest in the cardinals was soon noticed by others. Someone remarked that people with fine clothes spend most of their time thinking about them and are of very little use when it comes to real work in life. Because of my interest, I watched the cardinals carefully and found this was untrue. Mr. Cardy was a model husband in spite of his comeliness. They raised two families in their home in the evergreen tree and fussed over them as if they were the only children in the world.

Everyone loves the cardinals and feels that they add much to the quality of the neighborhood. Don't be surprised to find yourself watching Mr. and Mrs. Cardy, oblivious to all else, as you listen to their whistles and joyous songs.

EDNA IKENA, *Senior I.*

❖

Jokes

SARA LEVIN, *Senior IV*

Math Prof: "If I subtract twenty-five from thirty-seven, what is the difference?"

Willie: "That's what I say, what's the difference?"

* * * *

Is the doctor in?

No, he went out for lunch.

Will he be in after lunch?

No, that's what he went out after.

* * * *

Senior: Will you Freshmen stop talking and making so much noise? I can't even read.

Freshman: Well, don't blame us for your ignorance.

* * * *

I wonder who this telegram is from?

Western Union. I recognize the writing.

* * * *

Teacher (to class): Now I want you to write your names in your books.

Abie: What? And kill the resale value?

Do You Know

That the county boys are becoming veritable pool sharks? Twelve-ball runs are mere beginnings. (If this sounds like Baron Munchausen, we should get a raise in salary.) The girls should not feel slighted, however. One of their number, a Junior, shoots a game which is by no means mean.

* * * *

That we have started the New Year right with an addition to our list of engaged Seniors, thus bringing the total number to three?

* * * *

That there are 27,031 volumes, 6,000 text books, and 4,600 circulating pamphlets in our library? Not including the text books or the pamphlets, this is about eight times the size of an average branch of the Pratt Library.

* * * *

That there are at least 6,000 pictures in the collection over which Miss Holt presides?

* * * *

That our previous editor of the School News Column paid us a visit before the holidays? (Mind you, he came all the way from Columbia University, where he is now a student, to see how we were doing.)

* * * *

That the member of the I. A. Class who used to play the piano in Room 223 has written a number called "Odd Romance"?

* * * *

That for one week the chief means of transportation from the barracks to the girls' gym lockers was the wheelbarrow, since that is one of the new stunts taught in this certain Senior class?

* * * *

That the Juniors insist upon educating their instructors? One informed Miss Bader that Columbus discovered the East Indies on his way over to America. Another maintained that a sexton is used to measure the altitude of heavenly bodies. Still another, but we hardly think he was serious, wondered whether "heavenly bodies" included Mae West.

* * * *

That in the Junior class is a student who is adept at woodwork? Intricate inlaying and the making of gavels are his specialties.

* * * *

That a certain Senior girl can be seen (and heard) typing quite frequently in the TOWER LIGHT office? We wonder if it can be articles for the magazine?

THE TOWER LIGHT

That two certain graduates of the class of 1933 have acquired positions at the Union Memorial Hospital?

* * * *

That in the men's room, one has difficulty in escaping the clutches of some budding playwrights who insist upon displaying their brain children to those not nimble footed enough to elude them?

* * * *

That Miss Scarborough is a farmer? She says she knows the difference between chicken eggs and turkey eggs.

* * * *

That a certain innocent Senior student of the TOWER LIGHT staff has been accused of writing last month's "Do You Know" column?

* * * *

That a former member of the Class of 1934 was on the Hippodrome stage during New Year's week? Who were the girls that tried in vain to get seats in the front row?

* * * *

That the female students' hearts missed a beat when a former male student returned to Normal School to speak in assembly?

* * * *

That a Junior had his first date at the January dance?

* * * *

That in the kitchen on the basement floor of Newell Hall are any number of interesting slicers, mixers, grinders, cooking ware, and an immense oven? It is worth a tour of inspection.

* * * *

That when you see people walking around with a vacant stare muttering, "Mary's violet eyes make John stay up nights, Pluto!" you shouldn't be alarmed? It is just a test on the sun's planetary system.

* * * *

That a certain Senior girl can sneeze so dramatically that the equilibrium of any class is upset?

* * * *

Prof: "I hate to tell you, sir, but your son is a moron."

Father: "Wait until he gets home. I'll teach him to join one of those fraternities without my consent."

* * * *

"I shall now illustrate what I have in mind," said the professor as he proceeded to erase the blackboard.

* * * *

Yes, that's the price for two orchestra seats. Want them?

No, I think I'll take a Mediterranean cruise instead.

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares
Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories

"It Pays to Stop at the Fashion Shop."

Hergenrath Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists
Since 1901

Phone Towson 39 We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candies, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S
Garage & Service Station
Towson, Md.
Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station
Official AAA Station
24-Hour Service Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths
421 North Charles Street

DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE

Founded 1815

▲
The
Second National Bank
of Towson, Md.
▼

HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds Watches Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.

Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting

Birthday Cards Parker Pens Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

York Road and Willow Avenue
Towson, Maryland
Towson 50

Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows'
Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost
in style for the collegiate miss and youth.

The Hub

Baltimore - Charles - Fayette
CAIvert 4-4-4-4

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

Compliments
of

TOWSON THEATER

You Will Enjoy Our
Home Made Sandwiches
Coffee Hot Chocolate

Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe
420 York Road Towson, Md.
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries
TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

Come Up and See Us Sometime!
Hollywood's Leading Sheiks on Our Screen!

REX
Theatre
4617-25 YORK ROAD

Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

STEBBINS-ANDERSON
COAL & LUMBER CO.
LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES
Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed
Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE
TOWSON

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS
PLYMOUTH
Phone: Towson 525

Say It With Flowers
The most artistic in Cut Flowers
and Plants.
Let us fill your Flower needs.
I. H. Moss, Inc.,
5315 York Road Tuxedo 1400

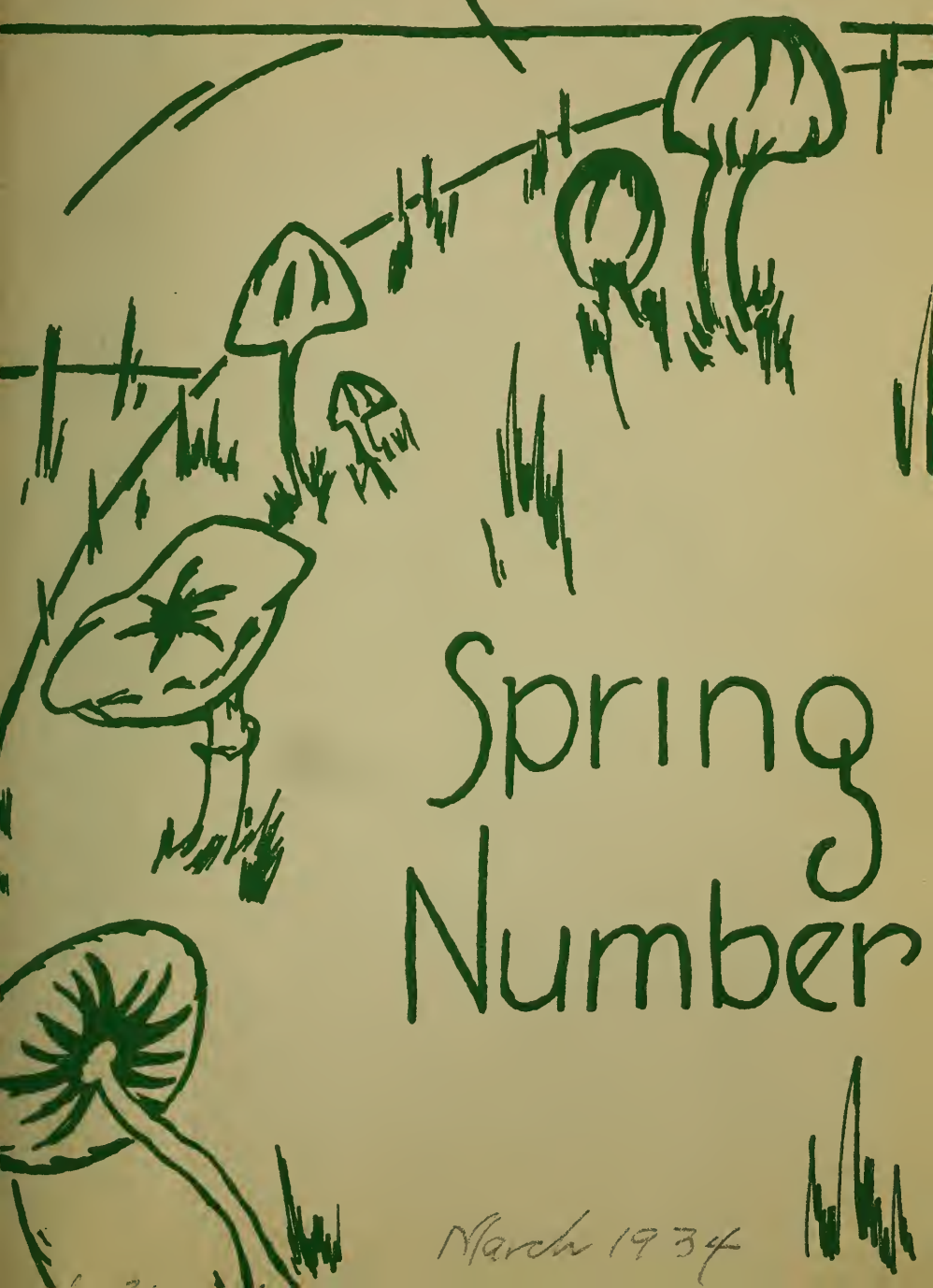
Run Right to
READ'S
TOWSON'S BEST
DRUG STORE!

Rex News
"Atmosphere"

People of good taste come to the REX, at 4417-25 York Road, not only because it offers first-rate entertainment, but because of its refined, pleasant atmosphere.

The REX is equipped with the latest scientific achievement in sound reproduction, R. C. A. "High Fidelity." It brings you every word as if it were spoken by the person sitting next to you. The REX is also equipped with the "STRONG" projection equipment, which makes the characters really live on the screen. It is recommended by eye specialists. Because of these things, we say you will enjoy every minute of the show.

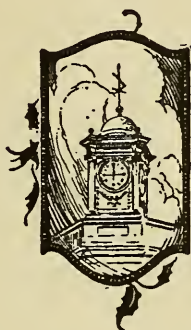
OWER LIGHT



Spring
Number

March 1934

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

T O W S O N , M D .

Contents

	PAGE
Cover Design..... Edna Ikena	
Fairy-Ring Mushrooms.....	3
Home	4
Poetry.....	5
Snow on the Campus.....	6
The Renegade.....	9
A Psychiatrist Looks at Crime.....	10
The Power Behind the Throne.....	13
Portrait of a Student Teacher Talking to Himself..	16
Steel to You—No. 2.....	18
Editorials	20
Poetry	22
What Will You Do?.....	24
Vocational Education.....	25
Some Eastern Shore Families.....	26
Whence Came Our April Fool's Day?.....	28
School News.....	30
Assemblies	33
Faculty Notes	34
Sports	35
Well! Well! Well!.....	39
Did You Know.....	40
Jokes	42
Advertisements	43

The Tower Light

VOL. VII

MARCH, 1934

No. 6

Fairy-Ring Mushrooms

*"These are the tents of the fairies,
That camped last night on the lawn.
Early this morning I found them,
But the sly fairies had gone."*

THROUGHOUT the ages superstition has woven a web of fantastic legends about the mushrooms that spring up at the signal of the warm spring rains. In every land they have been regarded with wonder because of their seemingly magic growth, and have been associated with fairies, elves, and witches. These mushrooms usually grow in rings or circles and it was once thought that the fairies made the rings for their moonlight dances.

Many are the tales which were told by the old folk in some parts of England and Scotland about travelers who were seized by the fairies and carried off to join in their dances within the "mystic circle." On pleasant nights these little people sat or danced on the top of the toadstools. If a sudden shower came on they huddled beneath them. One old gardener declared that he had seen the fairies holding a mushroom over their fairy queen for an umbrella, as she tripped home in the rain.

The reason that the mushrooms grow in rings, is because of the way the spawn grows. At first there is only a single mushroom. This uses up the soil and so the plant does not come up again in the same place. The spawn spreads, and the next year sends up plants in a small ring outside the place where the one grew the year before. Again the spawn spreads and the spores fall and the size of the circle increases each year.

These associations lend a glamour to mushrooms, but the plants themselves are so oddly formed and strikingly beautiful in color, that even if they did not have this delightful association with fairies, we should still find them an absorbing interest.

EDNA IKENA, *Senior I.*

Home

ALL the world was in whiteness—a pure and spiritual whiteness—awesome. The world lay covered with shimmering beauty. Against the sky the trees and bushes were like lace—old English lace made delicate by time. I looked out into that unknown bigness and whispered, “O God, how do you make such loveliness?”

“Duyska, this is lovely, yes. To you, most beautiful—but to me merely a miniature of a greater loveliness.” So said the old man, the grandfather. “In my home—my Russia, the snow comes not only once in a great while; it comes and stays and covers all the world with its purity. It stays for many months and brings peace—needed peace after the harvest toil. Then all gather in the comfort of the great kitchen, warm with love and hospitality, and the aroma of dinner cooking. Oh, it is not a rich life. There is no money, no fine clothes, no beautiful furniture; but the depth of feeling, the flow of life is there. And what fun, Duyska, when all the youths gathered together to go riding in the big sled—men and maids filled with the ecstasy of the cold, clear night, singing the songs of youth—Russian youth! Songs they sang that echoed through the clear night and spun dreams of love and beauty and endless youth.”

A look of longing dimmed the old man's eyes. He was no doubt thinking of his glorious homeland. “Will he ever forget?” I ask myself. No—it is not possible for time to completely erase that ache. He will never forget! The old man sighs. He takes my hands and speaks in a low voice. “Duyska, it is beautiful, yes. Glory in it, cherish it, hold it forever in your heart. But do not ask it of me. I have my memory—a haven of security when the longing becomes so great. Just a memory, you say? Ah, no, it is more; it is my Russia—my home.”

SYLVIA BRAVERMAN, *Senior II.*

Wings

Overhead—
A bird
Its lovely grace
Displayed in swirls
As it circles, dips, against the sky.
In long gliding sweeps
It floats past, soaring high.
Presently, only a black speck in the blue is visible
To reveal where a glorious, elusive creature
Glides in ecstasy of beautiful movement.

HERMAN BAINDER, *Junior III.*

Spring

Spring!
A low wind hugging the ground
And a new leaf furling.
A gray squirrel soft on a bent old tree,
And myriad newly-opened eyes
Peering through pointed grass.
Bees again—gold clinging to downy bodies.
The sun seeks out the gold through shining wings.
Spring!

An upward turning everywhere.
Fat dandelions on a hill.
A blow of white clothes happy on a line.
A child laughing with arms to the wind.

Spring!
A tired city worker
Pauses at a leaf shadow,
Looks up, up to the sunset
Wedged between stark buildings,
All strangely good again.
Walking in star-shy dusk,
He shares with Spring
The stirring in the heart of God.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

Tryst

I'm in love
With a little green pool.
It has a circle
Of tall trees around it,
And water lilies lie
Softly on its surface.
Tiny elfin folk
Come at sundown.
They chase about the brink
And hop gaily
Over the lily pads.

DOROTHY BOTHE, *Senior I.*

Snow on the Campus

To some people snow means a covering over the streets and pavements whose sole purpose is to imperil the lives of unsuspecting individuals by causing them to slip. However, those who have seen the campus when it is robed in a mantle of soft, glowing gossamer, know that snow is a medium through which the world becomes disguised and lovely.

On the occasion of the next snowfall, visit spots of beauty on our campus.

Stand at the top of the hill at the front drive and glance toward the dormitory. To the right are bushes which border the drive, looking like toadstools of purest white. The green walls of the station make a single blot of color, with a marshmallow top. The left view shows the dormitory with its many hued wall, surrounded by white branched trees. The drive, with its steep slope, is inviting to the sled lover.

Walk down the hill, if you can, and make your next visit to Dr. Tall's residence. The tall evergreens resemble white uniformed sentinels standing guard over the house.

As you gaze down into the glen, notice the narrow, winding course of the stream told only by an indentation. The trees, like ghosts, make an archway over the streams, as if to check its meandering.

On returning to the building, glance down into the sunken garden. This indeed seems a miniature world. The bushes are bowed low by their burden and glazed. The ivy on the wall assumes the appearance of an old man.

These are the beauties of our campus when the dull, brown earth becomes white and brilliant.

FRANCES FANTOM, *Senior VIII.*

This Glorious Adventure

HAVE you ever ventured into the wilds of Africa? We haven't either, but we've tried skiing on the hills of the Normal School Campus, so we feel that hunting lions with gun and camera is not comparable to that breath-taking sensation that is experienced when one hurtles through the ozone on those slender shafts of wood.

To an uninitiated individual it would seem that preparing for a hunt in Africa's woods would involve a more complicated preparation than for a mere ski. For the enlightenment of these laymen we wish to analyze the preliminary steps.

One must first invade the infirmary, preferably without the knowledge of the doctor, and compile a first-aid kit consisting of these items:

- 1 large bottle of arnica.
- 27½ yards of adhesive tape (sufficient for 2 people).
- 2 bottles of smelling salts (this serves for timid would-be skiers).
- 3 pillows for each skier (preferably feather pillows).

Next don a gym suit and all the sweaters in your immediate vicinity. Borrow a pair of galoshes—you might ruin your own. Leave the legs free, for they are needed in the intricate skills involving balance. Cover the head with a windproof beret and with an ear muff attachment. Now with a piece of twine, place the pillows at the most strategic spots. This depends on how you tumble—naturally it varies with individuals. By sad experience we have found these areas include the back and both shoulders. Of course, if one is inclined to ostrich-like dives the cranium is likewise to be protected.

Breathless from this elaborate preparation, we sally forth and balance ourselves precariously on a slight incline which appears as steep as Mont Blanc. A glorious feeling elevates our spirit as we shove off. "Lean forward and bend your knees," cry interested spectators. But too late, for we find ourselves prostrate midway of the slope.

Analyzing our mishap we arrive at the conclusion that we are too top-heavy. Discarding at least four sweaters we try again. We soar down like birds, completely ignoring the jeers and catcalls from less venture-some companions. However, when success crowns our efforts the ridicule changes to admiring "bravos." Attempting a nonchalant attitude we begin, with light hearts, to trudge up the hill.

To date, we veterans of the sport have suffered only these minor injuries: one sprained and bruised thumb, which turned an alluring yellow and purple, one lacerated hand, one slightly frostbitten heel, and one abrasion of the auditory organ—(Freshmen, this is the ear).

After ten years of practice you will doubtless be able to enter the annual Ski Jumpers' Contest at Podunk.

ELISE SHUE, *Senior X*.
BERNICE HUFF, *Senior VIII*.

❖

Winter Moonlight

Silhouetted against the black velvet curtain that is the night
Stand gray trees, stark and bare,
Lifting leafless branches, as if in supplication.
High above, in delicate fragility, the moon,
Like a luminous pearl, in chaste beauty,
Casts cool, silver radiance over the stillness.

BERNICE HUFF, *Senior VIII*.

Frozen World

A COLD, dim light shone on clean snow. From a window, richly bedight with frosty pictures, I saw a crystallized world, radiating cold. Daring to venture forth into this untrodden land of ice, I found the day was as delightful as it was inviting. As I walked briskly along, my feet crunching a pioneer's path through the snow, the biting wind flung icy particles at my face. I saw a roof, thickly coated with ice and transparent icicles, held captive. Spreading evergreens held all that they could bear of these gleaming, icy crystals. Even the sidewalks and roads glistened with the smooth whiteness of porcelain and were no more comfortable to walk upon. My face became numb, and my hands and feet tingled with cold, so I turned about for home. For a warmer haven, I left this world of frosted fence posts and iced trees—this land of cold beauty.

BERNICE CARP, *Senior X.*

The White Birch in My Garden

Against the somber grey of winter eve
The white birch stands, its stripped boughs straight and free,
Defyingly erect with outstretched arms
So silent in eternal revery.

At once, as muscled wrestler closing in,
The wind swoops down with whistling battle cry.
Within its clutching arms it wraps the tree
And flings it back and forth against the sky.

The struggling tree with silent laughter moves.
It bends and sways in effort of the fray;
It bends but never breaks—upward it springs
Until the snarling wind gives up its prey.

RUTH KEIR, *Junior V.*

Star Dust

Under a blanket of stillness
Nestled the wee white town
While night with gentle fingers
Sprinkled the star dust down.

It covered me as I stood there,
The stars soon faded away,
But I carried the flecks of beauty
Around in my heart all day.

MARTHA BENNETT, *Class of '33.*

The Renegade

THERE was something peculiar about the behavior of Master Thomas Blake this day. He was down-right bad. Well, what of it? He knew it; he knew that he had needlessly spotted his best Sunday suit; he knew that he had made a tactical error in cooking that paste in his mother's new aluminum pot. But again he wanted to know, what of it?

You may think that Tommy's attitude was slightly unsocial. But there was method in his madness. Tommy had been reading. And, what is more, he had not limited his literary pursuits to his Second Reader or the casual perusal of the "funnies." He was a very precocious lad, and had developed a keen curiosity concerning his parents' tastes in literature. And so he had dipped into one of his mother's psychology magazines. The fact that he could read very little of the book meant nothing to Tommy. There were always the pictures (even if they weren't colored, and had cut-outs of brains which looked like uncooked cabbages); and there were always words which he had had in his Second Reader.

On this fateful morning our little hero had ventured to delve into the mysteries of the *Parent's* magazine. He had been going along, aimlessly picking out the adjectives and pronouns which he knew, when he stopped abruptly. What was this? Here, right in the very middle of the page, and in bold print, was the statement, "LITTLE BOYS HAVE A RIGHT TO BE BAD." The mass of qualifying statements which followed and nullified this revelation didn't bother Tommy in the least. He couldn't read them anyhow. One fact stood out clearly in his mind: He had a right to be bad (for didn't the old-people's magazine itself say so?) Why had mother been telling him, then, that bad little boys would not go to heaven? (Not that Tommy had any special desire to go to heaven, anyhow. He'd much rather stay home and play with his toys, or cook paste in new aluminum pots.) Perhaps mother had not yet read this particular story, in which special dispensation was given to little boys. Well, he'd fix that. He'd put the magazine right on the kitchen table; then perhaps mother would read it. Meanwhile, Tommy wasn't going to wait for official notification; he was going to take immediate advantage of this strange but welcome edict. And so, on this particular day, we behold Emancipated Youth, naughty and proud of it.

And mother? She was slightly disturbed at her small son's tendency to leave things lying about. The kitchen table was certainly no place for the latest issue of her favorite periodical. She was worried, anyhow. Tommy didn't seem to be developing the independence of action which that famous Viennese doctor said children of Tommy's age should have.

And the doctor certainly knew what he was talking about; for was he not one of the best of the modern psychologists? She would have to talk to her erring son.

It was not long before mother discovered the worst. If only Tommy had been content with the havoc which he had wrought downstairs! But no—he had taken the beautiful bedspread and had used it to make a species of Indian tepee. That was the limit. She would *certainly* have to talk to her erring son. And if her vocabulary proved inadequate, perhaps dad could help. His methods were so effective. . . .

The new aluminum pot sparkled. The bedspread lay on the bed, its corners neatly tucked under the ends of the mattress. The magazine nestled in its place on the rack. Tommy's suit, spotless, hung close by. Tommy hung close by, too. That magazine was mistaken, after all. For had not dad *effectively* proved that? No, these modern authorities were notoriously undependable. Tommy secretly resolved to put no more trust in these new-fangled magazines (that was what grandmother called them). He would read them no more. He would go back to his Second Reader. What was good enough for his grandmother was good enough for him. Besides, nobody ever spanked grandmother.

JULIUS SEEMAN, *Senior III.*



A Psychiatrist Looks At Crime

THE following is a summary of an address delivered to the Psychology Club by Dr. Guttmacher:

"What is the cause of crime? There are several schools of thought concerning this vital question. The first group attributed this entirely to biological inheritance. One is born a criminal and there is nothing that can be done except to place him in a penitentiary. This theory was first advanced by Lombroso, who stated that criminals were throwbacks to early man. They were in a category by themselves, half-way between lunatics and savages. The results of this was that for a long time it was believed that crime was the result of one's biological inheritance—'it was in the genes.'

The other school, just as extreme, believed that crime was due to environment entirely. One section of a city will always have more criminals than another. It is a sociological phenomenon. Both views are radical and extreme. Both heredity and environment cause crime, but not one alone.

There are four types of criminals: The first is the normally anti-social criminal—the confirmed criminal; the second is the normal person who, when an unusual situation occurs in which the easiest way out is crime, commits it. The third type is the organic or insane criminal and the last is the neurotic criminal or the border-line case—as Herman Duker.

There are some interesting facts concerning criminals in general. The crime rate is extremely low among immigrants, but the crime rate of the first generation of these immigrants is very high. This is due partly to the lack of parental authority and lack of sympathy exhibited toward the children. There are more men admitted to the penitentiary at the age of 19 than at any other age. This is due to the fact that it is the most disorganized period of one's life. Problems of adolescence and economic livelihood arise. Less than one out of every 500 criminals have a college education. The first signs of a criminal are petty thievery and high rate of truancy. Twenty to forty per cent of all criminals in institutions are feeble minded."

J. EPSTEIN, JR., III.

The Island of Wild Ponies

A NARROW, sandy path stretched before me, a light fog hung low, the ocean's waves lapped against the rocky shore, the sea gulls circled overhead, so I let my pony go, and away we galloped out upon the desert island with the wind and mist stinging our faces. For once I was alone upon a desert island, where the horizon on all sides was formed by the mighty Atlantic Ocean and a gray sky. This was Chincoteague Island, where I visited last summer. For miles one could see only the sandy desert, upon which grew wild cactus and briar bushes, and the mighty ocean tossing in anger. Brownie, my pony, trotted me out upon a rocky cliff, from which I gazed upon the high seas of the angry ocean. Off toward the right, I saw among the grassy cliffs herd after herd of wild ponies. I urged Brownie onward and, upon closer observation, I recognized these as the true white and red Indian ponies which I had seen in the West several years before. There were thousands and thousands of these animals grazing upon the grassy spots among the cliffs along the shore of the ocean, whose breakers were dashing sprays upon us as we stood on the rocky cliff.

Upon seeing curls of smoke farther down the shore, I spurred my pony onward. After discovering I was quite near many of the equines, I brought Brownie, one of the breed, to a standstill because he was overly anxious to join them. It was then I discovered that the smoke I had seen was coming from an Indian camp. One of the Indians came forward and welcomed me. After talking with him about the ponies and his duties as a pony herder, I was joined by the rest of my party, which I had left far in the distance soon after arriving upon the island. The Indians were most hospitable in showing us through their camp, telling about these very fleet, small horses upon the island.

As the mist became heavier, we left the camp and started homeward. I turned for one last look, not realizing this would be my very last. I saw two Indians trying to herd about fifty ponies, which seemed to be much excited, as wild ponies are before an approaching storm, then a huge spray covered all from view. The storm came, and a terrible storm it was—sweeping the entire Atlantic coast.

I never returned to the desert island again. Many thousands of the ponies were drowned and carried out to sea; several of the Indians lost their lives trying to save the ponies. The entire island was consumed by the high seas, even the high cliffs upon which I had ridden still remain submerged in the Atlantic. So I remember Chincoteague Island, the home of the wild Indian ponies and their Indian herdsman.

HELEN L. WILLIAMS, *Senior XI.*

◆

The Stars

The stars above are all aglow,
They glow in rain or shine;
They're like a lantern hanging low,
They make the sky look fine.
And the stars they peep
Up at the moon;
When mornin' comes it makes me weep,
To see it come so soon.

At night when the moon is round,
And all the little children
Are sleeping very sound,
The stars come out and start to shine, their ever-
lasting glow.

NEILL SAYLOR, *Sixth Grade, Fullerton.*

The Power Behind The Throne

THIS is an epic. It is the tale of a great devotion, and it includes work and worry, love and hate, joy and sorrow, success and failure, and anything else that you can think of off hand (mostly work and worry). It is the story of a group of courageous girls who have never asked for recognition or reward except the thanks of those whom they have been able to help. Therefore after three years of self-sacrificing silence it is only fitting that they become known, and that their revelations be read by all who may enjoy or benefit by them. Before said revelations begin, let it be said that they have been censored from the beginning by interested, as well as disinterested censors—those whose interests we have at heart have been duly notified. (We became rather involved in that sentence but we trust you follow our method of thinking.) Bear with us as the story unfolds.

It all began about two years ago. We had hardly become accustomed to observations, units, assemblies, and boys in our classes when rumors of an all-men's revue began to percolate through our fair institution. We thought nothing of it until our friends in the Senior Class showed signs of interest. They recalled, to the edification of the Freshmen, the ballet of the year before, and the queer antics that we have since learned make up the Men's Revue. Announcements were posted and tickets were being offered to those who had the look of potential customers, before the wicked plot hatched at men's meetings during the past month became known. "Our boys" were doing their "girl friends" the supreme honor of allowing them to costume the show. Alas, poor innocents, little did they realize what would come as a result of their joyful acceptance of the aforementioned honor.

"Trial by Jury" was the impending attraction. There were included in the all-male cast eight muscular bridesmaids (at least two were well on the way to being muscle-bound) and one husky bride. All the costumers had to do was dress nine people. Doesn't that sound easy? Conferences were immediately held with Miss Weyforth, who bossed the job, and with the bridesmaids and bride (she—I mean he—strenuously objected to being tickled during the process of measuring) as to the colors and patterns of the creations that were to impart feminine charm to their graceless figures. The pattern finally chosen for bridesmaids was an off-the-shoulder, beruffled affair to be made up in thin, silky material in delicate colors suggesting a misty rainbow. The Bridal Gown was clinging, with long, slenderizing lines. (They were so slenderizing that the bride looked emaciated on the night of the performance.)

Measuring the bridesmaids required skill and ingenuity seldom found in Normal School Freshmen. There was the stylish stout whose waist was measured by two girls: they each stood at one side and threw the tape-measure around him. After the first seven failures, two tape-measures were spliced together and thrown around him. That method eventually worked. Then there was the tall bridesmaid who wanted to wear blue ("To match my eyes"), whose length was measured by a plumb line. Each of the eight bridesmaids had some peculiarity that needed thought, but most peculiar of all was the bridesmaid who refused to wear yellow, the only color left, because it made him look too pale. He was finally convinced that a little more rouge would help.

The bride—poor thing—was a perfect 36 except for his shoulders. They were so broad that anything that fitted across them hung like a tent on the rest of him. He was sewed into his gown at the last minute—the night of the performance. By that time the costume committee could see nothing but frothy piles of pink, blue, orchid, green, and yellow ruffles, a messy bridal gown, a dainty tulle veil (made of mosquito netting), wreaths and bouquets of flowers made of crepe paper, and masculine forms moving up and down endlessly in vain attempts to acquire a maidenly walk. At the close of the performance the girls took their first deep breaths in four weeks, smiled carelessly, and went home to sleep, haunted as they had been for many weeks by visions of the fat bridesmaid splitting the side of her dress, the coy maid of honor making eyes at the judge, the flat-footed bridesmaid stepping on the bottom ruffle, and the shrieks emitted as the bridesmaids were sewed into their turbans.

A year passed by. The same group of courageous girls with whom we started regained their youth and the roses in their cheeks. Again a men's show loomed up large on the horizon. Again they became martyrs for the sake of "our boys." This time it was pirates. Fancy it—from bridesmaids to pirates! Not ordinary pirates, but the "Pirates of Penzance." Once more lessons became side issues, and the costume committee proceeded to take possession of Room 14. Black, blue, red, and green sateen rapidly became pirate trousers. (Many of them looked a lot like Little Lord Fauntleroy's lovely velvet trousers.) It was really astonishing how many bow-legs, knock-knees, splay-feet, etc., etc., had been concealed heretofore. It was even more astonishing how anxious the owners of those deformities in limb structure were to display them to the public.

We shall charitably refrain from further description of pirates in striped sashes, dotted head coverings, brilliant trousers, shining earrings, and beards or dirt (we couldn't tell which). The curtain falls on the wild-eyed, tired costume committee. Let them rest for another year.

The year has gone. Men's Revue has vanished into the past along with student teaching and other things of the same nature. We rest on our laurels, enjoying an easy schedule, and not yet thinking about PROFESSIONALS! Life is serene; there is plenty of time to read novels, crochet, gossip, go to movies, and just to sit. It seems too good to last, but why get excited worrying over what might happen? One day, into this peaceful existence comes a warning note. The boys are being unusually polite. They return books that they have borrowed, they offer to lend notes for various assignments, and they even stand up when street cars are crowded to let the girls sit down. When that happens, prepare for the worst.

Once again comes Men's Revue. With it comes "Trial by Jury," more hefty bridesmaids, more sleepless nights, lunchless days, unprepared lessons, trouble, worry, rush, bother, worry, night rehearsals, trouble, worry, dress rehearsals, still worry. Again we have blue eyes or sallow complexions to deal with, aversions to orchid as a color, football shoulders to fit, a tendency toward a Mae West swagger to overcome, and worry, trouble, bother, rush, worry.

Why do we do it? Well, somebody has to do it. That's not the only reason. The boys have to have someone to go home with, and the costume committee answers this purpose. As a matter of fact, Men's Revue has fostered at least seven romances. But whisper this last reason—we like to do it.

HILDA WEINER, *Senior III.*

❖

Moods

Stars blinking
Like lights flickering in the distance.
Moon—pale yellow in a misty sky,
Like a mellow glow from afar.
Day breaking in a silent world,
Like an echo of a greater stillness.
Sun gleaming in the heavens,
Like a flame in a round copper bowl.
Dusk encircling a tired world,
Like a mother's arms 'round a trusting child.

MIRIAM JULES.

Portrait of an S. T. Talking to Himself

(With no apologies to Winchell, who probably copied this idea from somebody else)

Time: 12.00 M—Monday.

Thank goodness, there's the bell! . . . I'd better get out before Miss —— decides to have a conference. . . . Where did I put those records? . . . Hmm, six pictures. . . . Where's the other one? . . . I had seven. . . . What happened to that Winston II? . . . Have to use that tonight. . . .

Making a note about Gene's paper . . . get the imp to finish it Tuesday P. M. . . . also remember to keep Charles in for making faces at the supervisor. . . . Make note about bringing in a new ear of corn for the science table . . . wrap in cellophane so the rats won't eat it. . . . Make note to do these things in work period:

- (1) Remind the easel group to stop leaving easel brushes and thumb tacks in the chalk rack.
- (2) Insist that crayons are to be put back in the crayon boxes, not in the turpentine.
- (3) Ask backdrop group whether that picture they painted represents an iceberg with a ship against it or an igloo with a man crawling out of it; also hint gently that kayaks are *not* submarines.

Don't bother about the blinds. . . . Let Miss —— pull them down this P. M. . . . for her own good. . . . Remember, take last Wednesday's attendance slip over to the office. . . . Better mark and record last week's spelling papers. . . . Thank goodness everything's up to date. . . . Back to Normal!

J. S., *Senior III.*

Student Teaching Impressions

FRESHMEN IMPRESSION (Knowledge gained by hearsay)

Student Teaching is that period in a Normal student's life when he is placed in a center of practice for nine weeks during his Junior year, and is worked 24 hours a day and then criticized for lack of effort and terrible teaching acts.

All practice teachers are simply awful.

JUNIOR IMPRESSION

Student Teaching embraces the longest nine weeks of a lifetime.

On certain days you must plan very carefully because Supervisors are scheduled to observe your teaching.

A Supervisor is one or more persons who are paid to tear your lessons apart and ruin what would, under natural circumstances, be a really enjoyable experience, even if you do pass.

No one else has experiences quite like your own—your children are different! Naturally.

Lesson plans are pages long.

SENIOR IMPRESSION

The final test, in which you are given good, constructive criticism by everyone, including Supervisors.

Supervisors aren't so bad; they do know how the game should be played.

Supervisors' special assignments are beneficial!

Lessons can be planned in your head after all.

Working hours of the teaching profession are not N. R. A. regulated.

You have or have not wasted your Dad's hard earned dough.

You promise to loaf the year out when your practice is over.

All day teaching is plenty hard.

*Sure feels good to get back in school—unless you are carrying history that covers 7,000 years of past and present civilizations.

The gang sure looks solemn—and they aren't even teachers yet.

If you don't get a job there ain't no justice in heaven.

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

Landlord (to prospective tenant): "You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?"

"No."

"A piano, radio or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instrument? Do you have a dog, cat or a parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches a little, sometimes."

* * * *

I have a feeling we have danced together before.

Yes, the pressure of your foot seems familiar.

*Study as a Frosh and relax as a Senior.

Musical Notes

THROUGHOUT the history of music there are certain musical phenomena. Some of these happenings are amusing as well as unusual:

Mozart in 1774 composed a violin piece that can be played from both ends at the same time, as a duet.

It is said that a dog chasing its tail inspired Chopin to write the "Minute Waltz."

Paganini could pick up a violin and, without stopping to tune it, play difficult numbers well.

Wagner was an architect as well as a composer, poet, and dramatist. Model performances of Wagner's works, under the most famous German and foreign conductors, are given annually in the Richard Wagner Festival Playhouse, built by the master's plans. Thousands of distinguished visitors from all countries are attracted to Bayreuth during the festival weeks of July and August.

The operas of Richard Wagner are to Hitler the acme of musical composition. "Die Meistersinger" is his favorite. He sees in Walter Stolzing the impersonation of himself, and in Beckmesser the embodiment of petty politicians who, he believes, are ruling Germany, and whom he must drive out of public life!

Paderewski practices about ten hours a day. If he fails to practice a given piece regularly, he forgets how to play it. He says that if he neglects his practice for one day, he can tell the difference; for two days, the critics know; for three days, the public knows.

While Paderewski was premier of Poland he began a fund for invalid soldiers. Today this is the only fund from which soldiers can get aid.

Patrick Henry, according to contemporary public opinion, was the worst violinist in Virginia, next to Thomas Jefferson. Our faith in this opinion is a bit shaken, however, when we find that "Jefferson caused wonderment by tucking his violin under his chin instead of resting it on his knee while playing."

EDWARD MACCUBBIN, *Junior III.*

Steel to You (No. 2)

The Rod and Wire Mill

THE Wire Mill was completed early in 1926. The first rods were rolled on March 20, the first wire drawn April 15, and the first nails made May 13. The capacity of the unit is about 12,000 gross tons a month.

This unit of the plant is so large in scope, that the writer will describe just the making of the rod—from which wire and nails are made.

The rod is made from a bar about 30 feet long and $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches square (this is called a billet). These billets are stored in a billet yard and arranged in piles according to chemical content, weight, etc. Each billet is marked in code when made; heat number, and its chemical pedigree.

As said, these billets are in a yard. They are taken by crane from here as needed and enter a furnace near the top; they go slowly down a sloping grate and across a hearth. Here they absorb a uniform temperature from $1,900^{\circ}$ to $2,050^{\circ}$ F. This heating takes about 50 minutes. From here the heated billet goes directly into a Morgan Continuous Rod Mill.

The description of this process may seem long, but if one can imagine that the heated billet after 52 seconds of rolling is almost a mile of coiled rod it may not bore one so.

The heated billet enters the rolls, which are powered by a 4,000-horsepower motor. The first rolls are horizontal and each succeeding pair has a new position, so as to make the rod straight. These rolls are geared so as to have each set travel at a greater speed than those preceding. This speed is proportioned to the lengthening of the rod and the tension necessary for the lengthening. At each set of rolls the billet is given a 90° turn as it tends to make an oval, whereas it is quite necessary for the billet to be round. As the billet goes through this mill it is being continually sprayed by many streams of cold, fresh water to keep the temperature down, as friction raises it greatly above the necessary $1,900^{\circ}$.

In cooling, the rod forms a scale which must be removed. To do this the rod, which has been previously coiled, is lowered into a bath of 50% sulphuric acid for a moment and then removed and washed in a bath of cold water. This process is called pickling (one doesn't "preserve" rod; one "pickles" it!) When the coils are dried they have baked on them a coating of calcium hydroxide to prevent rusting and aid as a lubricant when the rod is drawn into wire.

"Rod," to most of us, means the bars at the other side of a teller's window, so it will be well to mention here that it is made from the rod just discussed. A strand of rod is run from a coil and goes through a series of rapidly spinning discs to straighten it out. As it reaches a certain point it is cut and later bundled.

Wire and nails come from the coiled rod. The writer will endeavor to tell you how in the next installment.

JAMES R. OLIVER, *Freshman IV.*

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MIRIAM LEVIN

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

HILDA FAREMAN
BEATRICE WINER
LEE YENKINSON

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Backbone

YOU have a bad day; you are depressed, blue, disheartened; you refuse to eat supper. You go to your room, close the door and begin your studies. You think the world is against you; everything you do is wrong; everywhere you turn someone sneers, someone jeers; life is at its lowest ebb. Suddenly you throw your books aside, put on your coat and dash out into the night. It is raining. Your hair becomes soaked and disheveled. You begin walking—where? Anywhere. Aim-

lessly. You see lights, people, cars, houses pass quickly and hazily. You grit your teeth. Tears, yes, tears stream down your cheeks. You make no move to dry them. You do not care. No one cares, no one can understand you. What is life, you ask yourself.

You look about you and find yourself in the country, far from home. You stop suddenly and look up to the heavens. You stretch your hands to the Heavenly Father and ask, "What have I done to deserve such a fate—why do people act so strangely toward me? Am I to blame?" You stand still and listen. You clench your hands—your body becomes rigid and your muscles tense. Determination creeps in. Again you face heavenward and thoughts pass swiftly through your mind, "Tomorrow is another day; a new beginning, a fresh start. Tomorrow, I, too, shall rise as does the sun and start at the beginning. And while you plan these thoughts of revival, you turn toward home. The house is dark. You tiptoe your way back to your room, put your books away and prepare for bed. You hear the clock strike one, half-past one, two, and finally fall asleep. Life has a new meaning. Backbone!

FRANK SILVERMAN, *Senior I. A.*



What's To-morrow?

WE have been working hard to make you aware of the fact that the school has a TOWER LIGHT, and (what is infinitely more important) that the TOWER LIGHT is *yours*. It is for you as a student body to shape its policy and to dictate its standards. Since its standards are set up by its content, and its content is composed of contributions by the students, it follows that your contributions are *the standard*. Are you satisfied with that standard, the standard which you yourselves have set up? If you are, then write articles which adhere to that standard; if you are not, write articles which will themselves indicate what changes you desire. Either way, you will be contributing to *your* magazine. That is the big thing.

DOROTHY BOTHE,
JULIUS SEEMAN,
Editors of this issue.

The Cinquain

As Miss Adelaide Crapsey lay on her bed in a sanatorium in Saranac, New York, suffering the miserable agonies of the slow approach of certain death, she composed some of the finest works of art in our modern poetry. Deprived of the use of her limbs, Miss Crapsey set her fertile brain to work. As a result, a five-line verse form, the cinquain, was created. She expressed within this brief, compact form all the feeling welling up within her, the sentiment of one so young and eager to live, yet helpless before the ravages of tuberculosis.

Miss Crapsey used the cinquain with a skill far superior to any of her imitators, employing the new form with extraordinary delicacy of thought and rhythm. The cinquain was perfected so as to contain two syllables in the first line, four syllables in the second line, six in the third, eight in the fourth, and two again in the fifth line. One of the most beautiful of the cinquains of Miss Crapsey follows:

Triad

These be
Three silent things:
The falling snow . . . the hour
Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one
Just dead.

Cinquains

O God,
If God there be,
How can you bear to view
This earth and man's mortality,
And smile!

O Death,
You cannot be
The spectre that you seem.
Each day we die a thousand deaths
In life.

MELVYN SEEMAN, B. C. C.

A Fairy Friend

I went for a walk
And had a long talk
With one of my fairy friends—
She's very, very small
She's hardly there at all—
Down where the long road ends.

She told me of her house
Of her little friendly mouse
Who attends to the door very well,
Of all the things she eats,
Both vegetables and sweets,
That she buys for a song in the dell.

She said I wouldn't fit
In her house, no, not a bit,
Or else she'd have me in for tea.
I said 'twas quite all right,
Mine was the same sad plight,
For she's too small for my house! Don't you see?

SOPHIA LEUTNER.

◆

Fantasy

Pale light on waters shining blue,
A breeze to sing a song.
My paddle lightly tips a wave
To carry me along.
A waning moon rides in the sky
And silent all the while
A million little fairy stars
Do faintly, sweetly smile.
My boat and I are shadowed on
The water shining there.
A river sprite dips down and drops
Some stardust on my hair.

DOROTHY MUDD.

What Will You Do?

WHAT will *you* do when you are thirty—after work hours, after dinner, on Saturdays off? Will you go to the movies or listen to a Kate Smith? Will your interests be flighty because of scanty background? Will you read nothing but the sports page or the society section just because that is all that your friends read?

What will *you* do—at forty? Go to a lodge meeting, or play bridge in your spare time? Will you be bored with life and try all the night clubs? Later still, will you groan in a rocking chair, wish you had some friends to visit you, or bemoan a life ill spent?

What will you do—at sixty?

* * * * *

Cultivate interests. Make a strenuous effort to find out what worthwhile people are doing and *try* to do a little yourself. Know about everything. "The more you know about a thing the more interested you are in it."

How many hobbies have you? As a teacher, you should find the following invaluable: picture collecting (magazine covers, newspaper photos, colored illustrations), model building (in some ways models are even superior to their real counterparts as teaching aids), clipping collections (excellent sources of information).

What do you know about Byrd, Germany, Howard Pyle? Have you ever eaten at the home of a Jewish friend? Ask any Jewish boy about Knadlach and Lekach, or a Hungarian boy about apple strudel! Can you watch any sport intelligently and recognize when a clever play is made? You need not be a star yourself.

Go to lectures and symphonies. Use the library. Know your city. Make *real friends*. Get acquainted with people who are especially interested in one of the things you do.

Never forget that the hobby in itself is not an end in life. It should be a source of *pleasure* and *information* to yourself and others.

* * * * *

Shall you be *busy* at *sixty*?

CHARLES C. MEIGS, *Junior III.*

Optician: "Weak eyes have you? Well, how many lines can you read on that chart?"

Patient: "What chart?"

Vocational Education...Is It Justifiable?

No system of education is democratic unless it provides for vocational education. One of the first requisites of a good citizen is the capacity for self-support. Each individual is entitled to such opportunities as will enable him to make the most of life. "Public education as a deliberate attempt on the part of the State to mold human beings, can have no narrow aim, restricted ideals, or be the exclusive privilege of caste, of sect, of wealth, or of poverty."

To quote John Dewey: "It is not practical or vocational education which is new; that has always been the only education received by the great mass of mankind. What is new is the opportunity to get this education somewhere else than in the home or shop or in some other manner than by indenture and by imitation of associates."

One aim of school authorities is to keep pupils in school as long as possible, provided they can profit by the instruction received. There is reason to believe that many pupils remain in school longer because of instruction in vocational subjects.

That Maryland can well afford to include vocational education in the State system of education is evidenced by the fact that of the 1,449,661 people in the State in 1920, there were 466,225 males and 137,218 females 10 years of age and over engaged in gainful occupations. Of the males gainfully occupied, 76,568 over 20 years of age, or 16.5 per cent, were engaged in agricultural pursuits. According to the 1920 census for Maryland, there were 7,247 farm boys between the ages of 14 and 20 years in school. The State is justified in establishing departments of vocational education in high schools located in rural communities in order that these farm boys may receive, in addition to a sound training along academic lines, instruction directly related to that which will become the life work of many of them.

The fact that 526,875 persons in Maryland are engaged in gainful occupations, other than farming, is indicative of the need for industrial training. It is the duty of the public high schools to give such training as will make every boy a more useful citizen than he would be had he not completed the high school curriculum. Industrial education has been introduced into the city high schools with this purpose in mind.

Vocational education is, then, a justifiable expense because:

1. The usefulness of high school pupils will be materially increased through the pursuit of such studies, both academic and vocational, as are directly related to their life work.

2. The introduction of vocational education into high schools will attract and hold many pupils who would otherwise not continue their education because of lack of interest in the regular high school curriculum.

3. Democracy rightfully demands that every member of a given society has a right to receive the type of training for which he is specifically adapted. Many high school curricula have in the past been based on college entrance requirements, whereas only a very small percentage of high school graduates enter college.

JULES CLAYMAN, *Senior I. A.*

Some Eastern Shore Families

THE title "Eastern Shore Families" is one worthy of esteem. In every country certain names are prominent and characterize, for one familiar with the Shore, that section. The origin of these families is varied. Most were given grants from Lord Baltimore in the settling of Maryland three hundred years ago.

Northernmost on the Shore is Cecil County. One of the early grants was to Thomas Lightfoot. He called his acquisition "Success." This passed into the hands of Thomas Hammond and from him to his descendants, the Cromwell family. Perrypoint was granted to John Bate-man. John Stump and his descendants of that name have owned this farmland. The Legislature of 1742 delegated men to "lay off" Elkton. Among these delegates was Henry Hollingsworth. A long line of distinguished gentlemen of that name have been his heirs. Though not an Englishman, Augustine Herman settled Bohemia Manor. His descendants are of the Massey, Bordley, Stump, Constable and Hynson families. The family names of Veasy and Ward are also Cecil County names.

In Kent County, Janvier, Raisin and Turner were all scions of the present-day Kent County families. Chapman, Hepburne and Skirven are "good Kent County names" also. (The young movie actress, Kathryn Hepburn is believed to be of this Hepburne lineage.) Chestertown is built on "Stepney," a grant to the Wilmer family. "Beck House" was owned and is still in the family of old Matthew Beck.

In Queen Anne's County the Emory family has long been in existence. The Earles, Tilghmans, and Pratts have been prominent families. It is interesting to know how the boundaries for some grants were set. A grant to De Courcey (now spelled Coursey) was given by Lord Baltimore in this county, taking in all the territory he could cover with his thumb on a given map. The first settlers of Kent Fort were Earekson, Carvil, Kemp, Legg, Tolson, Stevens, Denny, Bryan, Wright, Price, Sadler (now spelled Sudler), Goodhand and others. Queen Anne's County has closely associated with it, as visitors, Lafayette, Tench Tilghman and the two Charles Carrolls.

Talbot has prominent families of Lloyd and Chamberlaine intermarrying. So, too, is the case of the Tilghmans and Goldsboroughs. The manors built here were very stately. "The Wilderness" is an estate originally belonging to Nicholas Martin. The Speers, a Pittsburgh family, have once more made it a hospitable social center.

In Caroline County, Silvester, Purnell and Boone are old family names. "Oak Lawn," the Silvester grant, still stands, as do "Cedarhurst," "Marblehead" and "Plain Dealing," homes built on the Boone grants. Zabdiel Potter built "Potter's Mansion" on the Choptank below Denton, by the wharf of what is now Williston. Some of Colonel William Richardson's descendants still live in Caroline County. Swepson Earle, in "Chesapeake Bay Country" (p. 374) says of Caroline: "Here agriculture has developed during the past two or three decades to a remarkably high point but a number of the fine old homes testify also to the richness and prosperity of this district in the days long gone by."

These are the upper five counties of the Shore, and some of the old family names. The descendants of these families are rather hard to locate. Many of the families have either moved away or died out. But the spirit of their hospitality still clings to their names. These names make Eastern Shore history.

E. WILSON, *Freshman VI.*

❖

Day of Days

"The TOWER LIGHTS Are Out!" Every TOWER LIGHT Representative dashes down to the TOWER LIGHT Office. The broad smiles on the faces of these officers, as they get their TOWER LIGHTS and sign for them, must be gratifying to the editors. Outside the door a section waits for its representative. And then:

"Ooh—the cover!" "Blue! and look at this design." "Lovely—the same that was on the Dedication Programs."

"Look! An article by—and this poem! It sounds like—even if no name is at the end."

"And this article about music!" "The reports on the games are fine."

So—reading, discussing and progressing (after a fashion), we go on through the halls and our voices trail back to the tired mortals who are responsible for this "big moment."

E. W., *Freshman VI.*

❖

A college magazine is a great invention,
The college gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money,
The staff gets all the blame.

Whence Came Our April Fool's Day?

*"What's the use of being wise
Even tho' we've had our schooling
Join the crowd on "April First"
Let's be geese and start some fooling."*

WHO could be dull when all the world is joking? April 1st, the jolliest day of the year, enjoys a character of its own, in as far as it, and it alone, is dedicated to the art of practical joking. While not a holiday by state enactment, April Fool's Day is a holiday of state in the mind of Young America. On this day the younger set make it their business to practice innocent jokes on their unsuspecting friends, thus making them what in France are called "poissons d'Avril," and with us April Fools. The object seems to be to catch someone unaware and play a trick on him which will make the circle of bystanders giggle and laugh at its absurdity.

To be a successful April Fooler, one must have some considerable degree of coolness, a straight face, and a thorough knowledge of the best way of attacking his victim. The greater part of this queer business is done before breakfast, while as yet we have had no occasion to remember what day of the year it is, and before anyone has warned people of their danger.

No one seems to know when the custom of the Purse with String attached or the Soapy-Centered Chocolates first came into being. We do know that these April Fool instruments and their kin have been in evidence for centuries. One speculator goes back to Noah and the Ark. The April Fool custom arose from "the mistake of Noah's sending the dove out of the ark among the Hebrews before the water had abated, on the first day of the month which answers to our first of April."

It was a day of revelry among the ancient Romans who concluded then their day of the "Hilaria," a time when great and small masters and men descended to a level of folly, and for the time being forgot distinctions of rank and position.

The English probably borrowed their April Fooling from the French, as it was not heard of until the beginning of the 18th century. A special favorite in England is the joy of seeing someone apply at the village bookstore for "A History of Eve's Grandmother," or at the grocer's for a pint of pigeon's milk.

Some old writers used to attribute the origin of the custom to another cause. April is proverbially an uncertain month in regard to weather. One moment it is fine, at another it is raining. Some people imagine that the first April fools were those who in such weather went

out exclaiming, "What a fine day!" and lo! A shower drenched them to the skins. It was a pretty notion; but considering that the day is kept not in England only, but in India, Italy, Spain and other countries whose climate is different from ours, it is hardly a likely explanation of the matter.

We have many kinds of jokes. Still does the small boy take delight in calling to a passerby to look at the bottom of his coat where someone has pinned a piece of paper. Bricks alluringly disguised will lie in wait for the toes of the trusting. Some idiot always telephones the sheepfold and inquires of the shepherd whether the year's sheep are folded to the left or to the right. Many a father on rising on the morning of April 1st finds the legs of his trousers turned into a "mare clausum" by the cunning adjustment of pins. At the breakfast table father is also hailed with the information that "There is something on your face," and after ineffectual efforts to wipe it off is told with wild shrieks, "April Fool, it's your nose." Being a kindly man and a good father, he does not explain to his progeny that he, too, has pulled this same jest in his day on his equally complacent parent. April Fool candy, made of gun-cotton spiced with pepper, coated with sugar and appetizingly colored is still sold at stores to be used on this day.

What foolish joke are you expecting to play on this universal day of trickery?

DOROTHY GRAY, *Senior I.*

The Fiery Dragon (Puppet Show)

"THE ancient art of puppet play stretches back to the remote shadow-land of the past." Since then this art has developed in unique fashion. Something of this development was revealed in Mr. Bernard Shaw's puppet show—"The Fiery Dragon"—presented at the Maryland State Normal School on February 1 by Bernard H. Paul.

There were fifteen tiny characters who appeared life-size and very human to the audience. All of them joined in unraveling the plot. A young princess, in order to save her father, consents to go with the fiery dragon, who is hungry for a young and tender bit of food. When the king hears of his daughter's action, he sends one of his bravest knights to rescue her. A fierce battle follows and the knight is victor. For reward the knight is made a prince and the princess becomes his wife. They live happily ever after.

After the performance, we students were permitted to go backstage. Our inquiring eyes betrayed surprise when we saw how tiny the puppets were. They were made of various materials—cloth, wood,

and wire. The feet were heavily weighted. The costumes were planned in great detail, and fitted perfectly. The stage was quite tiny, and the puppeteer worked on an elevated bridge behind his stage. There were only three people to talk the parts for the fifteen characters. Of course, there were secrets in the art that we could not discover.

There was a high degree of action which added to the success of this puppet show. The campus elementary school children bubbled over with enjoyment for this clever and very fine piece of staging.

RUTH KOLATA, *Senior VII.*

Men's Kitchen Candy Party

SATURDAY night, February 10, found the dormitory kitchen a scene of unusual activity. A number of students were gathered there for the annual Kitchen Party. Despite the fact that it is a generally established idea that the kitchen is the domain of the fairer sex, the men are the hosts at this party. They, along with the girls of their choice, were garbed in aprons and seemed quite thoroughly at home among the pots and pans. Candy making was the order of the evening and the rich fudge and fondants that evolved under the deft hands of the lads and lassies were delectable enough to measure up to the tastes of one so versed in culinary arts as Miss Diffenderfer.

As candy cooled an orchestra played and dancing began. A gingham gown, which was presented to each couple, served as a program; and such delightful events as a balloon dance, a Virginia reel, and a broom waltz concerned the interests of the self-appointed cooks. Many of us wondered why Mr. Minnegan wasn't skillful enough to avoid dancing with the broom during the broom dance. Maybe Mr. Wheeler could explain this?

After cleaning up, the couples made their way back up to the foyer, where leisurely good-nights were said. We men had a thoroughly good time at the party, and we hope that our calorie-conscious friends were not too perturbed about the unusual consumption of sweets.

A. HARRIS BAER.

Tea at Glen Esk

SENIORS' hearts were heavy the night of Monday, February 5, for we came to the realization that for the last time we had been to one of the most enjoyed experiences of the year, the tea given by Miss Tall and Miss Sperry, for the student body, at Glen Esk. It is a "red letter day" for becoming acquainted.

The Men's Meeting

"**P**HEW! What a day! What a day!", exclaimed a few of the more easily moved I. A. (Industrial Arts) students as they left the Polytechnic Institute to view a six-inch blanket of snow which covered the ground. Nothing daunted by the incessant falling of snow upon their stalwart shoulders they stood upon the corner waiting for a street car to take them to Normal; for there was being held on that evening, February 1, the fifth of the monthly men's meetings.

Approximately thirty-five men heard the meeting called to order at 7:15 o'clock. This was, considering the inclement weather, a very good attendance. Everyone at the meeting was well-rewarded for his presence; for our speaker was Dr. Taylor, Superintendent of Secondary School Education of Baltimore City.

A brief survey of school conditions as they were from 1915, to the present, was given by our exceedingly interesting speaker of the evening.

Due to the volume of business, and the speaker's early arrival, we were unable to settle some very important matters pertaining to the Men's Revue. Therefore, Dr. Tall very graciously conceded Monday's assembly period to us for this purpose, so we supplemented our Thursday meeting by one in the browsing room. Election of master of ceremonies and business manager of the Men's Revue was held during this time. Messrs. Wheeler and Hirschhorn were elected to these respective positions. After a brief discussion of the operetta, and reading of an original skit for the Men's Revue by Mr. Seidman, the meeting was adjourned.

STANLEY MALESKI, *Senior I. A.*

Day Student Council Get-Together

Have you seen the caricatures of George Washington which are posted in the Library? Their origin? Oh, yes, they represent the sole passport to the Day Student Party, held on Wednesday, February 21, in Room 24. After the prize had been awarded to one of the Seniors, the rest of the afternoon was spent in dancing to music furnished by Jimmy Dugan and his orchestra.

Tower Light Tea

There is an old saying that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Our adviser believes this to be a truth. It was she, assisted by some of the staff members, who planned a most delightful tea and social for the staff and representatives. An informal business meeting followed. We believe that it was just a family get-together and a big success.

Orchestra Broadcast

ON February 16, 1934, a group composed of faculty members and students assembled in Miss Weyforth's room to hear our orchestra broadcast from WCAO.

The orchestra's first number was Gossec's well-known "Gavotte." In it, the violins, led in fine fashion by Leonard Kulacki, were the dominant feature. The first movement was very light and staccato; it was followed by a smoother, slower section, which finally led back to the first movement.

Second on the program came the first movement from "Sinfonietta in D Major," by Schubert. This was quite in contrast to the Gavotte. It begins pianissimo for the first twenty or so measures; more instruments are gradually added, bringing on a gradual crescendo to a fortissimo. This device in dynamics occurred several times in the selection.

Doctor Tall's talk came next. She spoke of music here at Normal, saying that it is one of the best ways to spend leisure time. She expressed a desire that some students, when they become teachers, may establish orchestras and glee clubs at their schools.

Afterward came Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 5." The well-marked rhythm, along with contrast in mode and tempo, always make this number gripping. Here again the violin section was effective.

Next, the orchestra played Beethoven's "Theme" from Opus 14, No. 2, followed by the same composer's "Adagio" from Sextet Opus 81. In this number the brass instruments lead off, the violins coming in later and taking up the same theme the horns had been playing. Elwood Beam, with his clarinet, supported by the organ, played by Virginia Cable, and Barbara Bartlett, with E flat horn, had important parts, which they executed very well.

The last number opened with the basses leading in Godard's "Second Valse." The composer seems to delight in chromatic passages (which give the violinists anything but a picnic). Near the end was something that interested the writer very much. The violins had a series of difficult chromatic scales. Suddenly there was a contrary motion accompanied by an increase in volume. As the lead violin tones ascended chromatically into the high register supported by the brass, the basses—'cello, string bass, and saxophone descended chordwise. The climax is reached in a fortissimo at the end of the piece.

All told, we heard a fine program. Miss Prickett arranged the numbers (very good selections from famous composers) in such contrast to each other that our interest never lagged. Thus the orchestra helped us spend a half-hour of leisure time profitably. We hope to hear from them soon again.

Assemblies

ASSEMBLY—JANUARY 26, 1934

It is always a thrill to meet a great person whom we have known only vicariously. Through the efforts of Dr. Tall and Dr. Cook, State Superintendent of Schools, we were able to share real experiences with Dr. Judd, the well-known educator from the University of Chicago. "Social Studies is not something added to the curriculum. Every subject is a social study, and it is the teacher's responsibility to make the next generation aware of its social ideals. Teach every subject so that the child will realize that it has come to him through the struggles of the race." Such was the educator's inspiring message.

MR. RYAN—JANUARY 29, 1934

Mr. Ryan is interested in Indian education, and passed on to us some of his knowledge of Indian schools.

A curriculum very much like ours has been introduced. However, they are very eager to preserve as many of the old Indian crafts as possible, so much of their time is used in an attempt to accomplish these ends. Their handicrafts include the making of rugs, baskets, moccasins, pottery, paintings, dolls, etc.

The Department of the Interior at Washington helps to finance Indian schools. Somehow, it is a bit thrilling to know that we can help to educate those people, whose ancestors once befriended the white man.

DR. RICHARDSON—FEBRUARY 19, 1934

Should a man be on a higher plane than woman? What can woman do to create an equality between herself and the opposite sex? Dr. Richardson is interested in an organization formed from the Pan-American Union. She gave us innumerable statistics, which resulted in the fact that no state puts woman and man on an equal basis. Man still stands above woman. Women teachers get less pay than men teachers; women are prohibited from holding some offices; marriage laws favor man.

Further work is needed to change these situations, and Dr. Richardson firmly believes that the Inter-American Commerce of Women will do everything in their power to make inequalities equalities.

MISS BERSCH—FEBRUARY 20, 1934

This year is the three hundredth anniversary of the settling of Maryland, therefore we were very eager to listen to a talk given by Miss Bersch on historic Annapolis as a natural museum.

She carried us on an imaginary tour to Annapolis from Baltimore down the Annapolis Boulevard, crossing Severn River Bridge and entering the quaint city on King George's Street. As we toured the city,

Miss Bersch explained in detail points of interest. The gridiron of St. John's College was once the camping site of Lafayette and his soldiers; MacDowell Hall was the first governor's mansion; St. Anne's Church was the first Episcopal Church authorized in America and has a silver service donated by a king of England. Many historic homes were brought to our minds: the Bryce, Chase, and Scott home, where Francis Scott Key spent most of his life, Rideout home, Hammond-Harwood, Carvel Hall, and Carroll Mansions. The Naval Academy, emphasizing as it does the importance of Annapolis and the nation as a whole, was our last stop.

Faculty Notes

ANOUNCEMENT has been made of the engagement of Miss Osborn to Mr. George E. Odell of Towson. We offer our best wishes.

Miss Tansil dared to go to Washington. Some say she was a guest at the Pan-Hellenic Conference, while others say she went in search of her lost wardrobe. Which was it?

Miss Tansil and Miss Blood are skillful ice skaters, and we hear that they have been demonstrating this skill during the past "cold spell."

We are glad to see that Mrs. Brouwer enjoys modeling with snow as well as with clay. Her creative work proved to be a snow man!

Miss Arthur has returned from Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she has been convalescing. She expects to resume her work in the near future.

Miss Van Bibber is rapidly recovering and says she hopes to be back to "Normal" before the spring term begins.

Mr. and Mrs. Minnegan entertained Miss Tall and the faculty members who live at the Cottage.

A birthday dinner and surprise party was given Miss Stitzel by the Library Staff and some of the office members. It was a complete surprise. Miss Stitzel was overwhelmed with many lovely gifts.

How many of the faculty are playing contract bridge these days? Do you prefer Simms or Culbertson? If you want any "pointers" on Simms, see Miss Birdsong.

Our Dr. Tall was interviewed over the radio on Saturday, February 17, 1934, by Hyman Levin over his fifteen-minute "Campus Comments" program. The topic of discussion was the position of the school, the pupil and the teacher in a democratic society which is becoming more technologized.

Miss Jones demonstrates at Schools 63 and 99 as a basis for lecture work.

Chi Alpha Sigma

THE weatherman sent the coldest night of the year to welcome the four new members of Chi Alpha Sigma on Friday, February 9. But they did not mind this, for the friendly greetings from present members could not help but warm their hearts.

Miss Frazee's very delightful informal talk was followed by a social hour, which gave old and new members an opportunity to become acquainted.

We shall strive hard to do honor to the high standards of scholarship, achievement and character set before us in the pledge of initiation, and shall look forward to welcoming five new members from the Class of '34 at the spring meeting.

Sport Slants

NINE basketball games won and four to go! M.S.N.S. men are still "in order" and aim to conclude the 1934 season with—"Thirteen games played and thirteen games won!"

This season's squad is composed of probably the best material we ever had in the school at one time. Undaunted by the handicaps of student teaching and heavy scholastic schedules, the men have shown an increasing mastery of ball handling and offensive and defensive rebounding. Free throwing was good at the beginning of the season, but recent games have shown the skill in foul shooting to be slackening.

Throughout the season the condition of the players has been good, and some of the best applications of the laws of health, in regard to exercise and diet, have been applied.

Emerging as victors in the Wilson game after previously downing Frostburg, the White and Gold gained the title of Champions of Normal Schools and Teachers' Colleges in Maryland and District of Columbia. In the Wilson game, Dugan, who officially took Cole's place because of illness, showed good work. Outstanding was Rankin, who netted fourteen points and who displayed unusual skill in his floor playing and rebounding.

Molded by constant practice, a group of inexperienced Freshmen has played several junior varsities and made a good showing. Harper, Novey, Brumbaugh, Nicholl, and Royston have shown special promise.

Baseball is under way! The pitchers and catchers, Brumbaugh, Johnson, and Rankin, have been taking advantage of early indoor practice. They hope to be able to engage in outdoor batting and throwing before the end of March.

The impossible has been achieved! This year, due to the fact that all baseball and tennis games, except one, have been scheduled on Mondays, it will be possible for student teachers to be on hand for the games. Previously, schedules of games have not been carried out completely while students were teaching.

February 28th witnessed the first rehearsal of the entire ensemble for the Men's Revue. Up to this date, time was spent going over the acts separately and trying to shorten them as much as possible. Consequently, time is to be cut down almost an hour over last year's performance—and we expect to spend two hours and fifteen minutes on March 16th watching one of the best Men's Revues ever enacted. Dancing will follow the entertainment.

This month the pine trees decked themselves with snow for that outstanding senior girl who, undaunted by knowing glances and threatening tones, portrayed the true pioneer spirit. She actually fought fiercely and won the title of high point scorer of fouls.

Lest they leave the portals of M.S.N.S. unaware of their prowess on the basketball court, we beseech laurels for Ev Magaha and Fran Rullman. The first fair damsel has been outstanding for her agility in dodging guards and in netting points. At the Girls' Games she tallied thirty points. Fran has shown her versatility by strong playing at any position, whether it be guard, forward, or center.

Once again Towson Normal has been able to hold her own with the most outstanding winter resorts. From reports there has been unsurpassed sleighing and skiing (not to mention the incidental and also unsurpassed slides, flops, bumps, bruises, and skinned limbs!)

'S all to date.

SELMA TYSER.

Normal Chiefs Conquer Frostburg Teachers

Old Frostburg was really thrown upon the sod on January 19th when a fast-stepping Normal team handed them a 41-21 beating. Beginning early in the game with a four-point advantage, the home team never once relinquished their advantage. Wheeler, Turk, and Rankin kept the chiefs in front by accurate passing and shooting up to this point.

Normal began the second half in a business-like manner, and soon amassed a comfortable lead over their up-state rivals. Coach Minnegan was able to use his entire squad, and Frostburg likewise tried several different combinations in trying to stem the steady flow of shots rained on the basket by Normal. There was just too much Wheeler in the Normal lineup, Josh accounting for twenty of the total points scored by Coach Minnegan's charges. George Rankin passed steadily and also made good on most of his specialty shots; namely, foul shots.

Chiefs Capture Basketball Laurels of State and District

FEBURARY EIGHTH brought the second championship of the current school year to State Normal. Soccer, last fall, was rewarded with the Maryland Intercollegiate Crown and now, Basketball.

The championship was clinched when Normal scored a 29-27 victory over her arch rivals, Wilson Teachers of Washington.

Throughout the first half the score remained very close, with the half whistle finding Normal on the long end of a 14-15 score. Wilson came back with a flurry to run up a 22-17 lead. A basket by Wheeler and two long shots by Rankin saw Normal take a one-point lead. Wilson scored for a 25-23 advantage. Again Rankin came through with a shot and followed with another to put the Warriors ahead 27-25. Wilson missed two fouls, the tying points, and then Wheeler made victory apparently certain when with but two minutes to play he scored a goal from the field. Fox of Wilson retaliated to keep the score at a two-point advantage. The final whistle ended the game with the ball in Normal's possession.

Aggressiveness on securing rebounds and accuracy in passing and shooting were the factors in Normal's victory.

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

Each-One!

EACH class emerging as a victor in one of the games played served as a superb ending to one of *the* gala events in at least fifty fair maidens' Normal School careers. To clarify the minds of the unknowing ones, I am referring to the girls' basketball games played Monday evening, February 12th. The scores were as follows:

Junior B team 24—Freshman B team 11

Freshman A team 31—Senior B team 17

Senior A team 42—Junior A team 17

The first game of the evening was the tilt between Junior B team and the Frosh B team. Play was slow during the first half, but when the players entered the floor after the rest period they seemed to have acquired their bearings. The Senior B team then played the Frosh A team in a game that started out to be an exciting, evenly matched tilt, as the half scores of Seniors-11, Freshmen-10, readily shows. At the beginning of the second half the Frosh forwards got into action and, despite the Seniors' many attempts at plays, the game was a Freshman victory. Outstanding was Rine, who netted 19 points. The superior Senior and Junior A teams were the last to play. Action of the teams

THE TOWER LIGHT

was fast—especially that of the Senior basketers who showed they could play as a unit.

From all the games of the evening the girls proved they could handle the ball and play together without special practises as team mates. What is needed, though, is more alertness in carrying through plays when the opportunity avails. Generally speaking, improvement has been made, and we should see better and more skillfully played games next year. The following are the lineups:

	Senior A	Senior B	Junior A	Junior B	Freshman A	Freshman B
F	Magaha	Tyser	Stanley	Sterbak	Smith	Yoder
	Huff	Needy	McCall	Jacques	Kling	Boone
	Stromberg	Cord	Hoke		Rine	
	Rullman					Vogelman
C	Rullman	Simmons	Yeager	Weaver	Straining	Lamm
	Magaha	Hobbs	Muller	Bounds	Merryman	Yenkinson
	Levin	Wachtel	Cook		Hergenrather	
	Perigino					Dayett
G	Williams	Jules	Lambert	Jacobsen	McGuigan	Lavis
	Berman	Hobbs	Wilson	Thompson	Stevens	Waltmeyer
	Bussard	Toole	Muller		Muller	
		Brown				

Throughout the games there was the feeling of friendly competition. Cheers were given to stimulate and commend playing, not to down or "razz" rivals. All joined wholeheartedly not to support merely a particular team, but female sports as a whole. Perhaps this spirit was imbibed along with the delicious dinner given the teams. Regardless of the cause the evening in its entirety will long be held foremost in many a senior's memory and will serve as a gleaming torch to light the way for the Juniors and Freshmen who may participate again in the Girls' Basketball Games.

◆

"What sort of toothbrush do you want?"

"Lemme have a big one—there's thirty fellows in our fraternity."

* * * *

Last night I held a little hand,

So dainty, and so neat!

Methought my heart would burst with joy,

So wildly did it beat!

No other hand into my heart

Could greater solace bring,

Than that dear hand I held last night—

Four aces and a king.

* * * *

He: "Do you believe kissing is unhealthy?"

She: "I couldn't say—I've never—"

He: "You've never been kissed?"

She: "I've never been sick."

Well! Well! Well!

IT is rather difficult for people to write upon a subject about which they do not feel deeply. For instance, it is highly improbable that a person who still cherishes hangovers from a winter cold would feel much like getting up (or even staying down) and chirping, "Spring is here!" Still, there are certain natural phenomena over which a person has no control. Spring *is* coming. Therefore we take it upon ourselves, more as a solemn duty than anything else, to announce this fact. May we express the sincere wish that Normal School wake from its long winter sleep and produce such activity as befits the season? Perhaps that will give us more to write about. Anyhow, here's what winter has done:

After a month of intensive research we found that if all the ex-student teachers who sleep in class were laid end to end—they'd be a darn sight more comfortable.

If the janitors told but half of what they knew, what interesting tales they might relate! For example, there's that unfortunate incident in which one of Lewis's assistants stumbled upon two young turtle doves billing and cooing (or cooing and billing) after hours. May we suggest that the old-fashioned way is best. Balconies are less conspicuous, if some care is exercised in their selection.

One of the members of the faculty who just bought a new Plymouth coupe was recently heard to remark that winter looked swell on a calendar, but that its beauty was very hard to appreciate when driving a car without chains!

Could it possibly be the little girl in Room 99 of Richmond Hall (we can't tell you her name, but her initials are H. W.) that Temple Smith waits for in the parlor every afternoon? She never shows up! We understand that her roommate has the same interest in the patient waiter that he has in H. W. 'Sa funny world, isn't it?

A visit to Room 223 during the lunch hour brings us these interesting facts: Doris McGlaughlin goes into raptures when she hears "I Found a Million-Dollar Baby in the Five and Ten Cent Store." Miriam Harper likes to hear "My Darling." Gene Benbow's face assumes an enraptured expression when he hears "Stardust" or "Sophisticated Lady." "After You're Gone" is the only piece to which Margaret Knauer likes to dance. "Mackie" Hergenrather stops dancing to listen to "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Music hath charms . . .

Congratulations to the Misses Doris Eliott and Edith Corcoran. They are about to embark upon an adventure which even in these hectic years sometimes lasts a lifetime. May their marriages be happy ones!

To prove that human beings learn through bitter experience: recently while the renowned foils artist of Junior III was fencing at one of the city high schools someone took a childish fancy to his street trousers, which he had placed carelessly on a chair. As a result, he was forced to plow through the snow-covered streets clad in white ducks. The next day we strolled into the men's room to find our hero's coat neatly suspended from the ceiling.

We admit that it's good policy for a class president to be a sociable chap and a good mixer. We expect that. But when our senior class president *consistently* chooses to speak to one young lady in particular (the tall and attractive blonde in Senior III), what are we to think?

Didn't the class suppress a snicker when the right honorable Mr. "Pete" Baer, who was asked to give the aims of education, answered, "Social, physical, vocational, and *anæsthetic!*"

Mr. Davies (Junior III) has confessed that Love has entered his life. When we asked who the fortunate young lady was he turned a becoming vermilion and kept a tactful silence. We noticed, however, that Malcolm has been casting many long and lingering glances in the direction of the Campus Elementary School these days.

"What-a-man" our basketball star has turned out to be! To look at him, one would think he was the quietest and shyest young man in the Junior class. However, we have it on good authority that he is playing Don Juan. They do say that he has an admirer among the day students as well as in the dormitory. Fie upon thee, George!

This one is told concerning Miss Munn: One of the staff members came barging serenely into Miss Munn's office, to find her smoking a cork-tipped cigarette! The staff member recovered just in time to see our adviser calmly tear off the cigarette paper and proceed to eat the candy which was wrapped inside.

Washington's birthday proved to be a grand home-coming day for many of the recent graduates. Among the celebrities seen at the school were Mary DiMarcantonio, Carletta Scarf, Ethel Chelf, Sidney Chernak, Louis Cohen, Mary Ann Douglas, Paul Yaffe, Lew Rachanow, Ed Gersuk, and William Seeman. Many of them were seen to cast longing glances at their old, familiar haunts. It's so hard to leave Normal forever . . .

You'd think to look at Junior II's schedule that everyone had enough books to carry. It seems not so, however, for one morning a certain girl had the whole section in an uproar when it was discovered that she had brought her telephone directory to school!

It would seem that Elwood Beam has found a new romance. One might say (in a joking way) it wasn't quite by chance. The Fates' decree (it seems to me) that love light should awaken. Does Charlotte, too, take this same view? Orem I not mistaken?

Did You Know:

THAT between four and five quarts of ink are used each year in the administration and clerical work of this school? We would not want to be quoted on this, but we think that the average student uses between ten and twelve gallons.

That the Day Student "Get Together" uncovered many artists?

That since repeal, the flavor of baked apples has materially improved?

That the medical department here at Normal is one of the best of its kind in the State? This year an improved sterilizer for dressings, Thomas splints, a carrying chair, and new all-wool blankets have been added to the equipment. The infirmary cares for and examines one thousand people. This includes students and employees in the Normal School, the Elementary School, the dormitory, and the power house. There is kept a complete filing system which contains the medical history, Dr. Abercrombie's findings, and the follow-up records of each student and employee at Normal. After each student graduates, his record is given to the registrar, who keeps it with his scholastic record.

That as a result of working on a unit on Japan, a Junior has taken to drinking tea with avidity? Note: The avidity is not drunk in the tea, but is served on a separate dish and eaten with a spoon.

That in Miss Cook's room, William Shakespeare gravely takes in all the discussions of Educational Measurements? He is perched on a filing cabinet in a corner and he keeps a marvelously composed countenance, considering some of the things he hears.

That since one of our budding young playwrights has had one of his works produced, there will be no holding him?

That the blackboards in the Men's Room are embellished with attempts at rhyme and rhythm? There follows a sample:

We lie out stretched in the crematory,
The faggots are lit by the seer, wise and hoary,
Gone are our souls which life held in thrall,
A few gray ashes—that is all.

Hits and Bits

A "no shave" club was organized at Indiana University. Members have pledged not to remove their beards until the football team wins.

At the University of British Columbia there is a punctuality machine that flashes a cheerful "welcome" to prompt students and a sarcastic "late again" to those who amble in tardy. It was invented, of course, by a harassed instructor.

Spectacular entrance: Flying to the Davis and Elkins game in a passenger plane, the New River College's football captain leaped from the

plane when over the field and parachuted down to position just in time for the game.

Students at Connecticut State demand half the royalties on their examination papers which are sold to humorous publications.

North Carolina State claims that some of their freshman football players have the hardest names in the United States to pronounce. Some of these are Sarin, Ryneska, Matys, Chiemiego, Spitalnich, Jakwich, Gershowitz, Schoolsburg, Istvaan, Kubesa and Reinesch. Pity the radio announcer!

Here's another one about exams. From the *Tulane Hullabaloo* we learned that a stude at the University of Chi was positively disgusted with an exam he was trying to wade through, so he wrote on the paper: "Only the Lord knows the answers to these questions." The next day he got his paper back with the prof's comment on it: "The Lord gets an A, you get an F."

A student at Marshall College is earning his way through school by embalming cats to sell to anatomy students.

Minnesota co-eds are fined ten dollars or given six days in jail if they are found wearing a fraternity pin.

❖

Jokes

"Dear teacher," wrote an indignant Mother, "you must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. At home we never hit him except in self-defense."

* * * *

Dolly was just home after her first day at school. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied the child. "I've got to go again."

* * * *

The foreman reported the jury was unable to agree upon a verdict. The judge said the case was a clear one and added, "If you do not reach an agreement before evening, I'll have twelve suppers sent in."

"May it please your Honor," spoke up the foreman, leering at one of the jurors. "Make it eleven suppers and a bale of hay."

* * * *

Filling Station Attendant—"Here comes another I. W. W. customer."

Patron—"What's that?"

Attendant—"A motorist who wants only Information, Wind and Water."

First Kangaroo—Annabelle, where's the baby?

Second Kangaroo—My goodness, I've had my pockets picked.

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares

Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories

Stop in and see the new display of spring models.

Hergenrather Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists

Since 1901

Phone Towson 39

We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candies, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S

Garage & Service Station

Towson, Md.

Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station

Official AAA Station

24-Hour Service

Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths

421 North Charles Street

DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE

Founded 1815



The
Second National Bank
of Towson, Md.



HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds

Watches

Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.

Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting

Birthday Cards

Parker Pens

Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

York Road and Willow Avenue

Towson, Maryland

Towson 50

Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows' Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost in style for the collegiate miss and youth.

The Hub

Baltimore - Charles - Fayette

CAvert 4-4-4-4

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

Compliments

of

TOWSON THEATER

You Will Enjoy Our
Home Made Sandwiches
Coffee **Hot Chocolate**

Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe
420 York Road Towson, Md.
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries

TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

Come Up and See Us Sometime!
Hollywood's Leading Sheiks on Our Screen!

REX Theatre

4617-25 YORK ROAD

Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

STEBBINS-ANDERSON
COAL & LUMBER CO.
LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES
Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed
Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE TOWSON

DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS
PLYMOUTH
Phone: Towson 525

Say It With Flowers
The most artistic in Cut Flowers
and Plants.
Let us fill your Flower needs.
I. H. Moss, Inc.,
5315 York Road Tuxedo 1400

Run Right to

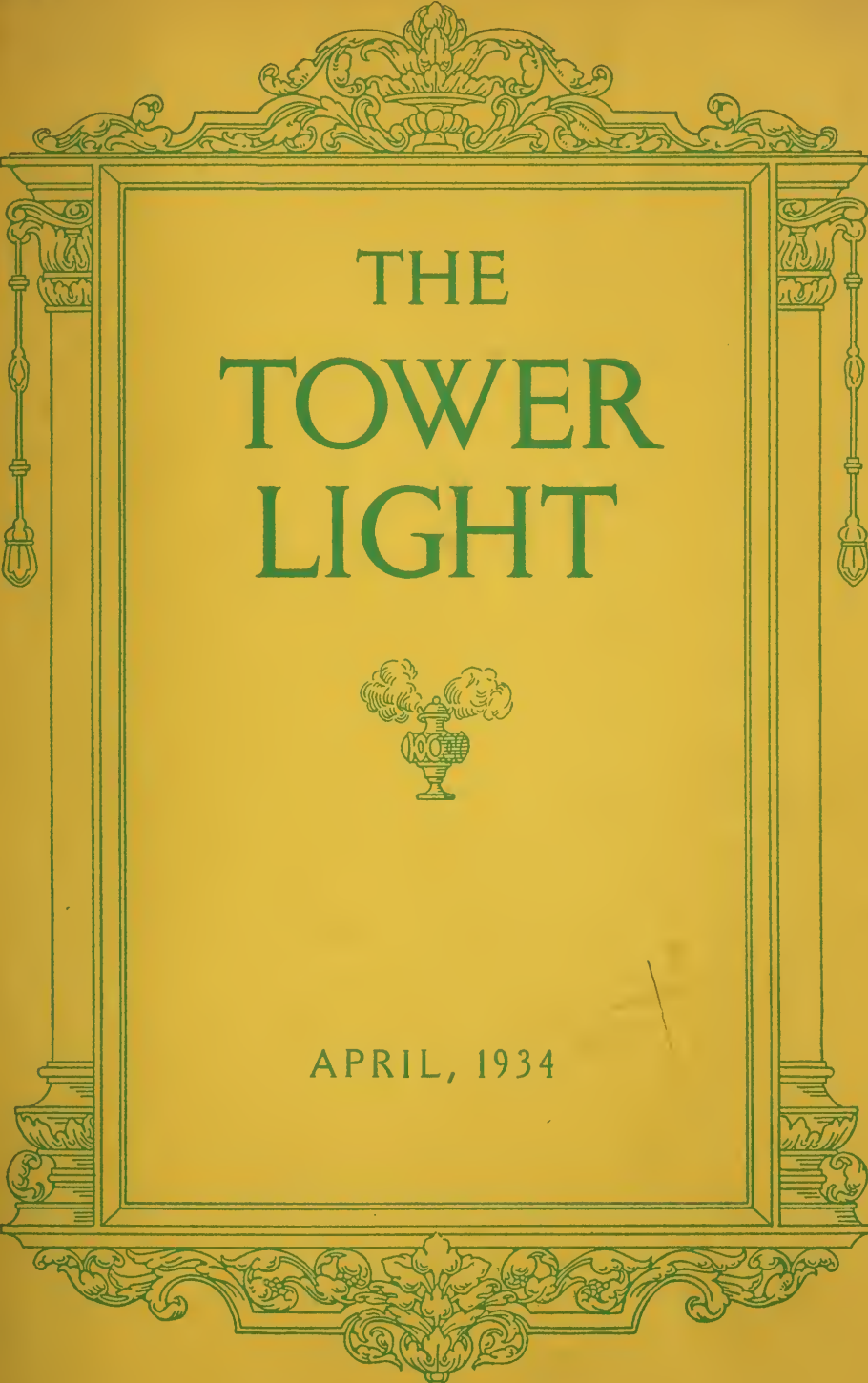
READ'S
TOWSON'S BEST
DRUG STORE!

Rex News

Get Your Ph. D. In Entertainment.

We are all sensitive in various ways to learning. There is the word, the picture, and the sound method. Most of us get our knowledge not from books which we read but from pictures and sounds, and actual experience.

If you want to learn about life as it is lived today, doff your academic dignity and enroll in the Rex Theatre Course in Entertainment. The finest specially chosen films will teach you. There's no more enjoyable course in any college in the world (apologies to the Faculty) than the Course in Entertainment at the Rex.



THE TOWER LIGHT



APRIL, 1934

The Tower Light



*Maryland State Normal School
at Towson*

T O W S O N , M D .

Contents

	PAGE
Design.....Mary Di Marcantonio	
Spring Song	3
Tune In	4
Solitude	6
Ferns	7
Romany Musician	8
Sounds of New Life.....	9
On With the Dance.....	10
Steel to You (Continued).....	12
Young Johnny	13
Poetry	15
Book Reviews	16
Maryland Tercentenary	18
Editorials	20
A Trip to Washington.....	22
Men's Revue	24
Assemblies	26
Faculty Notes	28
Campus Schools News.....	29
Well! Well! Well!.....	31
Jokes	34
Advertisements	35

The Tower Light

VOL. VII

APRIL, 1934

No. 7



Spring Song

I walked today through fields new mown,
And oh, the air was sweet
Where fresh green grass was cut, and lay
All shining at my feet.

Pink clover blooms were everywhere
Utopia for the bees,
There were lazy patterns on the ground
Where the sun shone through the trees.

I breathed in deep of earth and air.
I looked on cloudless skies.
I fastened clover in my hair
And felt my spirits rise.

DOROTHY MUDD.

Tune In

As each year passes, each season, in literature and in life, takes on a definite form and a definite theme.

Spring, first in the procession, represents the Beginning—a glad joyousness over the resurrection of all things held beautiful and lovely in the eyes of mortals.

The year has changed her mantle cold
Of wind, of rain, of bitter air;
And she goes clad in cloth of gold,
Of laughing suns and season fair;
No bird or beast of wood or wold
But doth with cry or song declare
The year lays down her mantle cold.

CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

She comes, with her dress of freshest green trimmed with tulips and hyacinths and trailing arbutus, with her train of larks and thrushes and daffodils and daisies. The grasses, being told by the sweetened and gentle winds that she is coming, have peeped from their winter homes and are bending their still-tiny heads as gracefully as possible in token of her arrival. How can anyone not know that Spring is coming? Man begins to visualize the great deeds he is going to do. He aches to leave the inside, stuffy world which winter has forced upon him. He wants to get out with Spring and her Company. He begins to wish that he were lying on a hill looking up into the sky. He begins to wish for the wind on his face. He desires that nature entertain him in her own way. He is sick of the material, sophisticated, rich things civilization has to offer him. He now wants delicate, lovely, unaffected surroundings. He wants happiness and song. He hears the song of the lark, whose voice:

"The sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass
Rain-awakened flowers
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh thy music
doth surpass."

He is even envious of this creature who can express his very own feelings in such a glorious outburst and he pleads with the bird:

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am
listening now."
(*To a Skylark*—SHELLEY)

He is delighted over a small delicate blossom which has made him penitent for thinking that God had forgotten the world. He notices the movements of the returning birds. Now, he wants to get up early in the morning. He wants to see and greet the returning Sun. All this, does man do because of Spring. Spring—life after death. Light, graceful Spring who turns man's thoughts from dark, heavy chains of existence to lovely, misty cobwebs of day-dreams.

Man has tried to grasp this elusive mistiness to keep it with him forever. But it is impossible, for once Spring goes, the lovely freshness goes with her. Only synthetically can Man retain—not Spring—but a faint memory of her. It seems harsh and unfeeling to call lovely poetry and music artificialities—but what divine artificialities they are.

MARY DI MARCANTONIO.

—o—

Firefall

NIGHT—and the tall redwood trees stretched darkly skyward. The mountains closed in around Yosemite Valley, and the small group of people watching the entertainment at Camp Curry felt strangely drawn together in one lump of humanity. Crisp mountain air and cool stars offset the warm Spanish songs and the laughing, which is half a cry, of the violin.

Soon all lights were out; people stood silently and faced Glacier Point—waiting. Through the valley came a weird echo, "Hello, Camp Cur-ry!" Cupping his hands to his lips, a man from Camp Curry called with the queer cry of the mountains when the separate syllables are stressed, "Hello, Glac-ier!" After more exchanges of calls in which Camp Curry indicated that all was ready, a large bonfire was kicked over the rocky edge of Glacier Point. Slowly, leisurely, beautifully, a heavy shower of sparks fell from high in the mountains. People, awed, breathless, stood in the greatness of the night, watching. A violin solo accompanied the shimmering beauty.

The sparks died out on the rocky ledge; the music ended. Some people, casting only a glance at the open fire circle gathering for stories, stumbled into their tents and cabins with a shining sense of "bigness" held close.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

Solitude

I AM alone on the sun-drenched sands. Salt tears smart a scorched cheek and at last melt into the turquoise sea. The bumpy waves, look wise—almost consoling—in their depth, but rush in plumes of water on to the sloping beach, laughing at me who thought them placid.

I am alone beneath the stars. With the darkness, the trees have found their voices and the sky blinks its eyes in awakening. A wind sighs as it stirs, yawns once and falls asleep again. I stand knee deep in silver, and, stretching out my hand, grasp the Dipper's handle to drink long of star milk.

I am alone amid the swirling gulls. My heart is dumb to their cries, being beyond tears. The caressing tide, too, has left the reaching shores, but it will be drawn silently back until it once again tenderly immerses the thirsty rocks. Perhaps so shall you return to me.

MARY-STEWART LEWIS.

Miami, Florida,
March 22, 1934.

Seascape

I ran out into the waves with exultation.
The ocean is so large and cornerless.

I walked in the thinness of waves
And splashed the water high in silver streaks.

I found a large half-shell.
Barnacles clung with wet yellow
To the smooth pinkness inside.

The sand was damp and shining.
I stamped my feet to see the lights quiver.

A crab scuttled close to shore.
My hair tangled in sea-spray,
Laughing, I ran.

M. SIMMONS.

Ferns

NOW that Spring has arrived, we can stroll through our favorite woodlands once again. This year, however, be a bit more observing than last year; notice the lacy ferns that grow so plentifully.

Ferns have been termed by many poets, botanists and nature-lovers as the most beautiful of "leafy" plants. From the beginning, the ferns (Filicales) have been deprived of the one criterion (so many people think) of plant beauty—the flower. Instead of a flower, nature has lavished on the fern the most delicate and beautiful leaf in the woodlands. Thoreau, the American essayist and naturalist, says, "Nature made ferns for pure leaves to show what she could do in that line."

We can be quite sure of finding ferns in any woodland where there is a stream running through it, or where there is a moist lowland. The Royal, Interrupted, and the Cinnamon ferns can be seen on the banks of the stream; in many instances their roots are washed by the flowing water. Farther back from the stream we see the Lady fern and the Massachusetts fern, while on the drier land the Christmas, Polypody and Rattlesnake ferns are to be found along with the Beech and Oak ferns. Where the woodland and meadow meet, near the running brook, the Marsh fern is to be "had" for a little diligent searching. The Sensitive fern will be found in the meadow where it has the full benefit of the noon sun.

In the limestone region the peculiar Walking fern is to be found. This fern, while it produces the typical characteristic of all ferns, the fruit dot or sori, grows new plants from the tip of its frond. Wherever the tip happens to touch the soil, it enlarges and produces rootlets from which a new plant develops. This new plant remains in contact with the parent plant over the winter months. The Walking fern, *Camp-tosorus rhizophyllus*, is an ever-green fern, and can be found at any season of the year.

The next time that you wander through the woods, become better acquainted with the ferns, whose early existence is recorded in the fossil beds of the Devonian and Carboniferous Ages.

EARL H. PALMER, *Junior III.*



JINGLE

There was a man from County Cork
Who was born on the day of his birth;
He was married, they say, on his wife's wedding day.
And he died on his last day on earth.

The Romany Musician

IT is Spring, and we answer once more the call of the out-of-doors. We are free to roam as we will. Hark, stop for a moment and listen, for we hear in the distance the wild, weird, wail of a violin. We must find the player, for he, too, must feel as we do. We are off again!

Come, let us follow the wandering gypsy minstrel. As he plays, we hear strings, charming music, with almost barbaric rhythm and wild emotion. His music is characterized by endless variety of rhythm, absolute freedom, even abruptness in modulation, and a profusion of embellishments. He stops for a moment, and we ask him the name of the piece he was playing. He stares at us blankly and then smiles; it has no name, he just plays what he feels inside. He improvises as he goes along. Will he play some more for a few coins? He is happy to do so. Thus, he pours forth on his violin his feelings. First a gay, lively melody, and then a sad, almost cruel song. He plays on and on—. His music is the true expression of the life of his people, a strange, mysterious folk, living apart from others, ever roaming, always listless.

It is a fact that few compositions of this race have been preserved. This is because of two reasons; first, most of their music is improvised, and second, the variations and rhythm make them difficult to record. The characteristic scale is C D E flat, F sharp G A flat B C. However, the work of Czermak and Lavotta are good examples of genuine Magyar music.

The musical forms of the Hungarians are limited. The composers give themselves up to momentary inspirations. This form would best be expressed as a fantasia which is really no form at all.

Many of our great musicians have been influenced by this gypsy music, as Haydn, Schubert, Brahms and particularly Liszt, whose fifteen Hungarian rhapsodies are masterly arrangements of genuine melodies.

J. HOOPER, *Senior I.*



Eventide

From a distance the call of the whip-poor-will and the answering call of mate were heard. No, you could not see them for they were nestled in the growing stillness. Even the gentle breezes hushed their rustling in the tree tops, to stand at attention as His Majesty prepared for bed. Long shadows noiselessly and slowly crept over the countryside. The brightness of the landscape was fading for when the sun goes to sleep Mother Nature and her children slumber, too.

J. MEYER, *Junior IV.*

Sounds of New Life

SPRING brings a tidal wave of glorious melody. The voice that first makes you realize that Spring is in the evening air seems to come from the very earth itself. It is the mysterious lilt of the Spring peepers, nowhere to be seen but sending forth a volume of sound in the twilight.

Several mornings later just as you are aware of the Spring sun penetrating your window shade you will hear the "Sweet-sweet-sweet, very-merry-cheer" of the song sparrow. Then you will discover many of your bird friends and hear their songs from post, bush and tree all over the land. From lawn, field and orchard will come the chatterings and squeakings of grackles. Best known and best loved of all the early arrivals is the robin. He sings ecstatically at evening and from roofs and tall trees we hear—

"Cheerily, cheer up! cheer up!

Cheerily, cheerily, cheer up!"

There are sounds all about you if you will only heed and hear. Perhaps you may find this message in the Spring air—"Now I know the secret of the making of the best persons. It is to grow in the open air, and to eat and sleep with the earth."

EDNA IKENA.

Indian Serenade

Thin sweet strains of a flute
Echo through the forest.
A warrior-Indian piper
Sending his appeal to his mate.
Beautiful trills so expressively wrought
Forest creatures cease their chatter:
Squirrels, at their capers, pause—
Birds, sensing superior melody, are silenced—
A starry-eyed young fawn approaches
And shyly peers through a thicket.
The song continues, an epic of love.
An ebony-haired Indian maid
Beside a waterfall close by,
Listens rapturously to his call
Her heart answering his plea.
Soon, she, too is lured near him—
The tune's irresistible conquest.

HERMAN BAINDER, *Junior III.*

Gershwin and His Try at Symphony

How many of you remember the all-Gershwin program given two years ago in New York? At that time Gershwin played his "Rhapsody in Blue." It made a great impression because of the excellent jazz melodies of which it was composed. Why call this a "Rhapsody," though? There is no relation between its material and its form. The effect of the work is still that of jazz melodies, and reveals Gershwin's inadequacy for his objective.

Even in his Piano Concerto, he showed lack of ability for any music but the delightful show music.

In his Second Rhapsody, Gershwin tries to fit American life to American music. Do Schubert and Brahms' waltzes depict the European scene? No. The American symphony does not have to be so different; just different only as one European symphony differs from another.

Gershwin has certainly shown us that jazz is not symphonic material, and that symphonic form is not for Gershwin. He must realize his shortcomings, since he has apparently ceased writing such material and continues to adhere to jazz technique.

SARENA FRIED, *Freshman I.*



On With The Dance

DANCING is the primary art. When primitive man in his leisure time gave vent to his feelings, he could do only one thing—dance. He had no musical instruments; he had not learned the use of his voice for singing; he had no organized language to form poetry; he had no implements with which to express himself in the graphic or plastic arts. He had nothing but his body which he began to move in definite, regular, rhythmic movements, and he discovered that after keeping up these movements sufficiently long he induced in himself a state of frenzy or ecstasy—a condition different from his normal condition. This made him believe that a god had entered his body and taken possession of him. He had, then, his first conception of Deity through the dance. The greatest dancer today, according to Ted Shawn, is one whose expression is based on the God—consciousness. With this feeling behind the dance, it cannot be trivial and inconsequential.

The first dance was created because the dancer wanted to express himself. We must keep this in mind when we consider the art of the dance. No art is true art unless it has a definite meaning to the artist. Many of us are wont to call exhibitions of physical strength and skill great art, but there is usually no expression behind these. The artist must

have these skills, but the true artist uses them merely as a means to show the feeling in his soul just as the poet uses words and the painter colors.

It is for the American public to demand high-type performers. Dancers, to live, must cater to the audience, and often a beautiful dance creation has to be changed because those who pay to see it will not understand. Judging from the type of thing shown in many of our popular theatres, and the audience's acceptance of such dancing, we feel that the public, as a whole, is far from appreciating the real art of the dance, and is enjoying an inferior thing that coarsens mentally, emotionally and spiritually.

Every nation in the history of the world has expressed in dance what was its most potential characteristic. May this art of dancing which is being revived in America today express the best in our culture and civilization: not the jazzy Negro dance; not the mechanical chorines; not the ugly, miserable phases of our time; but may it show the richness, dignity, and mellowness of our national tradition. May we show the bigness of heart and the long suffering of our great men. May we show the vastness of our plains, the majesty of our mountains, the fertility of our soil. May we show our spirit of independence and democracy. May we show youth and joy. Finally, may those who create such dances and those who watch them have a richer, fuller, and more beautiful life because of the stimulation of the finer emotions and the building of higher ideals.

DOROTHY BOTHE, *Senior I.*



China's Pentatonic Scale

THE countries that we are pleased to call "civilized"—United States, Germany, England, etc.—use the diatonic ("do, re, mi") scale. In China, the pentatonic (five-toned) scale is used; its intervals are like those formed by playing only the black keys on the piano. (Incidentally, many Scotch folk-tunes are built on this scale.) There is an interesting legend that tells why China prefers the pentatonic to the diatonic scale.

Once upon a time, Ling Lun, a wise old man, set out to seek more knowledge. Arriving at the bank of a holy river, he came upon the Foang-Hoang—the immortal bird of China—and his mate. The mate was singing in the diatonic scale; but the male bird was singing in the pentatonic scale. By carefully cutting bamboo reeds just the right length, Ling Lun recorded the notes sung by the male. The female's notes were not even considered, since China disregarded everything feminine.

China built her music around the scale thus copied by Ling Lun, and the pentatonic scale is still the foundation of Chinese music.

J. E. MACCUBIN, *Junior III.*

Steel to You

The Rod and Wire Mill (Continued)

IN the last installment the writer told you that part of the rod was made into different lengths for commercial use. The remainder, which is most of it, is used to make wire from which come nails, barbed wire, etc.

The doors by which the rod leaves the calcium hydroxide oven, face directly into the room called "the wire drawing room," where the wire is made.

This room contains about 250 Morgan "blocks." Before going farther an explanation of the term "block" is needed. A block is a rectangular piece of tungsten carbide steel with a tapering hole—the size of which determines the "gauge" of the wire. The rod is tapered by machine so that the end will fit through the block and enable a pair of tongs to grasp it, previous to its being drawn through the block at a rate of from 25 to 500 feet a minute. As the wire is drawn, or "passed," through the block it is reeled in approximately 300-pound bundles.

The wire next passes through a galvanizing process which protects it from corrosion. In the first step 30 strands at a time go through a vat of molten lead at a temperature of from 900 to 1300° F. The next step takes it through a 10% solution of hydrochloric acid which cleans it thoroughly. It then enters a bath of zinc chloride which acts as a flux and prevents oxidation before it enters the pure zinc bath.

As the wire comes from the bath, all excess material is removed by wiping. It cools as it runs about 100 feet in open air to a series of reelers.

Nails are machine-made by a series of operations carried on in one machine. The wire is fed into the machine from a reel. Immediately jaws grip the end, where the head is to be formed. The jaws hold the wire, while a hammer comes forward and flattens it. As the hammer reaches the end of the stroke the nail is cut off and pointed by knives. Then the nail is expelled into a bin. This process goes on indefinitely until the whistle blows, or the machine breaks down.

The process of manufacturing barbed wire defies description. Imagine four strands of wire entering a machine and coming out completed barbed wire.

JAMES R. OLIVER, *Freshman IV.*



From the Smith College Weekly we learn that: Success consists not so much in sitting up nights as being awake in the daytime.

Young Johnny

YOUNG JOHNNY chose a lovely morning for his glorious adventure. Young Johnny, however, cared nothing for the newly risen sun nor the dew-soaked earth nor budding arbutus and violets. Young Johnny knew nothing about glorious adventures, either, but he was driven by a deep, strong purpose. (Urge, to you.) You could tell that he was determined to do something about it because his deliciously freckled little-boy face was scrubbed and shining, and his lovely red curls, carefully trained in his not-so-far-distant babyhood by his worshipping mamma, were brushed down slick and straight. (Don't let Johnny see you smiling at the cow-lick he missed. He might not like it.) He had missed his ears, but who can blame Young Johnny for flaunting some sign of independence? He carried a carefully wrapped bread-and-butter-and-strawberry-jam sandwich in last night's funny papers, an old blue sweater, a baked sweet potato wrapped in the sweater, and Elson's Primer. Young Johnny thought the pictures in the Primer were excellent, especially the one showing a boy leaving home on a lovely morning for a glorious adventure. (Those are not Young Johnny's words, but they'll do.)

Perhaps you, with your extraordinary perspicacity and 135 I. Q., have already decided that Young Johnny was running away. It was awfully exciting because this was the first time that Young Johnny had voluntarily left the parental bed and board. You can't count as voluntary the time he went to the hospital to be forcibly separated from his tonsils and adenoids. Ask mamma—she'll tell you how a howling Young Johnny had to be pried loose from an anxious mother by two nurses, a doctor, and six or seven flustered internes. (The very blond interne was trying to impress the blue-eyed nurse.) But all that is beside the point. The important thing is that Young Johnny was running away, bearing with him only such remnants of his former life as he deemed absolutely necessary. He wanted nothing to do with his home or his teacher or his parents. Least of all did he desire contact with his once dearly loved mamma. She was a traitor and a betrayer of trusting men—such was Young Johnny's description of himself.

As he trudged along with footsteps that slowed up occasionally and then rushed forward as though they had been caught doing something not worthy of them, Young Johnny tried not to think of his now distant past. But into his still plastic mind came visions of another existence. He saw himself being washed and brushed and dressed by Miss Parker, who always looked as though someone had just washed and brushed and dressed her. He visualized the grown-up breakfast to which he had recently attained. That brought a pang not of homesickness but

of hunger. At once Young Johnny thought of the baked sweet potato, which he then proceeded to devour. Then the bread-and-butter-and-strawberry-jam vanished after the sweet potato. Young Johnny was beginning to wonder where he would obtain sustenance for the rest of his days. A tiny germ of discontent wriggled its way into the brain. Then came the germ of uncertainty, and between the two, Young Johnny was rapidly separated from his purpose. He began to want his mother, no matter what she had done.

Unconsciously Young Johnny turned around and retraced his steps. He was still oblivious to everything when he reached his own garden gate and strolled into the garage. There he stayed for a minute to gather strength for the questioning that he knew was coming. He drew a deep breath, walked toward the house, and entered the kitchen. He greeted the cook, went into the dining room, and took his usual place just as the family came in. His father expressed surprise at seeing Young Johnny up so early, and added that he was proud of his big son who could dress himself. To his great consternation no one mentioned Young Johnny's glorious adventure. He began to suspect that no one even knew of it, and that his gesture had been in vain. He was annoyed, but satisfied.

Then the sharp cry of a baby disturbed him, and his nerves went to pieces. He trembled visibly, but with remarkable self-control he sat quietly. Within him grew the resolution to stay home and to show them all, especially that new baby. He had no definite idea of what he would show them or how, but the inevitable male-ness came out, making Young Johnny stubborn and "sot." As soon as he realized that the decision had been made once for all, he gorged oatmeal and cream, drank milk, and with the very convenient memory of childhood and men he forgot all about it.

HILDA WEINER, *Senior III.*

—o—

Iron Man

Men—robots dirty with sweat—
Slaving tirelessly before giant furnaces
In the fiery glare of molten iron
Their immobile faces masks of swarthy brown—
The piercing whistle of the factory siren echoes shrilly.
Mechanically, the robots halt at the sound.
Unkempt paws pass over streaming brows.
Stolidly, the men turn from their tasks.
Aloof, inured to their surroundings.

H. BAINDER, *Junior III.*

Hill

*I must walk tonight till I stand on a hill
That will lift me from the town.
Quiet . . . dark . . .
And I will be alone.*

This hill earth that holds me
Is firm and humble and clean.
It gives sweet life to little grass,
To sky-searching tree.

From the pale earth rim to the zenith,
High in the star-swept night,
Great clouds moving
Air blown fresh,
I can dip my hand in its deepness,
Lift my face in its cleanness,
And feel I have been blessed.

MARY DOUGLAS.



Desire

Thin hungry hounds
Strained leanly through the sky.
Shivering with the ecstasy of desire,
Youth stood firm and naked, fighting cleanly.

Wisdom, knowing the age-old struggle,
Stretching out cool "thoughts" of peace,
Soothed Youth's troubled longing.
Peace came to Youth slowly,
Like tremulous light through stained windows,
Shimmering, faint, then strong flowing.

The lean hounds paused in flight.
Baffled, leashed,
They roam the short earth-grass,
Smolderingly content.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

Flamenco—Eleanor Smith

WHAT do you think she would do? She was born of gypsy parents, rejected by all their race for murder, and reared from early childhood in an English family exiled from London because of scandal. Will she go back to the gypsies with their fortune-telling and their wild "flamenco" music? What will be her relationship with her foster parents—the mother who locks herself away from the world and causes as much pain to the gypsy as she can; the father who has wanted Camilla, the gypsy, for his wife ever since she first came into the household? How will Camilla feel toward the adopted sister who takes every opportunity to show her sincere dislike? Will she eventually fall in love with the pretty, shallow Evelyn who was her childhood chum, or with the brooding, sullen, early enemy, Harry?

Plunged into this swirl of unusual circumstances, Camilla shows her heritage of the roving, singing gypsies and the influence of her queer and unhappy environment.

This and "Red Wagon," a story of the circus by the same author, are on the shelf waiting to be read.

MARGARET CLAYTOR, *Junior V.*



Come! Let's Travel

FOR those who like snow and wintry weather, sorrow not that the hand of Spring has driven out the Winter from our land. You may follow Him into the lands of the Far North, within the Arctic Circle, in Paul Du Chaillu's own story of "The Land of the Long Night." There you may stay and enjoy yourselves in six to eight feet of snow.

In relating his many fascinating experiences in the Lapp villages, Paul Du Chaillu tells of his encounters with reindeer, bears, wolves, skiis, and of his thrilling excursions over mountain and lake. With him, you will visit the homes in the Lapp villages, within and without, both in word pictures and in many realistic illustrations. You may have to come out of the house through the chimney as Paul once did when the house was snowed under, but this only adds to the enchanting life of the Lapp.

If you by chance ever need surplus knowledge about Lapland (for example in a unit), seek this book to gain information through enjoyment of these engrossing adventures of Paul Du Chaillu.

But—if you do not like to be in "The Land of the Long Night" and long darkness, then follow the trail of light with Bess Streeter Aldrich in her book, "A Lantern in Her Hand," and have Abbie Deal

light your way into the West. As a bride, this pioneer woman followed the covered wagon trail to Nebraska. Her steadfast courage and sturdy faith led her through the many struggles which confronted every pioneer family. The dreams and fancies of her young life are realized in the lives of her children and grandchildren. With her lantern of faith, love, and courage glowing from her radiant personality, she lighted the way for a new Western generation.

If you wish, you may drop both Lapland and the West, and go into China with Pearl S. Buck to march along beside "The Young Revolutionist." Ko-sen recovered from an incurable disease in a temple and because of tradition was made to serve as a priest in this temple. Rather than live the life of a priest, he attempts to escape with a merry lad of twelve, who had been dedicated to the temple for the same reason as Ko-sen. Their flight northward leads them to become members of a group of revolutionists who are trying to free China of all religious ideas and ideals. As the army advances it destroys all Christian missions and religious temples. Ko-sen's young friend is wounded fatally and is taken to a "white man's" hospital, where he is treated by a doctor who continually talks of the love and compassion of Jesus for His enemies.

The death of his friend, and the doctor's kindness cause a new spirit of Christian love to arise within "The Young Revolutionist" and revolt against his old sinful soul of hatred. Thus Ko-sen reveals himself anew, in the personage of a Christian doctor, who purposed to heal and cure in Christ's way.

G. AND E. TROYER.

Seasons

The Sun is a lover
That woos the buds tenderly
And kisses them gently at close of day.

The Sun is a warrior.
That scorches all life with a sword of flame
As he stalks triumphantly through the heavens.

The Sun is an artist
That uses the world for his canvas
Brightening it as he paints with his long yellow brush.

The Sun is an old man
That with long, crooked fingers
Tries to brush away the handiwork of Frost.

DOROTHY BOTHE, *Senior I.*

Maryland Tercentenary

THE familiar history of the state of Maryland is becoming more and more alive as the year 1934 progresses. "Americans have united in celebrating the tercentenaries of Jamestown, Virginia, the first successful Anglo-American settlement and the meeting place of the first colonial assembly; of Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the first written compact of self-government was signed; and of New York, established as New Amsterdam." In turn, plans have been made to celebrate with all due ceremony the three hundredth anniversary of the "free state of Maryland."

At the Baltimore War Memorial on Wednesday, November 22, 1933, the first event of the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Province of Maryland was held. This was "The Ark and the Dove Day Ceremonies"—a reciprocal to those held on the same day at Cowes, England, to commemorate the sailing of Lord Baltimore's two ships, on November 22, 1633.

At Cowes, England, a memorial tablet on the Victoria Esplanade was unveiled by Lord Fairfax of Cameron on the same date. A Baltimore artist, Hans Schuler, cast the tablet. The Ark and the Dove are seen at the top and the Great Seal of Maryland at the end. The tablet is fittingly inscribed: "On the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1633, Leonard Calvert, brother of Cecil Calvert, Baron of Baltimore, with his co-adventurers set sail from this port in the Ark and the Dove to establish in America the palatinate of Maryland under a charter granted by the King of England which conferred upon the people of Maryland all the Rights of Englishmen, to be theirs in perpetuity—Rights which the people of Maryland have ever cherished as their greatest, most valued heritage."

Upon the site, granted by the Cowes Urban District Council in the Society of the Ark and the Dove, this tablet is erected, November 22, 1933, by the state of Maryland.

Many public schools in the entire state of Maryland have had or plan to have programs concerning the Tercentenary. These take the form of class projects, school programs, pageants, or even the consolidation of activities among several schools. Many of these activities were combined with the Maryland Day Program and this day was celebrated with unusual ceremony throughout the state.

The patriotic societies of Maryland have been busy gathering material and organizing celebrations. There is a rumor at present that all of these patriotic societies of Maryland will unite to give one great pageant at the stadium in Baltimore. The Maryland School Bulletin for March,

1934, is a special edition devoted to pageant sources for the Tercentenary. It should be a valuable source of material.

By far, however, the most important event of the Tercentenary will be the celebration on June 20, 1934, at old St. Mary's City to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Maryland.

These are but a few lines in the plans of the Tercentenary from Somerset to Washington counties. We are living with a rich heritage of the past. We are proud indeed of the "free state of Maryland."



Mr. Babbitt and the King's English

MR. BABBITT has a voracious appetite and in his haste to swallow all he can find, he frequently forgets to think of the violent attacks of indigestion that follow. For a typical picture of a gourmand just watch him when certain words are set loose in his locale.

In "Harper's Index Expurgatorious," which was first begun in the October (1932) issue and continued for several months, is found a list of words and constructions which are considered abominations in a manuscript. Would you aspire to literary fame, avoid these. Do you admire your friends' "drapes"? Cave! It's "curtains to you" or, if your style demands it, you may speak of drapery. Do you trot out "Mr. Average Citizen" and "Mr. Everyman"? Do you prate of "we humans and the "forgotten man"? Again—beware!

Some doomed journalist recently stated that "conditions had been so serious during the winter of 1930 that there was literally a wolf at every door." Webster states—literal—following the exact words. Mr. Average Citizen's worries would have been over. With his trusty shotgun, he could easily have secured enough "wolf" to last the entire winter and furnish a fine wolf coat for each member of the family. Why twist some unhappy meaning from a helpless, over-abused word, when there are a multitude of other words for the choosing that better fit the need?

And alas! What pains Mr. Babbitt suffered when he swallowed the abbreviations tho' and thoro' and thro' without looking at the directions on the bottle. (N. B. Use sparingly for personal use. POISON! when used otherwise.)

Read this series of articles and check yourself. Are you a loyalist, true to the King's English, or have you turned traitor?

P. S.: May I nominate for oblivion or perhaps temporary suppression, undaunted courage, eternal darkness, infinite space, and immeasurable depths. Perhaps after these recover from their over-frequent public appearances they may regain some of their lost prestige.

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MIRIAM LEVIN

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

HILDA FARBMAN
BEATRICE WINER
LEE YENKINSON

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Concerning Principles

THE TOWER LIGHT, true to its principle of rotation, acknowledges Edna Ikena and Beatrice Winer as the editors of this issue. They have planned the issue from beginning to end to the satisfaction of the entire staff. THE TOWER LIGHT members feel that this system of rotation has worked most effectively for all concerned.

The staff members through their active participation in all the fields of magazine work gain a more comprehensive view and work with greater interest.

Prayer

TODAY I would seek Thy council, O Lord. Alone and far away I would seek Thee. But in my search, O God, I shall hide from the surge of city streets, the dim shadow of the cathedral, the cloistered walls of the church. And forgive me if for this brief moment I shall go far from all of man's brutal reality. For one brief moment of ecstasy let my haven of meditation be Thine own hills, wrapped in curling mist and glorious sun. And then shall I stretch my hands to Thee and clasp all of Thy great beauty and loveliness and hold it close to me—so close, O God, so close. And this my prayer, would I offer Thee:

O Master, make us people of understanding! Make us know our fellows before we judge them too harshly. Make us know the depths of their personalities so that they will not be crushed by our mob smugness. Make us courageous enough to do right as we see it and give us wisdom enough to see right as Thou wouldst have it. Make us see beauty—the beauty of the setting sun—the beauty of the spoken word—the beauty of all creation.

SYLVIA BRAVERMAN, *Senior II.*

Medicine Cabinet

HOW can one deride the value of the street car? I calculated that in the time taken for my daily trip to and from school, I could have taken a Mediterranean Cruise. What wealth I have accumulated by riding in the street cars instead of actually going on the trip! How my mathematical ability has been strengthened by these intricate calculations involved in reaching this conclusion! And the logic I had to use! Some day I'm sure there will be a J.G.B. Degree for all those attending the J.G.B. classes for a certain period of years. But I wander from the medicine cabinet. It was during one of my daily J.G.B. classes that I first heard mention of a medicine cabinet as an index to one's personality. I took but little notice of it, until another of my "professors" made a similar statement. Medicine cabinet an index to personality? I thought of mine. Sometimes so neat—with all the bottles in a row—white and clean and orderly. And other times—a helter-skelter mass of tangled bandages and upturned bottles. "I shall watch my personality," I said. My medicine cabinet will be neat and ready. Here I shall place a tonic for blue days; here a first-aid kit for sudden depressions. Here will be a large bottle of unselfishness; and there a whole box of "be pleasant" tablets. And in each and every box and bottle and tube, I will put the best that I have and am. (For there is "a best way to do everything" and it is for us to find it.)

But my class is over! I thank you, Professor J.G.B., for the lesson today. I thank you again.

A Trip to Washington

AN organized, planned trip to Washington for purposes other than to see cherry blossoms and public buildings was arranged by a group of students of Junior III, who were engaged in making geography units on "possessions of the United States," and "South America." It was found that government agencies can be used to great advantage in making teaching units.

Travel by machine was considered the most expedient method, because points of visit were very widespread and thus inconvenient for walking, and too expensive for street car. Equipped then with a good map of Washington, courtesy Miss Rutledge, the group left Baltimore about 9:15 A. M., after an unsuccessful search for a missing member.

After a brief stop at the University of Maryland, College Park dairy, the most convenient sequence of visits was planned. In Washington, a brief visit was paid to the headquarters of the N.E.A., whose library was rather scant for the topics under search. The comfortable chairs found favor in the eyes of the students, however. Across the street, conveniently, is the National Geographic Society, an impressive building. Here the students consulted valuable old "Geographics" in the library, and obtained information from the librarian on procuring material from the society. Of special interest were the murals and exhibits distributed through the building.

While the majority of the ensemble had repast, two venturesome spirits decided on an impromptu visit to the Argentine Embassy. A representative with a Spanish accent, graciously supplied some interesting pamphlets on Argentina.

The entire company then journeyed to the Pan-American Building. A beautiful foyer wherein grew tropical flora intrigued all. Two noisy parakeets provided entertainment. However, a conducted tour by an experienced guide added to the value of the visit. By introducing themselves and explaining their purpose of visit, Department heads gave the students maps and pamphlets on the respective countries of Pan-America.

Reluctantly, and vowing to return at earliest convenience, the students left for the War Department Building. At the Bureau of Insular Affairs, the "possessions" group obtained voluminous map and booklet material. Time was growing short, since government buildings close at 4:30 P. M., so another division of forces was necessary. One section went to the Department of the Interior, another division to the Department of Agriculture. The two aforementioned venturesome souls were nearly lost in the immense labyrinths of the Department of Agriculture. Here exhibits of United States' products are obtainable, and some free

bulletins. The corps at the Department of Interior acquired important findings.

Alas, 4:30 P. M. approached too soon. Tired, and well-laden, we departed for Baltimore.

HERMAN BAINDER, *Junior III.*

Piano Recital

ON FEBRUARY 28, 1934, the school was entertained with a piano recital by Miss Miriam Seidman. She announced her own numbers, the first by Beethoven, a theme with thirty-two variations. Different complicated rhythms, syncopation, and contrast in dynamics made this selection interesting. Miss Seidman executed very well a difficult staccato section and rapid runs in this number.

Chopin's "Valse in A Flat" was the second piece. Its movement was very fast and gave us plenty of opportunity to observe quite a display of finger technique. Miss Seidman brought out the melody in fine fashion in places where it was intricately interwoven with a complicated accompaniment.

One of Liszt's Rhapsodies completed the program. Its slow beginning was in contrast to the light flow of Chopin's composition. It was breath-taking to hear and see how well Miss Seidman played the cadenzas (for which Liszt is noted) that appeared in this selection.

Although our students applauded for an encore, they were not granted this pleasure, because the assembly time was past.

Miss Seidman is a fine pianist (as a student near me said, "She certainly can rattle those ivories.") Her technique is splendid; her runs—no matter how rapid—are always smooth. Her "piano personality" blends with the mood of the number she plays; she is as fiery with fiery music as she is calm with the simple, largo-type music. She lives the selection she is playing.

J. E. MACCUBBIN, *Junior.*

Mother

Oh, sweetest word that language ever knew—
Which Love and Peace and Duty whisper through!
Oh, Magic name that, like a very prayer,
Slips over lips, bereft and pale with care!

Oh, joyful name that little children shout,
And fragrant name, like roses round about!
Ah, Beauty smiles and Music echoes through
This sweetest word that Language ever knew!

ELIZABETH TOLDRIDGE, *Class 1880.*

Aged

WRINKLES, yes, her face and neck were covered with them. Yet constantly the wrinkled lips curved up at the corners as if they were happy to be in their corrugated surroundings. Her eyes, too, twinkled from behind their ancient shutters. Feeble legs tried to take nimble steps but were constantly reminded of their age by aching bones. The once upright spine had taken on a decided stoop and try as she might to walk erect, age held the upper hand and vetoed every move. No, she was not downcast because of these irksome pranks of age but accepted what came with a smile. Mayhap, this was the reason she had lived to this ripe old age.

J. MEYER, *Junior IV.*



To You, Gentle Reader

Below are a few glimpses of the Men's Revue as "Eye(s)" saw it.
OUR PRINCIPAL STATES:

The Men's Revue was truly a delightful affair. It was not only enjoyable; it was very creditable. It was not meant to be a thing of show or finish. The fact that every man in the school took part; the fact that all the stage properties and stage settings were managed by the men students; the fact that they, too, had fun and enjoyment just as the audience had—show a very high type of ability and co-operation. Truly, in every sense it was a recreational program, for the audience laughed, and laughed, and laughed. I shall never forget John Owing's aesthetic dancing as long as I live, nor the way Mr. Cohen made love to Mr. Norris—and the fact that Harvey Nichols is a replica of Miss Roach when he puts on his lovely pink gown and picture hat, will stay with me as a reminder that masculine faces and feminine faces are very much alike in the long run. Congratulations to the men students!

THE PRODUCER'S VIEW:

Group spirit controls group success. This spirit, this *esprit de corps*, is the keenest criterion of a group's success. When a team radiates over-confidence and lack of respect for opponents, disaster is just ahead. When the spirit of an organization reflects confidence, determination, and loyalty, success is assured.

Group spirit evolves in the process of working together. Every group member contributes to its form. The Revue spirit assumed life as 67 personalities, 67 abilities, 67 interests, 67 prejudices, adjusted, and blended into one worthwhile Revue.

THE JUDGE SAYS:

Did you ever try to make a bunch of heavy necks look soft and round by the use of grease-paint? If you have, why didn't you let us know? After an hour of such struggle, time came when all such operations ceased and the artificial beauties were herded up the winding stairs, much to the fear and horror of the costumers.

THE STAGE TECHNICIAN LEARNS:

The back-stage electrician and the stage hands must work hand in hand. One piece of false scenery or one lighting effect will spoil any act. All stage help must know what has to be done. They must do it correctly, speedily, and at the right moment. From this aspect, the Sixth Annual Men's Revue was the best ever produced.

A SPECTATOR COMPLIMENTS:

I was one of the large crowd who gathered to be entertained on the night of Friday, March 16th. I can find no suitable adjectives to describe the Men's Revue, but all I can say is, "It was the best ever!"

AN ALUMNUS SUGGESTS:

If I had the opportunity of awarding a prize for the best revue of them all, '34 would get it!

THE ACCOMPANIST RAMBLES:

What's next? Let me see . . . Advanced Tumbling? Guess I'll rattle off a couple of waltzes while the fellows go through the act. Next? . . . Little Nell . . . !!! I hope that "Dumb Cluck" comes in on the right beat! He hasn't for the last 47 rehearsals! . . . Oh, well, twenty-six more numbers and I'M through. . . .

THE MANAGER'S STORY:

The Revue was a good teaching situation wherein the General Manager learns to be strong (but not silent!), diplomatic, and forbearing. He rushes between conflicting opinions, smoothes out little squabbles, placates temperamental prima donnas, laughs at comical (?) acts, and is a "yes" man to everyone. (After a sad, sad experience, the G.M. learns it does not pay to say "No" to irate stars.) He also learns that it is a battle to separate some men students from tickets and money they rightfully owe the Men's Revue. However, persistence and tenacity learned in the pre-revue period wins out, and the money is collected. Then your prosaic G.M. looks at the total profits, feels satisfied, and walks away, smiling inwardly.

THE MUSIC DIRECTOR WISHES:

Here is envy! I should like to be able to leap like a tiger, not that the ability might prove useful in modern traffic jams and jangles, as perhaps it might, but because I should enjoy the feeling of physical power and control that must belong to the "tigers."

I enjoyed the whole program, the athletics, the dancing, the singing, and the foolishness. By the way, why do some of the "girls" at State Normal have such deep voices and wear such large, flat shoes?

THE ART DIRECTOR'S SLANT:

The slant on the Men's Revue seems to suggest one long slide. It really was a funny slide, too! I felt sorry for the audience. You see, they had to sit in perfect order and in a spirit of acceptance and gentleness during the performance. Of course they enjoyed this, but when I considered the advantage I had over them. . . .

I had a fine time putting the paint, cold cream, whiskers, etc., on our stars.

The prevue of the Men's Revue always takes place in the dressing room . . . and if the audience could ever see this part of the show, the next year's performance would surely have several months' run.

Yours, for a never-to-be-forgotten show,

F. JACKSON SILVERMAN.

Assemblies

MISS TALL

The Cleveland Convention always proves helpful. This year, Miss Tall tells us that enthusiasm and action were marked. The Association of Teachers College met two days and the National Society for the study of a curriculum held a three-day meeting. Dr. Dewey spoke on new material for the curriculum. The Council of Education is concerned chiefly with scientific methods as applied to Education. Some educators believe that a great deal of harm has come with the scientific method. Dr. Tall believes that if such is the case, great educators should have prepared us better with their prophecies.

DR. FRENCH

Dr. French is a professor of English and contends that language is the best test of social excellence. Speech reveals a personality more than does anything else. It is a tool, but one whose use is important and which requires much thought. We use this tool in everything that we do: In thinking, in reading, and in writing. To improve your language you must have an eye open always, an ear for words, a rhythm sense, and a taste that needs constant cultivation.

DR. KILPATRICK

Since we have been a part of the Normal School, we have found it desirable to study much of Dr. Kilpatrick's work. We have found it excellent "food for thought." To be sure then we waited eagerly for the day that he would appear in person in our assembly.

Dr. Kilpatrick is Professor of Philosophy of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. At our request he spoke to us on "Demands of the Social Revolution on Education."

Three hundred and fifty years ago, the world began a modern science and has grown rapidly in geometrical relationship. Factory production, mass production, and new power productions of today have led to a new interdependence among groups. With new possibilities of machinery, the world should face a new probability of plenty and, therefore, comfort for all. Instead, on every hand we see unemployment—the contrast between what is and what could be. Dr. Kilpatrick gave cultural lag as a reason for this. He says that our thinking institutional life lags behind the possibilities which individual life has made available. We are actually refusing to use what we might. Old out-moded ways of thinking hold us enthralled, and immediately we have an educational problem; for out-moded thinking means a struggle of individuals against each other rather than an interdependence. Our thinking, then, needs remaking. Only thus can we see our country clearly. We must work together if we are going to continue our belief in democracy. We, as teachers, must understand this. As teachers, we must work educatively, bringing people to the highest degree of intelligence who have a social consciousness. Unless we work with parents, they will not work with us. Above all have school and community working together, with no line of demarcation. Every path must lead into one for the welfare of the whole. Unless enough of us try this, the economic revolution will never pass.

MR. MORGAN

Mr. Morgan of the N.E.A. Journal gave us a worthwhile talk. The world is civilized only in parts. This is the beginning of a universal civilization, and we have beauty, growth, and knowledge around us which is more than many places have. The depression is so evident that we must discuss it. Concentration of wealth is the heart of the depression, and it is worse than it was six months ago because we will not eliminate parasitic industry. If this could be eliminated, unemployment would be decreased.

Fear and dread face us, but the human race is always on its feet in the face of difficulty, and, at present, has the highest degree of workmanship that ever existed. The teacher of today has a high degree of learning, but the teacher of tomorrow will be still higher—holding leadership of the community in her hands. Mr. Morgan says that literacy rather than intelligence attracts us. We must see what is really needed is to reap intelligence, or our civilization will lapse back into chaos.

SENIOR II

Senior II presented an enjoyable assembly as an outgrowth of their course in psychology. Through a play, they showed that many maladjustments are due to home environment. Do we agree then that we, as teachers, must encourage adult education? Teacher, parent, and child must work together for the good of all.

Faculty Notes

ANNOUNCEMENT has been received recently of the marriage of Miss Osborn to Mr. George E. Odell. The marriage took place on Easter Sunday in Nutley, N. J., at the home of our librarian's sister. Mr. and Mrs. Odell will be at home at 310 York Road in Towson.

Miss Yoder has been confined to her home for the past six weeks with a broken ankle. She expects to resume her work soon.

The faculty and student body are glad to welcome Miss Van Bibber, who returned after the Easter holidays.

Miss Jones, Miss Treut, and Miss Arthur were granted their M.A. degrees and Special Diplomas in Elementary Supervision from Columbia University.

The faculty took advantage of the lovely Easter weather to entertain and be entertained.

Miss Gross spent the holidays with Miss Sperry and Mr. and Mrs. Minnegan.

Miss Jones, Miss Tall, Miss Steele, and Miss Tansil motored to Raleigh and Charleston, N. C. (Miss Jones motored. She did not act as chauffeur.)

Miss Birdsong and Miss Frazee went to Richmond, Va., to visit relatives and friends.

Dr. John and Dr. Anna Abercrombie visited on the Eastern Shore.

Miss MacDonald and Miss Diefenderfer drove to New York.

Miss Holt visited her sister in Washington; Miss Dowell, her brother in Southern Maryland; and Miss Auld her brother and friends in Frederick.

Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton and Helen went to Washington for the Easter holiday.

Miss Bader enjoyed Sunday in Washington.

Miss Dougherty visited in Philadelphia.

Miss Stitzel, Miss Owens and Mr. Moser went to their homes in Hagerstown, Cumberland and Frederick, respectively.

Miss Arthur entertained her fiance, Mr. Bradford of Toledo, Ohio, during the holidays.

Miss Brown went to Indian Head, Southern Maryland, on an enrollment campaign for next year.

Mrs. Odell was entertained at luncheon by the faculty and staff on Saturday, April 7, at the Northway.

Mr. Minnegan and Miss Daniels attended a Physical Education meeting at Atlantic City recently.

Several of our faculty members are going to teach at Hopkins this summer, Mr. Walther—Geography, Mrs. Brouwer—Art, Miss Jones—Reading.

The Campus School Observes The Tercentenary

THE Campus Elementary School, in a well organized program, presented very clearly different aspects of the Tercentenary. Through a series of pictures the third grade showed our stage of development 300 years ago, 200 years ago, 100 years ago, and at the present day. In each series were included pictures of the president, contemporary characters, methods of transportation, a home, and Baltimore City. The mode and manners of the times were illustrated by folk dances, done in costume.

As their contribution to the program the sixth grade recounted the historical background of Maryland in preparation for which they drew the great seal of Maryland and learned to make slides.

Miss Grogan's first and second grades gave a program for the other primary grades. Through oral compositions the children portrayed incidents relating to the founding and early history of the colony.

Although the programs are over, the study of the Tercentenary is not complete. The children are stimulated to read and learn more facts about our history and to bring in their findings to share with the group.

Reported by BERNICE HUFF, *Senior VIII.*

IMAGINARY ADVENTURES THIRD GRADE

THE WITCH'S COTTAGE

Wouldn't it be fun to visit the witch's cottage? I am going to tell you the way it looks. It looks like this. The house is red and white peppermint candy. The chimney is chocolate and melts in hot weather. The windows are made of candy canes. There is a big green lolly-pop for a door knob. The roof is cocoanut frosting and the steps are of plums stuffed with marshmallows. How would you like that?

BARBARA BOULTON.

FIRST GRADE

These are some oral stories taken down in an oral expression period in connection with a Science unit on "Pets."

I like the way my kitty plays. If you notice—every night she comes up in my room, after she eats her supper. She runs under my bed. Sometimes Jane frightens her.

PATTY.

THE TOWER LIGHT

Last year we had a white cat, and one night she went to sleep in her box. The next morning, I went down and she had baby kittens. One day she picked the kittens up by the neck and put them in the clothes basket.

JIMMY.

My dog's a little poodle. He came from Pittsburgh. Every time I come home he is right by the door. I call "Toby" and he comes. When he sleeps he has one ear turned up. When it was cold we made him a bed, but he wouldn't sleep in it.

CECELIA.

I have a little dog. I got up real early and wanted him to play with me. When I came down he was sound asleep. He snores as loudly as I do.

BRECK.

FOURTH GRADE

BUM-BUM

One day Bum-Bum woke up feeling very cross. He wouldn't brush his whiskers although his mother told him to at least three times. He wouldn't make his bed though he always did. He wouldn't eat his porridge. He teased his little sister and upset the coffee pot. At last his mother said, "If you don't be good I will have to take you to the doctor." Bum-Bum did not pay any attention to his mother. At last she said to him, "Come with me to the doctor." Bum-Bum did not want to go. His mother had to take him by the ear and pull him out of the door. When they reached the doctor's home, Mrs. Rabbit rang the doorbell. An elderly looking cat answered the door. Mrs. Rabbit said, "Do you have some pills for this little rabbit? He won't stop being cross." "Ahem," said the doctor, "I think these will do." He took from the cupboard a box of pills and gave them to Mrs. Rabbit. When they reached home Bum-Bum had to take two pills and go to bed. Next morning he was not cross.

FRANCES BLACKBURN.

Easter Dinner

The Easter Bunny (and there really is one in the dormitory) paid us an early visit and surprised us with a delicious Easter dinner. Following this, our guests and students went to Richmond Hall, where we were delightfully entertained with piano numbers by Dr. Petran, and stimulated to creative effort through the reading of some of Browning's poetry by Dr. Douglas.

We would wish Easter came more often if it always brought with it such joy!

Well! Well! Well!

WAY back in the fall of the year, your most humble editor had the misfortune (or should we say bad taste) to write about the school. As you may recall, he made various and sundry remarks bearing upon the loss of an atmosphere of Romance and Young Love that formerly existed around the school. Now, with your kind permission, he wishes to withdraw, take back, renounce—anything you wish, so long as you, dear reader, forget that statement. Again things look like old times. Couples invade the parlor, couples walk about the campus, fellows wait for girls, girls wait for fellows. . . . Consequently, dear reader, your editor need no longer beat his brow for material. The question now is what to cut out!

Could it be the four-year course that caused Polly Gwynn to wave her hand so frantically when Dr. Cook called for a show of hands of those in favor of the course? Or is it that extra gene we hear so much about in Science?

Ask the dorm girls why the card tables and games are placed in the foyer on Friday and Saturday nights.

While we are thinking about it, we would like to nominate Lou Harris to the position of Chief Punster. One of his best puns came during a game of croquet, last summer. It went like this. "I hope you croquet, you wicket thing. Still, I bear you no mallets." Leonard Hirschhorn runs a close second; he is at his best when swapping puns with Mr. Walther during Geography periods.

One of the reasons for John Owing's admirable performance in the Men's Revue lives in the dorms. If you forced us, we Boettcher a million we could tell you!

Katherine Riggs, from all reports, didn't like one of the acts in the Revue. They say her face was very red when a close friend of hers (he was one of the "stooges" in the Tiger Leaping act) clowning about the stage. She was even heard to say, "Look at him make a fool of himself in front of all these people! How does he think I feel?"

The increasing use of objective tests has been brought sharply and poignantly to our attention. They have become a source of much anxiety, and a menace to the peace and happiness of the student body. Now, tests should not provoke that feeling. They should be something to which the students look forward with eagerness and anticipation. For

THE TOWER LIGHT

instance—but let us submit a sample test of our own to show you what we mean. It is just a beginning, a pioneer in its field; but we modestly believe it to be a step in the right direction. Indeed, it is not beyond the range of belief that, under this new plan, students will soon be crying for tests (perhaps somewhat in the fashion that children cry for a famous medicine).

The title of our test is Social Trends—Past, Present, and Future. It is a recognition test; the object is to see how many romantic Normal School couples you can recognize in the names below:

DIRECTIONS:

Beside each name in the right-hand column place the number of the appropriate person in the left-hand column.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Gene Benbow | — Charlotte Kling |
| 2. Isadore Friedman | — Laura Day |
| 3. Tom Johnson | — Katherine Riggs |
| 4. Ray Harter | — Doris Middleton |
| 5. Leonard Hirschhorn | — Poly Gwynn |
| 6. Elwood Beam | — Dorothy Johnson |
| 7. Jud Meyers | — Eleanor Bounds |
| 8. Roy Hardesty | — Hilda Weiner |
| 9. Harris Baer | — Rosalie Bollinger |
| 10. Edward Brumbaugh | — Charlotte Orem |

While glancing through the TOWER LIGHT material, your editor came across a most estimable poem, written by one of our settled Seniors. His initials, T. J., will have to suffice. Herewith are two of the eight verses; the poem has to do with Richmond Hall Parlor.

WINTER RENDEZVOUS

V

But now, because it affords so much fun,
They have gone and passed some silly old rule
That just makes it another part of the school.
Five lights on at all times—Yes!
You can even read a book in the deepest recess.

VI

Fun's all gone—so get a date
And let the girls' appetite decide your fate
It won't be long before Spring'll be here—and then
If you frequent the nurseries—I'll see you there!

They do say that all the girls in the dormitories who have affairs of the heart confide in Mildred Coppage. From all reports, she has proved to be the ideal mother confessor. (I'm sure she wouldn't tell *me* anything!)

Spring is truly a season of growth. If you don't believe it, just look at the upper lips of some of the gentlemen of the school.

What young man presented Ora Bussard with a hand-made bracelet bearing the initials O.A.B.?

The Freshman class may be small, but there is certainly no lack of feminine pulchritude among them. Certain of the Junior and Senior men will heartily endorse this statement.

How many people have noticed that most attractive young lady who assists in the registrar's office? She hails from Hampton and Newport News, Virginia, and her favorite saying (judging by the number of times she uses it) is "Oh, kingdom!" She is Doctor Tall's niece, and goes by the name of Nancy Lee Vaughan.

Who said Normal School students weren't versatile! You should have seen our Bucket Brigade during the Easter holidays—seven Senior and Junior men, dressed in white ducks, sweat shirts, and aprons, washing windows and swabbing floors in a way that would make professionals blush for shame.



Watching the Birdies

Outside the snow is falling
It never seems to stop,
And on our porch are little birds
That hop, hop, hop.

They say, "I know it's dangerous
To go so near a house,"
But there's nothing here to scare them
Not even a baby mouse.

We watch them through the window
Eating carrot tops.
It's easy to count the birdies
But it's hard to count the hops.

MARY HORTOP, *Age 8 Years, School 214.*

"There goes the man who is lucky in love."

"Happily married?"

"No, a bachelor."

* * * * *

The real estate salesman had spent several hours showing a rather reluctant prospect the beauties of a new development.

"Now, sir," he said at last, rubbing his hands, "what do you think of our little city?"

"Well," replied the prospect slowly, "I'll tell you, brother—it's the first cemetery I've seen with lights."

* * * * *

"That book you sold me was awful—terrible."

"What do you have to complain about? You have one. I have thousands."

* * * * *

"The next person who interrupts or says anything irrelevant during this recitation will be put out of class."

"Hurrah for the professor."

* * * * *

Women can keep a secret just as well as men, but generally it takes more of them to do it.

* * * * *

Senior—"Can you punctuate this?"

"That that is is that that is is not is not."

Answer—"That that is, is; that that is not; is not."

* * * * *

Housewife—"Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It is absolutely blue."

Milkman—"It ain't our fault, lady. It's these long, dull evenings as makes the cows depressed."



Rex News

The Rex is a rendezvous for young people.

Smart young fellows and girls like the refined and cordial atmosphere of Baltimore's most distinctive neighborhood movie. The mural decorations by such well-known artists as Donald Coale and J. J. Liber-tini help to create a pleasing setting. Extra-clear, sharp film projection, "High Fidelity" Sound and the best films that Hollywood has to offer, are other Rex features. Spend an enjoyable evening's vacation at the Rex.

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares

Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories

Full-Fashioned Silk Hose—Chiffon or Service Weight, 59c pair

Hergenrather Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists

Since 1904

Phone Towson 39 We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candies, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S

Garage & Service Station

Towson, Md.

Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station

Official AAA Station

24-Hour Service

Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths

421 North Charles Street

**DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE**

Founded 1815



The

Second National Bank

of Towson, Md.



HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds Watches Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.

Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting

Birthday Cards Parker Pens Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

**York Road and Willow Avenue
Towson, Maryland**

Towson 50

Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows' Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost in style for the collegiate miss and youth.

The Hub

Baltimore - Charles - Fayette

CAvert 4-4-4

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

Compliments

of

TOWSON THEATER

You Will Enjoy Our
SUNDAES and SODAS

•
**Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe**

420 York Road Towson, Md.
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries

TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

SOLVE
the Unenjoyment Problem

Get the Rex Habit!

REX THEATER
4617-25 York Road



Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

**STEBBINS-ANDERSON
COAL & LUMBER CO.**

LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed

Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE
TOWSON

**DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS
PLYMOUTH**

Phone: Towson 525

Say It With Flowers

The most artistic in Cut Flowers
and Plants.

Let us fill your Flower needs.

I. H. Moss, Inc.,

5315 York Road Tuxedo 1400

Run Right to

**READ'S
TOWSON'S BEST
DRUG STORE!**

LOUISE BEAUTY SHOPPE
York Road and Burke Avenue

▲
Smart Distinctive Waves and
Haircuts at Moderate Prices
▼

Convenient for Normal School
Phone: Towson 1022

The
• TOWER •
LIGHT
•



JUNE

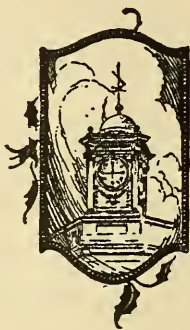
Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-four

MARYLAND STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

AT TOWSON

June 1934

The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

T O W S O N , M D .

Contents

	PAGE
Dr. Tall's Message	4
Power	5
May Day	6
Hail and Farewell!	7
Calendar of Events	9
Commencement	9
Reminiscently Yours	10
Installation of Officers	11
Senior Prom and Banquet	12
Non-Geometric	13
Stoke	14
An Appointment	15
Growing Up	16
The Class of '36	17
A Joy Ride	18
Impressionism	21
Our Musical Community	22
Music Hath Charms	23
The Orchestra	25
Under Cover	26
My Swamp Lot	27
Book Reviews	29
Story Hour	30
Assemblies	33
Youth is Moving	34
Editorials	36
School News	38
Collecting Stamps	40
Elementary School News	42
Sport Slants	44
Well! Well! Well!	47
Epitaphs	49
The Last Pages of THE TOWER LIGHT	50
Advertisements	51
Autographs	53

Dr. Tall's Message

To the Class of '34:

RECENTLY, Owen D. Young, speaking at the St. Lawrence University, offered as an examination question: "Have you enlarged your knowledge of obligations and increased your capacity to perform them?" Mr. Young asked a vital question. How would the "Class of 1934" answer it, I wonder? You are the first graduates from the carefully planned three-year course. Has the added year brought to you poise, a firmer grasp on life, greater knowledge and ways of pursuing knowledge? Are you finer persons because of the longer contact with the school and campus?

We, the faculty, know you much better than we knew the two-year students and that to us will always be a very pleasant memory. We know you have more poise, but within yourself you know whether you have more strength and how much you have grown. We send you forth with our hands on your shoulder. You will have left many friends behind you. The school will know that you go away from us as its friendly allies.

After Professor Jean Broadhurst of Columbia University read that challenging examination question of Owen D. Young's, she wrote a rather gripping poem of five stanzas. I quote three of the stanzas:

Send down thy power, O Lord.
Once wetted ropes and hand-hewn logs,
Now sky-topped towers of iron and steel;
Why earth-mired still the soul of man
And weak as water to endure?

Thy power, O Lord, send down!

Send down thy knowledge, Lord.
From wordless signs to a book-filled world;
Yet, save us, lest like Circe's herd,
Pearl-trampling swine, we, too, shall be
Brute "beasts but with the minds of men."

Lord, send thy knowledge down!

Send down thy spirit, Lord.
Once horse and camel measured space,
Now arrowing planes annihilate
Horizons far: yet souls there be
Still hidebound in the skin of "me"!

Thy spirit, Lord, send down!

May "Crescamus," your own chosen motto, guide you. "Let us grow!"

LIDA LEE TALL, *Principal*.



LIDA LEE TALL
Principal



PAULINE RUTLEDGE
Senior Adviser

Power

GIGANTIC, brilliant, monotonously rhythmic were the almost human machines in the powerhouse near the great falls. One stood awed by the immensity of the engineering. The capacity, the voltage, the horsepower were recorded in incomprehensible figures. All was too bright. All was too smooth. All was too perfect.

At the same time that one recognized the super-human power of the place one also recognized fear. Many signs were around, all beginning the same way, "In case of accident" The guides showed how *one* lever checked another, how *one* small button could control almost the entire plant. Wonderful imagination and thought were behind the plant and behind the controls. Many plans were there to safeguard life and property. Why? Because man is afraid of this physical power that is his. He recognizes its force, knows its need for control, and though fascinated and hypnotized by it, he is almost paralyzed with fear concerning it.

But there is another power, a vaster power which is his, which although it needs some control and gives one much concern, it has as its attendants spontaneity and creativity. It does not deal with physical things alone nor with the artificial stimulation of life nor with the destruction of life, but with life itself, with re-creation, with the perpetuation of life—it is the power to feel, to see through things, to understand. It is the spark which sets and keeps the whole of life moving. It requires great thought, unusual imagination, accurate memory to use it wisely so that the person and the persons may be furthered. It is big, but never colossal. It shines but is never brilliant. It is creatively rhythmic, but never monotonous. It is the most human of all qualities.

Power, or the power to feel? Which? Now that man has a super-abundance of power, accompanied by its fears, monstrous illusions, and deadly mirage of contentment, peace and happiness, will he continue to grasp for more or will he see material things in their right relations, look through them and see their contributions to mankind? Shall he continue to seek for happiness wearing a crown made of gold dollars, or recognize that happiness will be his as he uses power to bring light to mankind?

Power, or the power to feel? If one stops before the end of the phrase, momentary, transient living will be his. If he goes on to the end, eternity will be his. He will know *immortality*.

PAULINE RUTLEDGE.

May Day

AFTER the hardships of an old-fashioned winter we greet the spring with greater enthusiasm than those in their teens have ever known. We had almost begun to question the complacent security of zodiacal accuracy implied in the popular quotation, "When Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" The rhetorical question was reverting to one of sincere inquiry. But here we are at last with pink and white blossoms perfuming the air, and with the songs of returning birds awakening us to mornings of brilliant sunshine. Proverbially speaking, the voice of the turtle is again heard in the land—I quote advisedly, never having *heard* a turtle. But I have visual assurance of the advent of another of spring's miracles noted by Tennyson in the familiar line: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

If you doubt it, look about the campus in the late afternoon. Indeed any time will do. Not only will the aforementioned poet verify what you see, but Shakespeare, too, in a sympathetic outburst exclaims:

"Hey ding a ding ding
Sweet lovers love the spring."

Since, to quote again, "all the world loves a lover," by mathematical deduction of things equalling the same thing being equal to each other, it is proved that we do all love the spring.

But, in serious vein, man has always loved the spring and in some way offered his devotion to the Spirit of Fertility which makes possible his life upon this earth.

It is interesting to trace May Day customs back to their sources. Do you remember the heathen idol, Baal, the Sun God, spoken of in the Bible, from whose uncertain hands babies were allowed to fall into a blazing fire as a burnt offering for a successful harvest? The Phœnicians, trading with the people of Wales and Ireland long before the Roman occupation of Britain, must have impressed their eastern ideas upon those simple folk; for customs have existed from early times among those of Celtic stock which show a strong similarity to the Baal worship. In Ireland, fires were built between which the people drove their cattle and through which leaped fathers carrying their babes in their arms. These ceremonials were evidently modifications of the burnt offering. Moreover, the season was known as Beltaine (the time of Baal or Bel) and to England was given the name of the Island of Bali.

The people of England who were of Anglo-Saxon origin were influenced by the Roman celebration of the Spring Floralia which they

(Continued on page 8)



CLASS OF 1934



MAY DAY

Hail and Farewell!

HERE in these halls we leave a timeless part of us to share the dreams and joys of those to come. Part of our youth we leave—the earnest, solemn part, the gayety, the part that dances laughingly in a patch of sunlight with responses that only youth makes to the rhythm of life. Later, perhaps, a quieter reaction comes with the deeper rhythm of peace, tranquillity, and wisdom, meted to each in his own measure.

In some secluded spot on the campus we have stood and loved the world—and watched a lilac sunset through white cherry blossoms. We have hugged the fragrant-laden winds at night on the hill in joy of comradeship and understanding. We have crunched through snow, fallen and laughed to rise again, all tousled and tingling with cold and happiness. We have sat in circles of friendship, feasted by the open fire, and our songs have rung throughout the glen. Serious-eyed, we have watched the lighting of the fire in the Council Ring, and there was a catch in our throats from sheer inarticulate beauty. Many are the experiences which so richly stock our memory!

With great excitement we have given plays, the result of which has been a drawing together of all. Discussing, singing, “managing” many things, working with moods of enthusiasm and despair, and dreaming much of the future which seemed so safely remote, we have gone our way through these halls and have been changed ourselves as the halls, too, have been a little changed in mood by us. Some disillusionment, some building up of new confidence and strength, some maturer judgment, some inspiration has come to us. How much we leave behind we shall never know. It depends upon how “big” we are as persons, how much we gave of ourselves, and in what spirit.

Here in this corner of the hall may lurk a bit of humor never to be forgotten by some; here is a place we have worked hardest in; here is a spot haloed with sentiment; and here is a place where in the darkness our hearts have lifted with music, where beauty caught us unawares.

A motley shade of memories we leave behind us! Will you not pause sometime, you sensitive youth who is to come, and you who are our friends, and let us share ourselves—just for a wistful moment?

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

had witnessed yearly for some four hundred years during the period of Roman occupancy. From this Roman festival in honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers, combined with other forgotten feasts of the ancient Druid priests, have come most of the customs that we associate with May Day—music, dancing, singing, and clownish merriment. The image of Flora carried in the Floralia became the Queen of the May. The maiden selected to take this part, and chosen for her beauty and purity became inevitably associated in mediæval days with the Virgin. Hence it was that Pagan and Christian ideas blended in the custom of May dolls. These dolls, very often with a smaller doll in their arms, were carried in baskets, by little girls, as they went from door to door and sang in honor of the returning spring.

Where the custom of bringing home the May originated is unknown, but the poets as early as the fourteenth century tell of all, both high and low, going out early in the morning on the first day of May to gather the blossoming hawthorn to decorate their homes. They then congregated on the village green to dance around the maypole.

These maypoles, decorated with concentric hoops about the top and hung with blossoms or emblems suggestive of the occasion, became the symbol of rustic merrymaking.

Their history is a checkered one. When Oliver Cromwell and the other kill-joys of his ilk ruled England, maypoles were forbidden by act of Parliament. The Puritan opposition made itself felt in the New World when Governor Endicott of Massachusetts marched upon Merrymount and destroyed the maypole which was the center of merrymaking in that unholy settlement. The name of the place was then changed to Mt. Dagon in memory of the Philistine idol that fell before the Ark of the Lord. This story, one of the most dramatic in early Colonial history, has recently been used as the theme of an opera.

But when Charles II, the merry monarch, was restored to the throne after the Interregnum, maypoles came back with him. The largest and finest was raised in London by twelve seamen sent for that purpose by the Duke of York. This pole was one hundred and thirty-four feet high, and, to show the favor of the reigning house of Stuart, was decorated with three gilt crowns.

But changing customs more powerful than political revolutions finally altered the esteem in which maypoles had been held, and under the onslaught of time and because of the sophistication of an industrial age they fell to rise no more. The celebration of the May became the pastime of chimney sweeps and milk maids.

Now that we have drunk our fill of Industrialism with all its condiments of evil, we look back upon those primitive pleasures with greedy eyes. For a change of diet let us go back to the "good old times!" Let

us celebrate again the advent of Spring! With song and dance and innocent mirth we would again greet the May and thus, in the words of Washington Irving, as he viewed the maypole in the quaint little city of Chester, help again to "infuse poetical feeling into the common people."

HELEN STAPLETON.

❖

Calendar of Events

- May* 4—Father and Son Night
May 9—May Day
May 19—Senior Banquet and Prom
May 26—Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity Luncheon
Senior Class Outing
June 7—Professional Examinations for City Students
State Volley Ball Teams Entertained
Senior Step Singing
June 8—Professional Examinations for City Students
State Volley Ball Meet
Senior Tea Dance
June 9—Alumni Day—Dinner and Dance
June 10—Baccalaureate Sermon
June 11—Senior Council Fire
June 12—Commencement at 11:00 A. M.

❖

Commencement

THE sound of an organ. A hush pervades the room. Slowly to the rhythm of the processional, come the seniors; soon to be alumni. To these gay, light-hearted creatures this means the beginning of a new life. *They* are full of hope, love, and anticipation, with the feeling that we are wanted, there is a place for us.

In the rows as they pass, are many faces, older faces, leaning forward to see their boy or their girl. They are elated. Their whole being is alive with love and fear; love that there will be a place; fear that there will not be.

ELIZABETH ANTHONY.

Reminiscently Yours

CAN it be that three long years have passed since the class of '34 confidently entered these cloistered walls? Ah, us, to think that the time approacheth when we shall from hence depart. Throwing another log on the fire to keep our golden memories aglow, we now begin to reminisce. In order to make it interesting we suggest that the reader figure out in what year the epoch mentioned occurred.

The log burns high, and in its flames one re-pictures interesting events, some well known and others completely hidden from John Q. Public. Our mind wanders (no doubt you knew that, before you had read one line of our masterpiece) and it darts hither and yon, throwing light upon incidents long past.

Once upon a time there were two freshmen (now juniors) who felt inspired to dig for the water table in the middle of the path in the glen. They were successful. To make it perfect the geography teacher should have stumbled in it, but, as it was, the guardian of the Rural Club almost met her Waterloo therein. . . . There was the time when we tried not to squirm as we gingerly picked up some squiggly old earthworms, affecting a nonchalance we did not feel. . . . Our compliments to Monroe. 'Nuff said. . . . Days of furtive skulking in order to avoid a too persistent member of THE TOWER LIGHT staff. . . . Trying unsuccessfully to daintily devour lettuce and tomato sandwiches. . . . The young lady who one night received thirty-three mosquito bites on one leg. Mosquitoes must like the nursery, too. . . . Glibly informing Mr. Minnegan of fundamental skills required in various sports. By observation we learned that an important element in baseball is the presence of a whiskbroom with which to dust off the home plate. . . . The night of the disastrous attempt to lower a jug of cider from a third-story window. . . . The chagrined expression upon the face of the young man who inadvertently confused the south parlor with the billiard room. . . . And then there was that momentous occasion when a member of the present senior class, in her eagerness to do well, poured soup down someone's elegantly unclad back at a formal dinner. . . . Performing folk dances with the grace of camels. . . . Oh-ing and Ah-ing during the tiger leaping in the Men's Revue. . . . And remember the day Dot Mudd sat on somebody's head in a vigorous game of Skin the Snake. . . . There was the time when the Y. W. C. A. president proved her versatility at baseball by tallying a run while her team was still in the field. . . . The hours we sat wondering about the significance of the carvings in Richmond Hall parlor, and finally, after hours of research, finding there were none. . . . The girl who terrorized the

dormitory by chasing its occupants with a mouse which she held firmly suspended by its tail. . . . The girl who said she'd scream if a man came near. She'd scream, "Come nearer!" . . . Those hectic nights when one, harassed with the trials of the day, was confronted with a heterogeneous collection of hardware ingeniously placed among intricately arranged bedclothes. . . . Woe is us! Those inopportune moments for fire drills, when startled out of a profound slumber one knew not whether to open windows or slide down the banisters. . . .

And at last came the time when the two authors of this (?) grew tired of writing (much to your regret!) and decided to sign off with hopes that all of you become better writers than we are.

Reminiscently yours,

BERNICE HUFF,
ELISE SHUE.



Installation of Officers

At the May Day assembly, the council and class officers for next year formally accepted their new obligations. There were hopes expressed for a sharing of responsibilities, for growth, and for a joy in serving. A seriousness pervaded the occasion such as usually accompanies the realization of a thing ended or the beginning of a thing unknown. May the individuals grow through their experience and the organizations become stronger under their leadership.

Following the assembly, the faculty served the Senior Class at a luncheon in Newell Hall. This affair was a festive occasion with spring flowers, blue candles, and a delectable luncheon. We enjoyed it greatly!

SOPHIE LEUTNER.

Senior Banquet and Promenade

ON the evening of Saturday, May nineteenth, nineteen thirty-four, in the magic atmosphere wrought through mirth and merriment, the Senior Class dined and danced away their enchanted night. Catching the spirit of an unusual setting, a symbolic interpretation of "Night," the Class and guests made the renowned Banquet and Promenade an unforgettable occasion.

A delicious menu was served at six in the softly lighted dining room whose flower-laden tables and gleaming silver-blue walls reflected the spirit of the hour. Appropriate vocal selections lent added enjoyment to the early evening program.

Speakers, introduced by Toastmaster Dugan, concluded the banquet with well-chosen impressive messages.

From nine till twelve Seniors and their guests danced to the harmonious efforts of Rudy Kilian's Orchestra, leaving the beautifully decorated foyer and dining room with evident reluctance "After the Ball Was Over."

Time will pass quickly and inevitably, but surely the good wishes and the happy memories will linger till the last night comes.

ANNE SHEGOGUE.

Night

Night is a dark-skinned woman,
All warm, soft sweetness
With deep, misty-eyes.
She is half hidden, half-revealed
In her robe of deep gossamer.
She possesses the wisdom of the ages,
Yet shields her secrets jealously.
Hers is the lure of the unknown.

DOROTHY BOTHE, *Senior I.*

Non-Geometric

LIFE has been variously compared to a highway, to a tapestry, to a drama, to a symphony, to a chemical process, to a bitter struggle.

Poets, philosophers, artists, scientists, teachers, men of affairs, have given us as many different analyses and characterizations of human experience. Depending upon where one stands one sees a different city, a different mountain, a different horizon. Even a steep hill lies down as one approaches it. And even as today blends into today and into tomorrow one envisions a new view of time in retrospect as well as in prospect. Life's dimensions, if at all the finite eye can glimpse them, depend upon when one sees as well as upon one's vantage point.

At this juncture, we juniors, as individuals and as a class, are both peering forward and looking back. Even as our world of ideas grows greater by leaps and bounds do we need courage to seek out its newer and more inclusive bounds. Rhythms of traditions rising from the experience of the past in any field offer man an orderly sequence with which to keep his stride while pressing ahead. To our predecessors, we are grateful for some of these tempos with which to live while getting some perspective of the days to come. Whether we choose to see life as the playing of a drama, as the building of a city, as the whirling of a maelstrom, its experience cannot be less than dynamic discovery if ever we search out its ever widening and deepening comprehensive dimensions. "Crescamus" can lead us also to building "more stately mansions," newer and farther flung limits of our several worlds. It is for you, seniors, as for us, to carry on!

ALVINA TREUT.



Stoke

THOSE of you whose interests and emotions have never been quickened by "steel"—or by iron in any of its multiple forms should know that it was with iron that man drove a passage for himself out of darkness, and since, has known it as a valiant substance, stern and heroic. And those of you who have passed through the dingy streets of a steel town and have been stifled by its grit and grime, or smothered by the rusty clouds anchored overhead, or perhaps have been cramped by the cold, drab walls of its skeleton structures which housed nothing but a fearful noise should know that beneath these flat clouds of smoke, behind these dull walls, beat hearts, stout as those that crouched in the yawning mouth of a tent on wheels and whipped their way through woods, plain, and stream.

Reverently—A "pioneer."

Uninterestedly—A "*steelman*."

"Stoke" was known as the best "welder" in the business.

A veritable "bull" was he, his features dried and discolored with years of sweating at the mouth of his hungry furnace, feeding it steel to be digested through his skill into pipe. Stoke didn't mind the heat. It made the quiet, screened porch more inviting each evening. But to make Stoke more "comfortable" at work, "they" placed a large water-cooled shield over the gaping cavity of the furnace. It served its purpose. Stoke admitted that. But without knowing why, he knew that it was not infallible. He told "them" as much. "They" laughingly called him ungrateful. Stoke accepted the charge. Such happenings were going on all about him.

Who was he to block "progress"? They were wrong.

They were wrong. Stoke proved they were wrong. One day, without warning, and with a deafening roar, the shield shattered, spewing its fragments and content through the building.

Stoke's bleached bones are not milestones of progress such as those found on our Western plains. There wasn't enough left of Stoke to mark anything. His absence caused the step from the old shield to the new, which hangs in its place.

GENE T. BENBOW.

An Appointment

NOW, more than ever before, the earth is a fascinating study. We are going through a world-wide economic upheaval, and probably through a "social revolution." Magnificent new developments . . . stupendous readjustments . . . are putting our time-honored "civilization" to a grinding test. In every country men are being replaced by machines, and these in turn by fewer super-machines. How will mankind adjust to the better, higher ways of living now within easy reach?

Many of us now living will shout "Happy New Year" and usher in the year 2000. I will be but 84. You may be even younger . . . old, no doubt, but possibly very much alive. Consider what a tremendous vista lies ahead of us!

2000 A. D. arrives 66 years hence. Let us first look back that many years. . . . The year 1868! No electric lights nor telephones! Automobiles and airplanes unheard of! A few railroad trains and steamboats . . . a very few. Radio still two generations away! Not a concrete road in the whole United States. Hand-printing presses—no color gravure editions. The West was far and Europe still two or three weeks to the east. Our world was a large place, much of which was still unexplored.

1934! Man has conquered land, sea and air! A touch of the hand speeds him from place to place with restful ease. Through the air from pole to pole! 400 miles per hour . . . and more! Universal education. World-wide literacy no longer a dream, but an eminent reality! Mass production . . . more than enough for everyone!

Giants in the earth! Giants who take our places at the mill and do the work of a thousand men. Princes fall, and governments turn upside down! What will happen?

If you live till you are 84 . . . you will know. This will be a wonderful world 66 years hence. Can you look down the pathway of time? Read "Changing Civilizations in the Modern World," by Harold Rugg, and "The New Technology," by the same author. These together with "A New Deal," by Stuart Chase, will help to give you the proper perspective!

Let us talk this over again, in May, 2000.

CHARLES C. MEIGS, *Junior III.*

Growing Up

WHEN a new baby is born into a family the event is always accompanied by changes so profound that no member of the group can ever be the same as before. The parents are charged with a new and great responsibility. They are anxious that the child be well formed, and are concerned, at once, over his mental, moral and physical development. The older children, at first, reluctantly sit over to give him room, but when they consider his appealing helplessness and realize the struggle he must have to live and grow, they all wish to hold him, to show him their treasures, to teach him their games—in short, to make him one of them. So the whole family joins in protecting, comforting and training the youngster that he may take a place in the world.

In September, 1933, little Freshman Class was born to the Maryland State Normal School Family. The elders looked upon it and pronounced it less sizable than previous babes had been but withal fair to see. Then they busied themselves with training and educating—classes, library, laboratory, orientation, introduction, participation and all the other "tions" that induct one into professional life—were introduced in quick succession. The big brothers and sisters said, "Just another little red (and gray) baby," but as it grasped at the many promising things about, and seemed bewildered and sorely in need of guidance, they held out friendly hands; they directed uncertain first steps; they related their own similar experiences; they gave assurance that the elders meant well; they sang, danced and played with the child, encouraging latent powers and ability to stand alone.

Now the first milestone is reached. Little Freshman Class, one year old, has safely survived the perils of infancy and still supported by the family, stands ready to extend glad, helping hands to next September's new comer.

LOUESA J. KEYS.



The Class of '36

OUR first few days here seemed to be only a condition; later, they became a purpose. That purpose does not need to be explained by us, because it is our aim to make ideals by action and not by words. We believe that it is labor that improves and hastens our growth.

Many of us have succeeded in raising our scholastic standing and we are more assured of our security here. We were proud to carry away the honors on Demonstration Night and we promise you to fight harder so that we shall be able to maintain this standard in the future. Our dance was a success and we feel that our social activities have unified our class.

We are not different from any other Freshman Class, but we have ambition, and this ambition helps us to make the best of ourselves. We all have different ideas; many, we hope, of equal importance. We select the ones most desired and place the others in the immediate background. In this way, if our selection should prove unjustified, we can, quite easily, provide an efficient substitute.

Our idea of doing something, of filling some particular niche, has not been attained hastily but, quite conversely, through deliberate consideration.

We hope that we have manipulated the machinery of organization so accurately and constructively that we can expose ourselves unflinchingly to you.

EDWARD BRUMBAUGH, *President.*

❖

Food for Thought

A thing of beauty is a joy forever; its loveliness increases; it will never pass into nothingness.

A man with no humor or poetry in his soul is like a car with no engine under the hood.

A true friend is one who knows your faults and forgives them.

No matter how blue you feel, you can't stop the flowers from blooming nor the birds from singing.

Many talk like philosophers and live like fools.

Three things come not back; the spoken word, the sped arrow, and the neglected opportunity.

A Joy Ride

FOR one who has always maintained that her favorite mode of travel would be that famed in fairy lore, where one has merely to seat one's self on a trunk, or wrap one's self in a rare cloak, or mount a steed of brass, and then only wish to be at the ends of the earth in order to find one's self there with neatness and dispatch, without the interim of travel—for such a one, I repeat, the act of travel, on the occasion I am describing, was an unusual source of enjoyment. Was it because there was an added thrill in joy riding away during work hours and playing hookey? Was it because there seemed to be arbutus on the hillsides, and because the trees showed the indefinable outlines of early spring? Or was it because a land journey can do what Washington Irving says only a sea voyage can do, gently detach you by lengthening miles from one environment and land you refreshed and ready in a new?

Whatever the cause, I enjoyed the trip itself, but my customary point of view has held in that I still think the destination of decidedly major importance. And what a destination I had! I had been told that Chicago is a Queen City, laid out on an imperial plan, and such I found it. I had been told that though it has no lordly river, such as another great city I like can boast, yet, said my informer, it has a Great Lake. Now I still maintain that nothing can be perfect by way of location unless the salt sea is readily available, yet still I admit that Lake Michigan is beautiful and that Chicago is imperial.

The convention—the Musical Supervisors' National Conference—which was the goal of my little journey, was worthy of the trip and the city in which it was held. There were four thousand who registered, and all the meetings were so well attended that the seating capacity of halls even of the spacious Stevens was taxed. I have always been proud to be a teacher, and a teacher of music, but I felt a thrill of pride all renewed and intensified when I found myself one of the enthusiastic four thousand.

The conference program was a full one. Meetings were held the Sunday of my arrival, April 8, and during the following five school days, literally, morning, afternoon and night. Sometimes as many as five meetings were held simultaneously. Under these circumstances, one had to make out one's individual program on an elective basis, reserving time in between for meals and exhibits.

All the meetings preached the gospel of good music by letting us experience it. They believe in music in the Middle West, that is evi-

dent, and their achievements measure up to their belief. There was no opportunity to visit classrooms, all that we heard, save one or two demonstration lessons being in the nature of prepared programs; but the quality of those programs showed that consistent work in music is being done on a large scale.

Elementary, high school, college, and adult groups contributed. The elementary schools were represented by a chorus of five hundred or more from Chicago, and another of equal size from Chicago and its environs as well as by smaller groups. They sang attractive compositions with good effect, some of the songs being sung a cappella. There was also demonstration work in the instrumental field.

The high schools contributed a large part of the programs. They sent us choirs, usually a cappella choirs, orchestras, string, woodwind, and brass ensembles, and bands. The choirs were numerous and were uniformly fine. Some of them, usually numbering about ninety each, had come from distant points in the Middle West. Others, three hundred to a thousand strong, came from Chicago and the vicinity. Naturally the work of the largest groups was not quite as fine as that of some of the smaller ones, but it was significant in that it showed that participation is not limited to a few but is general activity for the many. All the choirs, save those made up of students from different schools, wore special robes, brown, black, or blue, the boys with their white collars showing, and the girls with a sort of Peter Pan collar, usually. The costume helped to lend dignity and to unify the effect. The performances did not depend on this, however. All sang music of the finest type with remarkable finish.

In addition to the choruses, the high schools contributed instrumental groups that were amazing. There were full-fledged symphony orchestras and bands from different schools, numbering about ninety players each. The instrumentation was that of standard symphony orchestras, and the performance was comparable to that of professional musicians. Do you remember "Toccato and Fugue," by Bach, that we mentioned so often in our World Today course, as a standard for the great in music? Well, one of these groups of youngsters played this, and did it well.

Colleges also contributed excellent a cappella choirs, and Noble Cain brought his marvelous Chicago choir of radio fame. The week closed with a chorus of the Music Supervisors themselves, who gave a creditable performance, indeed, after their one week of rehearsing.

While music itself thus bulked large in the programs of the Conference, the meetings were by no means without worthwhile speakers. I shall give you just two or three thoughts from men who are not music

specialists but superintendents of general instruction. Dr. Bogan, superintendent of Chicago schools, emphatically takes the position that music is a regular school subject, and predicts that in the course of curriculum revision, as it will take place within the next few years, music and the other arts will receive places of increasing prominence. Dr. Stoddard, superintendent from Providence, R. I., thinking similarly, expressed the opinion that schools in the past have over-emphasized the intelligence quotient, and not given sufficient prominence to the training of the emotions. It is the function of the arts, he asserts, so to guide the emotions that they will function in the good life. And he especially made the point that since democracy attempts to unlock privileges for all and give to the common man what only kings and princes had in ages past, he who would bar arts from the public schools is interfering with the purposes of democracy itself.

I saw just a little of Chicago apart from the Conference. The best of my excursions was to the Planetarium, that wondrous place next to the Fair Grounds, where they show you the whole drama of the skies. And in that Temple of Science, what do you think I heard? Music. While the room was being darkened, preparatory to the coming out of the stars, a hidden phonograph played a portion of the Pastoral Symphony from the "Messiah." Subtly the music put one into a mood to be in tune with Nature, and when the stars presently appeared, one felt as though he had witnessed the Creation and were lingering to observe it from some quiet hillside. And when the performance was over, and the stars had faded from view, again the hidden phonograph played, this time the "Magic Fire Music" from "Die Walküre." All hail to Art and Science, and Science and Art, and to the wisdom of those who planned that program and saw the place of each.

I came home in truly characteristic fashion, carrying a large, unwieldy box full of trophies collected from the exhibits, as well as two precious little trays made by Chicago school children, and given as favors at the banquet. From utter weariness of the many experiences, I slept most of the way home, forgetting to explore the train and admire the scenery. But it was a way of putting my pet theory into practice—that it is the destination that counts. So the B. & O. with one stride brought me back to the corner of earth where I belong (and really like best, after all) with a happy and lively memory of the place where I had been.

EMMA WEYFORTH.

Impressionism

MUSIC of today has branched out in so many directions that it is impossible to follow all the bypaths by which it is leading us continually into unknown and marvelous lands.

A new style of music came into being shortly before the beginning of the twentieth century—impressionism. Its inventor was the French composer, Debussy. Among his friends were a number of artists who were interested in impressionistic painting. This type of painting suggests objects as spots of colors instead of outlining objects clearly. Debussy decided that music as well as painting could be impressionistic. His compositions, because of their unusual harmonies, sound queer beside the music of the past century. All sorts of rich and strange chords are used, and the effect is that of soaring among the clouds. Another French composer often classed with Debussy is Ravel. Both of them are noted for soft, delicate effects, and have used the queer, dissonant chords we call "modern harmonies." Scriabin and Stravinsky have written weird pieces which at times sound like nothing but noise, but at other times have a strange, haunting beauty.

There is so much music in the world that we are sure to hear not only good music, but quantities of indifferent music, and much that is really bad. The kind of music is no guide to the worth. Music will give us the greatest pleasure if we listen to it not only with open ears, but with open minds and open hearts.

MARGARET SNYDER, *Senior V.*

God in Nature

To gaze upon this tranquil scene
Would in itself suffice,
To lure all human hearts away
From human avarice.
What potent power 'way up above
Could soothe the mortal soul
As does this beauteous woodland cove;
'Tis Nature in God's rôle.

A Fourth-Year B. C. C. Student.

Our Musical Community

MUSICAL education is by no means confined to the classroom and the studio. However, the quality of the work done there influences the standards of musical culture of the community in general, and the richness and variety of the musical opportunities which it affords. By community music is meant first, music in which all the people of the community take part; second, music which is produced by certain members for the benefit and pleasure of others; and, third, music which is performed by paid artists who to some extent express the will of the community.

Real musical activity in the average community is limited to a rather small number of its inhabitants. This is due to the fact that although there are many people who are interested in music, they are not sufficiently actuated to be willing to take part in and attend rehearsals and meetings. You will find in Baltimore small choral societies which are undoubtedly in need of active men and women. The same is true of other organizations devoted to various lines of musical culture. This type of community music is predominately social and should gradually reach out and include more and more people.

One place in which the opportunity for good unison singing presents itself is in the church. Here, too, is offered a chance for those interested in singing in choirs. An outgrowth of these church choirs is the holding of musical festivals, notable among which is the Westminster Choir School festival at Princeton in the spring.

Social and musical clubs such as the Baltimore Musical Club, the Bach Club and others exist here. These excellent organizations are among the instrumentalities for promoting musical knowledge and raising the standards of musical taste. They, also, provide opportunity and encouragement for amateurs and professionals. They furnish a small, intimate, and more or less discriminating circle for chamber music. These clubs usually embody a serious purpose; namely, to know music better and appreciate it more intelligently.

The concert is a standard musical device, which contains educational possibilities. Many people go to concerts as a social duty or at most, with the hope of receiving the same sort of mild amusement as from a good motion picture. For them, of course, the educational and developmental result is negligible. Preparation is all important in securing an intelligent attitude on which depends the real value of the performance for the listener. Here, in Baltimore, we have the advantage of many fine concerts. Beside our own symphony orchestra, we are able to hear other great orchestras such as the Boston Symphony, the National

Symphony, and the Philadelphia Symphony. The Metropolitan Opera Company sings in Baltimore once a year. A group of twenty concerts are given on succeeding Friday afternoons at the Peabody Institute. The Maryland Casualty Company offers a series of delightful programs throughout the Winter on Sunday afternoons at their clubhouse. In the Summer, a number of outdoor concerts sponsored by the Municipal Government are to be had free of charge. Besides, many amateur performances are given by outstanding musical students.

The use of radio in our homes has given many a chance to hear splendid concerts. This mechanical device is a powerful ally and friend of art, if it is used intelligently. Through this medium, we are able to hear the finest orchestras, soloists, choirs and bands. It is, also, possible to hear the stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Over the radio is broadcast much excellent music excellently performed. In 1930 the census showed that 12,078,345 families owned radios. In 1932 the Columbia Broadcasting Company estimated that this number had increased to 16,026,620.

The increased amount of leisure time, and the growing feeling against nothing but mechanically performed music, are giving strong impetus toward more personally performed music by the amateur in the home. This is shown by the greater circulation in public libraries of vocal and instrumental music; and to the school music movement.

All this leads to one conclusion—the standards of musical culture are being raised, and a higher type of music is being introduced into the community.

JULIA F. HOOPPER, *Senior I.*

Music Hath Charms

“**M**USIC hath charms to soothe the savage breast.” A familiar quotation, isn’t it? For the sake of this attempt, let us alter the quotation so that it appears in the form in which so many people often misquote it—“Music hath charms to soothe the savage *beast*.” In spite of the alteration we usually accept the statement with little or no questioning, but few of us stop to realize the tremendous limitations it places on music. With a little close observation we can readily pick out the offending word or words. In the first place we object to the assumption that only savage beasts need be soothed; let us, for the sake of convenience, substitute “man” for “savage beast.” (Often there is not a great deal of difference.) Now we find that we have something like this: “Music hath charms to soothe man.” At last we have a true statement of the powers of music in relation to the physical, mental, and (especially) emotional status of the individual.

You've had a hard day. Things didn't go exactly right today. Perhaps you've slipped up in some of your studies; or, if you happen to be in business, perhaps business was pretty bad. In either case you come home feeling that, if you had the chance, you'd make a bee line for the most remote island in some undiscovered sea, where worry and care are total strangers, where the birds sing continually, and where term papers are only vaguely disturbing memories.

If you are a musician (using the term loosely so that it includes anyone who can pick out a tune with two or more fingers of each hand, you may sit down and run your fingers idly over black and white ivory, weaving fantastic chords that carry you, as on a magic carpet, to your dream paradise. If there is no musical instrument at your command, you may reach your haven of peace and comfort by simply singing, humming, or whistling some refrain which appeals to your particular mood.

Another, and I suspect the most frequently used avenue of escape is that collection of wood, wire, iron, glass, and other materials, commonly called a radio. How many times have you ended the day feeling that you might just as well have remained in bed and caught up on some of the sleep you've been promising yourself for the past few months; a feeling that as far as mental and emotional stimulus and growth were concerned your day was a failure. You turn on the radio and discover that the day isn't quite over yet when, to your eager ears floats the welcome voice of—and here I hesitate to involve myself in a battle of tastes. To avoid any embarrassing situations, I am listing a number of programs, from which you may select your favorite: (1) Bing Crosby, (2) the Philadelphia Symphony, (3) Guy Lombardo, (4) Richard Crooks, (5) Albert Spaulding, (6) Ruth Etting, (7) Rosa Ponselle, (8) Amos 'n' Andy (in deference to our music instructor; an Amos 'n' Andy fan).

Radio is unlimited in its scope of appeal, and one does not necessarily have to be dejected to be stimulated by the music it provides. For instance, have you ever passed the time pleasantly, under soft lights, with your favorite friend, with soft, soothing music supplied by Wayne King and his orchestra? Try it sometime, and then you will say (as a well-known radio philosopher used to say), "All is well."

HOWARD B. SEIDMAN, *Senior III.*

"Doctor, after my broken finger heals, will I be able to play the piano?"

"Why certainly."

"S'funny, I couldn't play it before."

The Orchestra

As the year draws to its close the orchestra is engaged, as usual, in preparation for Commencement. Although, since six of the members are doing their student teaching at this time, thus removing three whole parts of the organization, we have encountered some difficulties. Those in the school are at work in sectional and individual rehearsals, and those student teaching are giving generously of their time on Mondays. In this way, we hope to present on Baccalaureate Sunday the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria and on Commencement Day the three movements of the Sinfonietta in D major by Schubert as a preliminary to the program, the march from Meyerbeer as usual and on the program proper the Bourrée from the second sonata for violin by Bach arranged for orchestra by Page. Our Commencement program thus contains two innovations. It is our first attempt at symphonic composition the Sinfonietta, and our first attempt at a composition by Bach.

Traveling backward, May Day, which is near at hand, will find us playing the Pomp and Circumstance March for the Queen and her attendants and the Très Jolie for the program.

The rest of the year has been reported from time to time—but for a quick survey. The first quarter began by the orchestra playing for Club Night the first week of school, then for Freshmen Mothers' Weekend, an assembly program, and a program in the Elementary School assembly. The second quarter found us playing on the Christmas program in the assembly hall and the Old English Dinner, and then for Founders' Day. The third quarter brought our broadcast over WCAO on February 16, and a performance as a part of an assembly, while the last quarter has been moving toward Commencement.

Individual members of the orchestra have represented it on various occasions—notably Mr. Zeichner with a violin solo at the Y.W.C.A. candlelight service; Messrs. Kulacki, Zeichner, Hoffman, Davies, Bainer, and Miss Cord at Miss Tall's tea for the seniors; Messrs. Zeichner, Hoffman, Davies, and Bainer for the senior luncheon on May Day, and Messrs. Kulacki, Zeichner, Hoffman, and Bainer, and Misses Cord, Zipp, and Bartlett in the practice centers while teaching and for return trips for P.-T.A. meetings.

Mr. Kulacki presented a group of violin solos as the assembly program on Monday, May 7, at the opening of Music Week. His program was:

Broughton.....	Old Scotch Melody
Kramer.....	Chant Nègre
De Bériot.....	Concerto No. IX—First Movement
Massenet.....	Meditation from Thaïs

Mr. Kulacki was at his best and played very beautifully.

We lose by graduation nine members, whose leaving will be a genuine loss to the orchestra. Those graduating are: Leonard Kulacki, concertmaster; Dorothy Hendrix and Erma Grafton, second violin; Elwood Beam, clarinet; Dorothy Olert, saxophone; Virginia Cable, organ; Irma Zipp, piano; Harris Baer, tympani, and Vivian Cord, first trumpet. We are hoping that all of our junior and freshman members will be with us next fall and that the incoming class will have many who play or want to play orchestral instruments.

◆

Under Cover

THOUGH there be longings to hold on to the lengthy line of friendships made at Normal School, let's turn our faces forward and look into the future where we can always find a new personality waiting to become a friend. Such is true of the book world where we may always find a friend whether in the person of the author or in the character within his book.

Turn to Stewart Edward White's "The Riverman" and learn more of a philosophy of life as you become acquainted with Jack Orde, a strong character, a clean, honest, and straight-forward riverman. Then contrast him with the rogue of a New York lawyer, Newmark, who, on the surface, appeared to be Orde's best friend and business partner.

It is hard to believe (and thus Orde found it so, too) that Newmark would be selfish enough to attempt to ruin his own partner in order to gain for himself complete control of the log-rolling business.

Jack Orde's life was so full of the great outdoors, of driving logs, and of buying timber lots in Michigan and California that he refused to be driven out of the work he loved. By the help of his faithful young wife from New York and through love for his young son, Bobby, Orde managed to overcome these many difficulties in the pine-covered lands of the West and still remain a clear-eyed, straight-forward riverman.

◆

Sunset in Summer

The sun was setting behind the big gray barn. Its red glow across the western sky was the symbol of its waning strength. For us, it meant relief from the intense heat of another noonday. The last effort to thrust its weapon at the world was lost as it sank in the fortress of a black cloud. But wait! It peeked from beneath its prison walls. Too late! The towering trees rose gallantly along the horizon, caught its weakened rays, and saved the countryside from further attacks. The glory of another cool summer evening was upon us.

E. TROYER, *Senior IX.*

My Swamp Lot

OUR ancestors who carved their farms out of the wilderness had curious names for different fields, or bits of woodland they acquired. I suppose some were derived from old English words; and in a section of Long Island little touched by New York ways, they lingered on in current usage until the beginning of the present century. Such a word is *pital*, the name of a little enclosure in which animals can graze near barn or house or orchard. Another word of Old English derivation is *close*. A *beach close* means a field of perhaps eight or ten acres, enclosed and bordering the sand dunes of the ocean beach.

Old family papers have quaint inscriptions, and different wood lots are described in deeds as "the Jeremy lot," or "the orchard lot." I believe the "old Bill lot" took its name from a favorite horse interred there a hundred years ago or so, a horse whose name still survives from affection, though the memories of him are gone forever.

It seems to me that whenever possible, we should cherish some of these old associations and family traditions. It may be sentimental to treasure an old daguerreotype, or a picture of a little girl in ringlets and with pantalettes, or an old book inscribed by a great-aunt, "Betsy, her book." If, so, I shall continue to be sentimental and to brave the world's scorn.

Accordingly, I take no shame in acknowledging possession of a bit of land called "the swamp," or "the swamp lot." Real estate booms have come and gone, reverberating on all sides of my acre, but it still lies peacefully in a state of nature.

Why do I cling so stubbornly to that little piece of soil? It is only a small tract with a high sandy bank at one end of the slope and a springy marsh at the other, bordered by a few low alders and shrubs. Is it because of generations of forebears who loved the soil, or is it merely from my own childish associations?

It was to this swamp that I went, as a child, to watch for the first signs of Spring. I looked for the ferns curled up in their woolly blankets, and sometimes tried to help along their development by trying to loosen the tightly rolled curl. Somehow, it never seemed to help very much. It was in the swamp that I found anemones by the score, and the violets white and blue. All through the Summer, there is a constant procession of wild things: sweet fern, bayberry, swamp huckleberry. Up on the dry slope, there are wild strawberries in season; and when Autumn comes, there are splashes of color from the low goldenrod, the wild aster, and the ironweed. I have found there blue-eyed grass, wild roses, swamp roses, butterfly weed, wild morning glory, Joe Pye weed, and the beautiful grass pinks or pink *Arethusas*, besides others which I do not know.

There are springs in my swamp, clear, cool water, bubbling up, and feeding the lake that stretches away for nearly a mile to the sand dunes and the sea. All water has a fascination for me, but, most of all, running water, brooks, and springs. As a child, I would follow the narrow winding paths the cattle made until I found the springy places where the water could be seen bubbling up. These places had an exciting kind of charm to me, which I never owned to any one until years later. When my big brother grew to be a civil engineer, and put a mechanism like a ram in this spring to measure the flow of water, I knew that he, too, felt the fascination I experienced in the swamp. For this little ram had no practical use; it was just a toy to satisfy our curiosity.

I always wanted to wade across both outlets of the swamp, and see where the springs came up on the other side of the cattail island, which divided the two forks that led into the pond. Finally, one day when I was perhaps twelve years old, I asked my mother's permission to try it. My little sister and I put on rubber boots, thinking that the water was not deep enough to come above our knees. We waded across one outlet, and reached the cattail island safely. But when we crossed the wider branch, we felt a curious sinking. There were several inches of silt through which we sank, and the water rushed up over our knees, filling the boots. I remember the sickening startling dread, as I felt myself sinking; then suddenly the relief of finding the firm hard gravelly bottom below my feet, together with the chill of icy-cold water pouring up from the springs below.

Sometimes I think that I will build a bungalow or camp on the dry sandy upper slope of my swamp lot. On the rare occasions when I am wakeful at night, I plan my house. I see the rooms, the two porches, the garage running under the side-hill, all vividly before me. I have even furnished my house, and know just how the fireplace will look, and where I shall put my Winthrop desk.

Not far from my back door will be my own little dock, and a boat ready to row out into the creek. The channel out to the pond will be all properly dredged and bulkheaded, so that my boat can go out and on to the beach, and come back filled with the water lilies which stud the sheltered shores of the lake as thickly as the stars that are reflected in the quiet waters on a windless night.

These are only dreams, I know. But when I am not sleeping, and having real dreams, may I not have a few day dreams, even at night, about my house and my boat and my swamp? But if I have no boat and no house in sober fact, at least I know that in my swamp the anemones are pushing up little pink heads, and the ferns will soon be uncurling from their woolly wrappings.

MARY OSBORN ODELL.

Night Over Fitch's Pond—Jarrett

Was Julius Nettleton's drowning an accident or really suicide? As Walter Drake watched by the body of his dead friend, before his mind's eye passed a kaleidoscopic vision of the events leading to such tragedy. Or was it tragedy? Could the hitherto self-centered husband possibly have made in death a gesture of utter self-sacrifice and atonement?

Read "Night Over Fitch's Pond" and follow Walter Drake as his mind unveils the mystery of that night's happenings. Strange that life should have brought two couples such as Julius and Mary, Rolf and Eloise together only to tear them asunder with the elemental emotions of love and hate.

This is a book with unusual characterization and an intriguing theme—one that you will enjoy reading because it *is* different.

"Sarah Thornton," by Margaret Weymouth Jackson, is the story of the effect of the World War on an American girl's life. Sarah, daughter of a doctor in the suburbs of Chicago, falls in love at seventeen with Kurt Mueller, son of German parents. The story portrays in Kurt the conflict between love for mother and love for sweetheart. Sarah has to choose between loyalty to country and loyalty to love. The reader is apt to feel that one conflict is lost in pursuit of the other. The main characters do not seem capable of the emotions ascribed to them. The story, however, is interesting reading for leisure moments.

MILDRED LUMM, *Freshman V.*

To Our Librarians

"I don't know the name—or writer—
But the book was red—or lighter—
I can't find it anywhere
Could you—maybe—tell me—where?"
"Seems to me it was on 'Elves',"
Yes, I've looked on all the shelves.
Guess the filing cards are wrong
Besides, you know—it takes so long!
"Thanks so much—yes, that's the one.
If you'll check it now, I'll run."
Who calls there—"May I see your books?"
And is repaid with dirty looks?
Oh, many-a-time, and many a day
They've helped me thus upon my way
So I would pause now—changing ranks—
And voice my deepest—heartfelt—Thanks!

I. M. SHIPE, *Senior IV.*

Story Hour

THROUGH my work in Children's Literature Class, I became interested in starting a story hour class for small children in my neighborhood. Upon inquiry, I discovered that I might use the primary room in a two-room schoolhouse as a place of meeting. The room was equipped with small chairs, which could be suitably arranged for a story hour, and was therefore the most desirable place that I could think of for our gatherings.

I spoke to a number of children and their mothers as I "toured the town" one Saturday morning in an effort to secure interest in the idea. In most instances, the suggestion of a Saturday morning class was met with approval. In fact, most mothers fairly beamed, glad I imagine, to have a bit of "quiet in sight." Determined that any child who wished to come could do so, I stopped and asked "Lula," who was trotting out to interview the breadman, if there were any of her brood who would be interesting in coming. "Lula" is quite a character, you see, and any child of hers would certainly lend variety to any occasion. She informed me that she thought an "ejication" was a thing "fer" boys, and she'd see that her "Herbie" came! Perhaps I am wrong, but if Herbie can derive any pleasure from the stories, it matters not that his mother is "queer" and "murders the King's English," nor that his clothes are far from "Connecticut Avenue." At the end of the day, some fourteen youngsters had said that they would come "next Saturday morning at ten o'clock, to the schoolhouse." And so my rôle of "Story-Teller" was launched.

The last Saturday in March dawned clear and cold; with it dawned my hopes of something new and exciting. I went "over to school," put some coal in "the good old iron stove," and placed the chairs in the prescribed semi-circle. Ten girls and boys of varying ages and appearances "graced the welcoming assembly." They listened attentively to the story "How the Whale Got His Throat," and grinned appreciatively at its close. "I have a book with that story in it," said one child, "and I'll bring it next time."

"Do whales really eat people?"

"That was a good one!"

They were all delighted with James Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphan Annie," "Little Dick and the Clock," and "Our Hired Girl." Our period was concluded with a chapter from Pinocchio and a song. Our only disturbing element appeared in one "Manny Rea and his little

sister, Lou Ann." Manny has always been a decided problem and apparently sister was fast following in his footsteps. When they became restless, they interrupted and annoyed the others, and once pranced gaily around the room. Knowing Manny, I ignored his actions as much as possible, but told him upon leaving that we had room "only for boys and girls who were grownup enough to be polite!"

The following Saturday, I related "Elephant's Child," aided by Edwin's nice new book which he had brought "per promise." Having met Manny and Lou Ann at the door privately, and having gently but firmly subdued their bubbling spirits, all trouble was dispensed with. From that day to this, the pair of them have been perfect marvels. What came over them I do not know, and could never guess, but they both appear interested and their behavior is astounding! In fact, Manny brought several of his "Wizard of Oz" books along to show us, and so delighted was I that I read until my throat was sore.

"Epaminondas" at our next meeting was greeted with howls and cheers. I didn't realize that they would really love it so. In the meantime, we were trying to remember Rudyard Kipling and James Whitcomb Riley so that on our birthday or at Christmas we could ask for something we liked. (I am trying to build up a taste for their favorites in an incidental way.) "The Bear Story" of Riley's proved to be a "charmer" and led to a lively discussion of bears generally. One little girl has traveled in the West, and she told us about seeing skins being prepared for tanning on her journey.

"That sounded real, Miss Anna," was the first response to Rose Fyleman's "The Goblin Doorknocker." This story proved a favorite and many exclamations proved its popularity. (This was, by the way, the first time I had been addressed as "Miss," and it quite amused me, but pleased me, too; it seemed so quaint.)

"So-Be-Yit," the little Indian legend from "Selected Stories," quite entranced them, for it was a mystery. I was positively thrilled when Manny interrupted to ask what a moccasin was. To know that he was paying such close attention "marked a milestone" for both of us. I had previously told the children that if they wished to tell any stories or recite any poems that they had heard or "made-up" themselves we would be glad to hear them. (This is a bit out of order, but "The Goblin Knocker" brought forth "Up the Airy Mountin, Down the Rushy Glen" from a seven-year-old and the fact that her father read to her about fairies before she went to bed at nights!) So now we have frequent contributions of prose and poetry, some a little dubious, some very fine! Manny and Lou Ann have quite a repertoire of nursery rhymes, and have entertained on several occasions.

I must tell you of one funny incident that pleased me beyond words! One cold, rainy morning when I had absolutely abandoned the idea of having class, there came a tap at the door and in the doorway peering beneath a huge umbrella was a small, rather dripping "member of my congregation." With great pomp and ceremony, the two of us sat by the fire and I "held forth" on Uncle Remus. How we did enjoy that morning! We terminated our "meeting" with several songs which I whacked out with great gusto on our piano, and which she sang with evident relish! As she left, I thought, "Even so, the enemy is vanquished!"

The Book of Knowledge has furnished one or two stories and poems, and as there is a set in the school, I hope that the children will wish more and more to know them.

We expect to continue our classes after "school is out" and plan to go "hiking and picnicking" on fine days! That they come is that they like it! I "love" it, because they "love" it. May this prove to be the beginning of something that shall not end, for they *must* find for themselves that which I have, in all humbleness, tried to help them seek.

ANNE SHEGAGUE, *Senior VII.*

❖

To My Mother

If beauty is a thing sublime
As sages say it be,
Then the place wherein true beauty lies
Is very plain to me.
'Tis not where snow-capped mountain peaks
Lift up their heads to God,
'Tis not in meadows sweet with bloom
Where dainty flowerlets nod.
'Tis here within my very reach,
That beauty really lies,
For me it is the light divine
That's in my mother's eyes.

DOROTHY MUDD.

Assemblies

DR. ESTELLE WARNER

Dr. Warner, who comes to us from the United States Public Health Service, discussed its activities, and provisions. Its duties are, first, to protect against diseases through medical inspection of foreigners, interstate control of disease, and protection in travel; second, to investigate disease pertaining to man through research, and discovery; and third, to supervise biological articles by testing toxins, vaccines, etc. The Public Health Service will do all in its power to safeguard your health, but you must do your part, too. Then, guard your greatest treasure!

MR. FLOWERS

Mr. William C. Flowers, Assistant Superintendent of Baltimore City, who comes in contact with numerous graduates, gave us some very practical ideas concerning the morals and ethics of the teaching profession. Ideals of the teaching profession must be extensive. These ideals Mr. Flowers discussed under three headings: First, there are ideals of personal contacts. The teacher, who does many of the same things that other people do, is commented upon and rightly so, for they, who are leading future citizens, need the quality of self-respect. Second, the ideals of professional ethics must be considered. Our profession needs better business people, and less gossip and unjustifiable criticism among the teachers. Thirdly, the ideal of community relationships cannot be neglected. We should strive to make our P.-T.A.'s, Child Study Groups, Church, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts all avenues leading into one big organization.

Mr. Flowers warned us that sustenance of such ideals is more difficult than attainment. Suggestive means of attaining these ideals were associations with those of high ideals, having proper friendships, reading, traveling, and above all, by carefully planning one's life from year to year.

FOREIGN STUDENTS

As a part of their course under Dr. Wilson, foreign students from the International Institute of Teachers College at Columbia University are now studying American schools. On April 25 they visited with us. The twenty-one students represented twelve countries. We are always glad to welcome them as our guests because of the pleasant contacts established with the nations of the world through these people. The group was smaller this year, but there were students from Japan, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, South Africa, Haiti, and China. We hope that they left us with as many new ideas about our school as we gained from conversing with them about their schools.

Youth Is Moving

"STRIKE—Against war, Friday, April 13, today; cut all 11 o'clock classes.

"All over the country, students and faculty will leave their 11 o'clock classes to show their determined opposition to war and war preparations."

WHY STRIKE?

"We have had meetings and discussions. We have passed resolutions, adopted programs, and sent telegrams of protest. Now, in the week of the anniversary of our government's entrance into the last war, we must translate our anti-war stand into open and concrete action.

"We do not want to curtail education even for one hour. But we do want to keep all students out of the trenches and within the classrooms in the future.

"We strike today, the anniversary of America's entrance into the World War, to prevent another such calamity. Strikes and mass meetings on the campus will focus attention on the strength of the anti-war movement in the universities of our country.

"The success of our protest will throw fear into the hearts of the war makers, will give courage and training to the anti-war fighters, and will draw new forces into active participation in the fight against war.

"Come and bring your classes with you.

"Mass at the Sundial today at 11 A. M.

"Columbia Anti-War Committee."

So read the circulars thrust into our hands as we walked in the vicinity of Columbia University on the morning of Friday, April 13. Perhaps now there would be afforded us a concrete idea of the reasons and direction of this stir among juvenility about which periodicals and persons had seemed so varied and vague.

We went (in spite of the fact that we had no classes to take with us). When we arrived at Columbia, we found that already a large number of youth had "moved" and continually did move until the square was well filled. Then a counter-movement arose. Two groups, each under the United States flag, were evident, and the crowd mixed back and forth to examine the wares of each. Each appealed to the citizenship ideals of the hearers; the Columbia speakers reiterated the points given in the circulars, attacked the munition makers and their paradoxical co-operative "competition," and strengthened the human and economic arguments against war; the more vociferous, more eloquent opposition played upon the outworn, unconvincing call to patriotism,

to blind loyalty to the nation. We were convinced that youth was moving; we were not assured as to where and how.

We looked to the afternoon conference at Pennsylvania Hotel for enlightenment. Its theme read, "The Youth Movement and Its Educational Implications," and the program offered three foreign speakers and two of the United States.

We gathered from what the foreign speakers said that the youth movement in their countries was in a more advanced stage of development than that in America.

Kenneth Holland, one of the American speakers, brought our thinking "down to earth" and translated less tangible aims and ideals into "what we can do about it."

He lamented that the three foreign speakers represented dictatorships. (The German student answered that Germany's was a leadership, not a dictatorship!) In the United States we have not a youth movement but the basis of one. Our emphasis is inclined to be on moving rather than on the direction. Parading, organizing, etc., make a youth movement dangerous and approach dictatorships, Fascism, etc. Youth activity should appeal to reason, not emotion, and should be evolutionary rather than revolutionary. It should be positive, not negative. The youth of the United States should realize that international problems are based on national ones, and national ones on community problems. The problems, then, that we can tackle are in our own back yards. We should intelligently study conditions in our own communities and make every effort to tie them with our college courses. Outstanding is the need for developing activities for the unemployed youth we know. . . . The general aim of a United States youth movement would be to prepare a generation for places of trust in the world. Youth should be inspired to get first-hand information which would stimulate and supplement university study.

The address sent by Chester H. McCall, Assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, supplemented the convictions of Kenneth Holland. It described a plan under the National Institution of Public Affairs. This plan provides objective training for public service leadership. Its operation is basically like that of the Rhodes scholarship plan. Young people are given experience and related study in public offices. The last three months allow the students to act in full capacity as government assistants.

And so we found that while we do not have a United States youth movement as such, we have plenty to be moved about!

ORA ANN BUSSARD, *Senior IX.*

The Tower Light

*Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson*

STUDENT EDITORS

Editors

MARGUERITE SIMMONS
JULIUS SEEMAN

Alumni Editors

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE
MARY ANN DOUGLAS

Business Manager

FLORA VODENOS

Circulation Managers

MARGARET CLAYTOR
RUTH HALE

Advertising Managers

MARY BUCHER
HELENE ZIEGLER

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Athletics

SELMA TYSER

Assembly

RUTH KOLATA

General Literature

MIRIAM LEVIN

Poetry

DOROTHY BOTHE

Social

EDITH BEALL
ELEANOR BRUEHL

Secretarial Staff

HILDA FARBMAN
BEATRICE WINER
LEE YENKINSON

Science

EDNA IKENA

Library

ETHEL TROYER

Jokes

SARA LEVIN

\$1.50 per year

20 cents per copy

ALICE MUNN, *Managing Editor*

Milestone

Many of us, if we look ahead—and looking ahead is in season—see a milestone standing by the side of our road. From black earth and sweet soft grass it rises straight and smooth and casually announces to fleeting shadows: "June."

To those of us who lead semestered lives, the stone continues to speak. It speaks of a year passed—two years . . . three, and deep within is heard a whisper—not from the past but a hope for the future—a hope for a fuller life because of the milestone we are passing.

MARY-STEWART LEWIS.

A Tribute

IN the whirlwind existence in which we are living, we sometimes neglect those who have been as stepping stones in our progress. They are the librarians. How often do we appreciate their loyalty and service, never tiring, never failing in their desire to be helpful. Thoughtless remarks and cruel comments on our part never seem to turn their hearts against us. Their task is never so important that it cannot be laid aside in order to render us assistance. Consider how many questions and the number of books they take from the shelves for us in an hour, and yet, I wonder how many of us stop to thank them for their courtesy. They have been consistent in their service, as consistent as ever humans can hope to be. How can we help but be conscious of their worth! For three years they have been invaluable to the Senior Class and so we extend our gratitude and wish them more leisure, more consideration and a wealth of happiness for the future. Three cheers for "Our Library Staff."

IDA MAY GIBBONS, *Senior IV.*

Chi Alpha Sigma

THOUGH the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity is a comparatively silent organization in this institution, it is nevertheless a very potent one. Its standards of character, achievement, and scholarship are constantly before the school as a goal toward which each student strives. Especial interest is manifested by the school when the Spring and Fall elections occur, and the new members are introduced.

The Chi Alpha Sigma does other things beside being just an honorary society. It sponsors some assemblies; it compiles informational material which it considers valuable to the student body; and it conducts meetings, teas, luncheons, and banquets to which it invites clever and inspiring speakers.

The Senior Class is proud of the number represented in its honor society. Marguerite Simmons is the secretary-treasurer. The other senior members are: Margaret Ashley, Dorothea Becker, Dorothy Bothe, Eleanor Bruehl, Ora Bussard, Ida May Gibbons, Bernice Huff, Miriam Jules, Annette Lieberman, Sophie Leutner, Elizabeth McIntyre, Eugenia Matelis, Elise Shue, Helen Stromberg, Ethel Troyer, and Virginia Weinland.

May Breakfast

A PLACE-CARD, a few violets, and a blue napkin are all that is left of the May Breakfast. Early in the morning of the first of May we resident seniors under the leadership of Miss Weyworth and Miss MacDonald gathered in a group in front of Miss Tall's house to sing her May greetings and to leave a spring bouquet.

Trailing back to the foyer with the echoes of spring songs in our ears, we found a breakfast of fresh strawberries and cream, fried chicken, hot biscuits, and coffee ready to add to our delight. Miss Rutledge, although unable to be present, sent us a telegram with her May greetings from the "land of Iris." Only the meager word "Thanks" is all the seniors have to offer the Dormitory Staff members for this enjoyable morning, but this one word is fraught with much meaning.

Junior Dance

Can't you hear the swish of happy, dancing feet? A rustic garden, a good orchestra and full moon which provided a perfect setting for the Junior Dance. Was it a success? Just ask!

The Freshman Dance

THE Freshman Prom went off well after months spent in waiting and several hours occupied in building and rebuilding window frames too large to get through the art room door. Then, much time was also spent in painting the portraits of some of Maryland's most famous historical characters. As a result, on Friday evening, April 20, the auditorium appeared incognito.

One found himself gazing out over the Washington Monument through an open window evidently in an old colonial home on Charles Street. Staring benignly down upon the dancers from their gilt frames were, among others, Cecil Calvert and Francis Scott Key. Undoubtedly Calvert did occupy the most conspicuous bit of wall space but perhaps the persistent insistence of two of the proud artists (?) had something to do with that.

In such a setting, the minuet, it seems, would have been the most fitting dance, but no such stately rhythm was heard—Billy Oberlander and his orchestra furnished the music!

The class colors, scarlet and white, were emphasized in the refreshments, which consisted of punch and cookies. Yes, the Freshmen Dance was what we had hoped it to be—a success!

E. L., *Freshman II.*

Rural Club Dinner

As Miss Tall said, it is usually the Rural Club Dinner which marks the opening of the Spring activities.

The color scheme of blue and gold, beautifully carried out in menus and flowers was in recognition of the new children's history, "The Making of Maryland," which is bound in a blue and gold cover. The author, Mr. Elmer Greene, proved to be a very delightful and entertaining speaker. Are you a time burner in education; one who in teaching uses the beautiful, fine points of this world and its history to make some humdrum routine school subject to be hammered into the children's heads? That is what you would be asking yourself had you heard Mr. Greene as he spoke to us on Friday, April 6.

Others who gave us their greetings were Dr. Lida Lee Tall, Mrs. Elmer Greene, Mr. Slater Bryant, former president of the Rural Club; Mr. Hammond Cantwell, a former member of the Rural Club, and Dr. Anita S. Dowell.

The Rural Club still holds as its main project the development of the Glen, but needs the co-operation of the whole school. The C.W.A. have deposited materials on the campus to carry on this work.

Departing seniors extend their best wishes for a bigger and better Rural Club in the coming years.

Happy Birthday

THE men students of the dormitory celebrated their annual birthday dinner on Monday evening, March 19. Our main speaker was Rev. Wickes of Calvary Baptist Church in Towson. Among our other guests were Dr. John Abercrombie, and Messrs. Calder, Finn, Minnegan, and Moser.

Promptly at 6:30 P. M. the guests and men students assembled in the left wing of the Newell Dining Hall, in which was prepared for us a dinner fit for a king. As the feast progressed and every one felt at ease a large platter with a roast pig was brought in by a pompous waiter. The carving honors fell to Dr. John, who after much exertion and fatigue, served each a bountiful portion of the dish. After the meal was concluded we lighted our pipes and cigarettes and settled back comfortably to listen to the veterans "brag and bluff." Many a wild story was told that night about "preachers" and "Irishmen." Then in a good physical and mental condition we listened attentively to a most inspiring talk by Rev. Wickes. And then to bed, with pleasant anticipation of another such get-together in our minds.

Collecting Stamps

IT has often been said that having a hobby is one of the best things a person can possess. A good hobby instructs as well as gives pleasure. This is certainly true of stamp collecting. From it one not only learns much about the monetary system of various countries but also much about their history.

History is shown in the commemorative issues. These issues are not only beautiful but give in pictorial form the dearly remembered event in native history. The beautiful Rogers Clark 2-cent is an example. The Valley Forge issue is another. Guatemala issued the 12½ centavos blue and black stamp with the picture of the convention that formulated their declaration of independence.

We must not leave out transportation. The United States issue of 1901 shows on the six stamps of that issue a fast lake navigation, a fast express, automobile (of the antiquated type), canal locks at Sault Ste. Marie, and fast ocean navigation. Then the pictures of boats on the stamps of Barbadoes, British Guiana, are very enticing.

Geography is another subject that can be learned incidentally in conjunction with this famous hobby. The collector generally starts with a map of Panama, first issued by the Republic of Colombia; later, when the Republic of Panama was organized this stamp was surcharged "Republic of Panama." There is also a map of Australia, issued by that country, with a picture of the kangaroo standing in the middle. Among the finest maps are several from Canada, and the 10-cent Louisiana purchase of the United States.

The interesting Chinese junk is to be seen on many stamps from that country. The French Colonials show us the many interesting types of African native canoes. The beautifully colored Danzig stamps show a woodcut of an old three-mast schooner.

The person who is extremely interested in scenery will find stamp collecting a pleasure. Jamaica offers the most beautiful of waterfalls, plus many other scenes of that lovely tropical island. All of the French Colonials, Mozambique, and British North Borneo offer entrancing views to the collector.

Air-mail! What a hair-raising title for any topic. One of the most fascinating fields of stamp collection is first flight air-mail covers. The flights of the Graf Zeppelin around the world, the first crossing of the Atlantic Ocean by Lindbergh with the mail, the test flights of plane to railroad, and from plane to motorcycle. If you are a fortunate collector of air-mails you will have the signatures of some of the notables of the air-mail pilots.

Who are stamp collectors, you ask? Everybody has an interest in collecting stamps (actively or passively) from King George of England, who owns the largest stamp collection in the world, to the servant working in your kitchen.

EARL H. PALMER, *Junior III.*

The Senior Men's Dinner

Date—Wednesday, May 2, 5:30 P. M.

5:28 P. M.—5:29—5:30—5—"Soup's on!" The announcement was superfluous. Twenty-two eager-eyed men had already started their mad rush toward the ten-gallon container of stew, which reposed majestically upon the gas range in Miss Key's room. And what a stew it was! As early as eleven o'clock that morning the cooking committee had started its work. At twelve, the stew was but a delicate odor in the lower hall; at three it was a hungry look on the men's faces; and at five-thirty it was a stark reality!

One enterprising young man attempted to estimate the extent to which we had practiced real economy in preparing the meal. Here are his figures:

Restaurant Prices

Stew	\$.30
Salad10
Bread and butter.....	.05
Coffee05
Desert05
<hr/>	
Total	\$.55
Our price25
<hr/>	
To the good.....	\$.30
Doctor's bill	5.00
<hr/>	
To the bad.....	\$4.70

Such pessimistic outlooks as this were in the minority; as a matter of fact, we suffered very few ill effects. The fact that several men stayed home the next day should not be regarded as significant. If you asked them why they stayed home, they would promptly reply, "Well, look how hard it rained!"

J. S., *Senior III.*

Negro Songs in a Dramatic Setting

THE more we see of the lives of a people, the better we understand their art, literature and music. Vachel Lindsay in his great poem, "Congo," has found three dominating elements in the pattern of the life of the American negro. The first of these he calls their basic savagery; the second, their hope of religion, and the third, their irrepresible good humor. Last year the seventh grade attempted to interpret the religious life of the American negro and so lead toward a truer appreciation of the spirituals which that race has contributed to American music. This year the portion of their program which was devoted to the negro folk music may be described as coming nearest to being an interpretation of Vachel Lindsay's third characteristic—the irrepresible good humor of the race. It was presented as the children were able to understand it through a study of negro music.

This quotation from the prologue may give you the spirit of the presentation: "For our setting we take you to the humble home of a plantation worker of the Old South. Day is dying; the soft, long shadows are busy erasing the stains and cares of a hard day in the fields. Another day will begin soon with its round of dust, heat and fatigue. But all of that is forgotten now. This hour belongs to the slave. His master may order the long, busy hours of day and the short, quiet hours of rest, but between the two there is still left an hour or two for living—an hour or two in which to rebuild courage to face the new day."

For their own pleasure and that of an audience, the children lived through, in imagination, this sunset-to-bedtime hour, making it rich with melodies which are cherished as the negro's lasting contribution to American music.

Those who are interested in the program may find the dialogue and program on file in the elementary school.

The Story of Roland

THE children of Miss Mahon's fourth grade at the Alexander Hamilton School presented, as a culmination to their study of the Barbarians and their great leaders, a play called, "The Story of Roland." It was taken from the book of the same name by James Baldwin and adapted by the children after they had heard parts of it read during the literature periods.

The setting of the play was very simple. The children made lovely large shields which were pinned on a black cyclorama which they were able to borrow. The properties were gathered from around the school and from the homes of the pupils and teachers. Golden goblets were glasses covered with yellow crepe paper; the throne was a wicker chair covered with a fur automobile robe; and the foundation of the hill was several mats arranged on a dais.

Costumes were exceedingly simple yet very effective. Many of them were made from cambric by the children, and others were borrowed. Old shirts were used for capes, and men's shirts turned up made very satisfactory tunics. There was sufficient variety of color and style to make some very lovely scenes.

From this one can see that the production of the play was very simple. However, the work and time which the children put on learning their parts and seeing that all the costumes and properties were as true as they could possibly have them will impress the story of one of the great leaders and his time upon them very thoroughly.

Imagination

When I sit by the beautiful fireplace
And dream what I'll be when I'm old,
I dream of silver and fortune
And a castle that's made of pure gold.
I often dream of a garden
With fruits just like rubies and pearls;
And fairies and elves with butterfly wings,
And I dream of different worlds.
And when I am dreaming of fairies
I think I am playing there.
I imagine the fairy queen greets me
And gives me her royal chair.
And then when I'm finished dreaming
I fall asleep with a smile—
I'd like to be big and wealthy,
But really I'm only a child.

MARGARET GULL, 5A, School No. 24.

Sport Slants

WITH the curtain gradually closing on the laudable 1933-34 school year we turn back and evaluate the scenes that have been enacted. Not too inert, in the foreground we view the "good ole sports program" and consider the record attained this season. Sensational? Stupendous? Are we mortified? No!—for meritorious was the White and Gold's performance in athletic affairs, whether speaking of intramural contests or varsity competition.

Starting state high, the M.S.N.S. varsity, soccer team succeeded in winning the title of "Maryland Collegiate Champions of 1933." Battling through their twelve scheduled games, the Profs emerged no games tied and no games lost. Even Western Maryland, the terror of past years, was downed by the superior plays of the Normal booters.

And then came basketball—and shades of superstition hide ye!—for starting practice on the 13th of November with 13 squad members, the cagers succeeded in annexing 13 victories so as to be in supreme spirits for the sumptuous banquet held on the 13th of March. M.S.N.S. lost three early season tilts to Catholic U., Loyola, and Wilson Teachers' College, only to ensnare all games of the 1934 season. Finishing with nine consecutive victories, the White and Gold downed the following to net the 13 out of 16 games played: American U., Susquehanna of Baltimore League, St. Dominics of Catholic League, Frostburg Normal, each once, and Gallaudet, Elizabethtown, Blue Ridge College, Wilson Teacher's College, each twice. Along with the above mentioned accomplishments were captured two titles—"Champions of Normal Schools of Maryland" and "Champions of Teachers' College and Normal Schools of Maryland and the District of Columbia." We managed to outscore our opponents with the figures 488 to 429. Wheeler was high score man, netting 216 points in 16 games, while pacing him was Rankin with 142 points, 61 assists, and leader in free throwing for the 16 games. Six outstanding men of the squad, Swanabeck, Dugan, Johnson, Harris, Kulacki, and Clayman will be lost by graduation. All have been with the team for three years and have played with the underclassmen who compose a nucleus to carry on the good work in the '34-'35 season.

Yes, baseball is here—and so is tennis. But crystal reading is not in our line, so we can just say that out of three baseball games played three have been won—and time will TELL.

The female sports enthusiasts might claim the Whatsit Title of Whosit State—for, unlike our male classmates, we do not engage in varsity competition and are not able to measure our comparative stand-

ings so tangibly. Nevertheless, considering that some girls come to Normal School knowing that soccer and baseball are played outside and basketball is played inside, it is quite a feat to have these self-same damsels learn that to head a ball in soccer you don't wait till the ball socks you, but jump to meet it, and that in baseball a strike is had not when you swing and hit the ball, but when you swing and miss the ball. All jests overruled, there have developed within these walls not a few outstanding athletes. Encouraged to participate in soccer, hockey, basketball, baseball, volley ball, and swimming, it is no wonder a versatile group has been developed. Outstanding in all the girls' activities has been the dominating spirit of playing for the enjoyment and value of the game and not merely to win.

What else did the 1933-34 season bring forth? Several innovations—no less:

Frosh shattered all precedents by being proclaimed winners of the Girls' Annual Demonstration.

A new spirit of loyalty, enthusiasm, energy, and straight forwardness encountered back in '31 and since lurking in and out of corners, was once again witnessed at the Demonstration.

The girls' games were made quite a social event by being a sidecar to a dinner saturated with the palatable, and overflowing with good will.

Girls were included on one of the boys' basketball trips and the future may hold one of these feature trips annually.

In throwing bouquets for achievement we had better stop and reflect concerning the forces behind the show. Yes, it's to our athletic instructors—Miss Daniels, Miss Roach, and Mr. Minnegan that we owe and present all laurels. Despite heavy schedules of teaching and supervision, many hours were devoted to the elective and varsity sports and to successfully developing skilled players. We salute you!

We have played our games and have striven for victory in its extrinsic and intrinsic sense. Have we won? I'll leave it to you—and although '34 is leaving, Normal lasts on—so let's all

PLAY BALL and ROLL UP the SCORE!

SELMA R. TYSER.

King of Sports Returns to Normal

OLD KING BASEBALL is once more with us! It just seemed as if the weather would never permit him to come once more into his own, but at last it has and Normal will soon launch her last varsity sport campaign of the year in honor of the Good King Baseball.

Several practices have already been held, and a bright outlook can be predicted for the Spring campaign.

A squad of about 17 men are trying for positions on the team, and most of them have had previous experience, either here at Normal or with their respective high school teams. Those composing the squad to date are: Schwanebeck, Johnson, Kulacki, Hirschorn, Rankin, Jaffe, Wheeler, Cole, Meyer, Fost, Turner, Hoffman, Brumbaugh, Nichols, Harper and Novey.

All have shown up exceptionally well in their batting practice, but the fielding problem is giving Coach Minnegan quite a problem to handle. However, a few more good Spring days, and the squad should be at top form.

Due to the junior men being practice teaching, all games have been scheduled for Mondays, with the exception of one on May Day, May 9, and Friday, June 1, at Elizabethtown.

The first game is scheduled with Maryland Training School on Monday, April 22, and on every Monday following that, some opponent will be met. Charlotte Hall Military Academy furnishes the opposition on May Day.

TOM JOHNSON, *Senior VI.*

The laziest fellow handed in his exam paper, in which he said the following:

"Please see Smith's paper for my answers."

* * * *

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even ten pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I," replied the farmer. "It's a pear tree."—*Chaser.*

* * * * *

A Frenchman was trying to learn the English language. The poor man had been through the usual trials over such words as "cough" and "dough" and "trough," and staggered out of the school one day quite bewildered, maligning us for spelling words one way and pronouncing them another.

As he reached the street he saw a movie theatre across the road, outside of which was displayed this sign. "Cavalcade. Pronounced Success."

The Frenchman fainted.

—*Answers.*



SNOW SCENE



ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



DORMITORIES AND ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



DINING HALL

Well! Well! Well!

TO everyone comes a day of reckoning, and ours has dawned at last. Even while you are reading this we are probably performing some of the last rites which befit only settled seniors. Still, life must go on and columns must be written. And since there may be a tendency on occasions such as this to write long speeches of farewell, we hasten to protest that such is not our purpose. In fact, we would go out of our way to avoid even mentioning farewells—so far out of our way, indeed, that we have taken great pains to draw up a list of topics about which *not* to write.

1. No mention should be made of graduation or the fact that commencement means "beginning." Someone might be rude enough to ask, "The beginning of what?"

2. There should be not a single word about professionals (except to say that one city freshman asked us, "What are professionals, anyhow?")

3. Someone should put a stop to the people who insist they will not write farewells, and then calmly proceed to write about them, anyhow (just as we have done).

4. The subject of Spring is in its last stages and should soon be stored among the moth balls.

5. Reminiscences and forecasts, unless delicately handled, are taboo.

* * * * *

The repeal of prohibition may have benefited the country at large, but it certainly did administer a jolt to some people's male vanity. Take the cases of B. Goldberg, A. Shapiro, O. Bachman, and J. Clayman, for instance. How do you suppose they felt when they were refused beer because the proprietor (a law-abiding citizen) insisted that the boys were too young to be served!

Congratulations to the marshals. They are now distinctly honored by having Stanley Nicoll among their number. It is a fact, though, that most of the men are breathing deep sighs of relief. They figure that he can't do so much talking in the rear of the auditorium, even if it's to himself!

A True Story:

Frankie and Johnny were lovers. It seems that Johnny was "that way" about a certain young lady. However, the young lady's fancy "turned," even as yours and ours. So . . . she went out with Frankie. Result . . . Johnny had words with Frankie. Moral . . . absolutely none.

For the most constant couple in school, we nominate Leonard Hirschhorn and Hilda Weiner. When's it going to be?

Ray Harter, believe it or not, is one of our most methodical of seniors. In the economics class, as a result of a bit of friendly competition between Senior 11 and Senior 3, he kept a complete record of the number of times each person volunteered. Here are his scores for a period of three weeks (six classes): Senior 11, 63; Senior 3, 189. High point scorer—L. Hirschhorn, 64.

Student Teaching Sidelights (thanks to next year's Columnist):

A third-grader has made the sage observation that a dictionary is a very silly institution. If you want to look up a word and thus find out how to spell it, you must first know how to spell it in order to be able to look it up; and if you knew how to spell it you wouldn't want to look it up, would you?

An object lesson to teachers who have a passion for problems: A certain junior student teacher very carefully extracted from his class the problem for the period, wrote it on the board and left it there unheeded, unattended, and unused, until he was ready to erase the board after school. (Ah! the futility of it all.)

Another junior, in the genius class, was most surprised. He found that he did not have to get down to the level of the third grade.

A student teacher is discouraged. She says that the trouble is she understands the children too well. When she hears a child talking during one of her lessons she sees the child's point of view so well that she hesitates to call the child down.

What faculty member made Bob Norris blush when she exclaimed, "Even Mr. Norris looks like a flower this morning"?

Added similes (a la Winchell)—as scared as a student climbing up to the tower during school hours; as wise as a senior who has completed both terms of student teaching.

Well, dear friends, our time is up. All the material that was worthwhile, and much that wasn't, has been written; and now we're ready to shoulder the blame. We shall heave no futile sighs at the end, because we promised not to. May we just bid you goodbye, then? And may we whisper an added goodbye to a little girl who sits in the glee club?

HERMAN MILLER and JULIUS SEEMAN.

* * * *

Judge: "I fine you \$1.10 for beating your wife."

Prisoner: "I don't object to the dollar, but what is the dime for?"

Judge: "That's the Federal Tax on amusements."—*Exchange*.



ASSEMBLY



RICHMOND HALL PARLOR

Epitaphs

PERHAPS you have gathered by this time that the seniors will shortly be leaving Normal School. If you have, it should not be necessary to say more about it; if you have not, it would be hopeless to say more. And yet, though all farewells have been taken, there remains one last rite. How are those who stay to perpetuate the memories of the departed? How are those who depart to perpetuate the memories of those who yet remain?

The ancients solved this problem quite neatly. Remember Rameses II, the lively Pharaoh who had three statues erected in his own honor? As a result, we're still looking at his features. We therefore propose to follow his admirable example. We, too, propose to erect monuments to the people whom we would honor. And these be the people to whom monuments be constructed:

1. To Oswald Bachman, who will no longer endanger the lives of innocent pedestrians near Normal School in his effort to "just barely miss" telegraph poles, street cars, safety beacons, and traffic policemen.

2. To Bob Norris, because of his inevitable rainy-day slouch hat which deserves a place beside George Washington's sword.

3. To Frances Fantom, Edith Beall, and Bernice Carp, because they hold some sort of record. They have never been known to leave the building until five o'clock.

4. And to Harvey Nichols, Henry Kitt, Stanley Maleski, Frank Silverman, Lou Harris—an extra high monument, this time, so that they can practice their Tiger Leaping Act during leisure moments.

5. To those people in the senior class who have the enviable knack of getting instructors to postpone term papers; and to the students who write 50-page term papers. They deserve monuments!

6. To those gentlemen who, even after they have graduated, will be regular week-end visitors at the dormitories.

7. To those people who are responsible for the Girls' Demonstration Night, because it is such a fine night.

8. To those men students who showed what can be accomplished in the way of May processions.

9. To Clarice Peters, because she was elected Queen of the May; and to the attendants, from whose number it would have been hard to pick the most beautiful.

10. And to Miss Weyforth, whose announcement of "extra rehearsal this afternoon, 3:15 *sharp*" will no longer cause the present seniors to utter strange, low sounds under their breaths.

11. And finally, to the entire senior class, because if we had no monuments to them we would have no monuments at all.

The Last Pages of 'The Tower Light'

WHAT is on the last printed pages of each issue of THE TOWER LIGHT? Advertisements! These ads have certainly helped THE TOWER LIGHT financially and we hope that THE TOWER LIGHT has helped our advertisers in the same way. The following advertisers have greatly assisted us by allowing us to omit the publication of the May issue of THE TOWER LIGHT whereby they lost one of their ads in number. We feel, however, that they have gained in popularity, as our June issue will reach double the number of people, be kept on the parlor table, and be shown to all visitors for years to come:

Towson Fashion Shop
Hergenrather Drug Company
Mason's Garage and Service Station
Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.
The Second National Bank of Towson, Md.
Henry Reckord
Harry C. Langgood
Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.
The Hub
The Brooks-Price Company
Towson Theater
Arundel Ice Cream Shoppe
George H. Stieber Company
Towson Nurseries
The Rex
Stebbins-Anderson Coal & Lumber Co.
York Road Garage
I. H. Moss
Louise Beauty Shoppe

HELENE ZIEGLER and MARY BUCHER.

An economist is a man who knows a great deal about a very little; and who goes on knowing more and more about less, until finally he knows practically everything about nothing; whereas a professor, on the other hand, is a man who knows a very little about a great deal and keeps on knowing less and less about more, until finally he knows practically nothing about everything.

Omaha Journal-Stockman.

For Your Convenience

Towson Fashion Shop

511 York Road

Opposite Motion Picture Theatre

Apparel of Taste for the Woman who cares

Coats, Dresses, Millinery, Underwear and Accessories

Full-Fashioned Silk Hose—Chiffon or Service Weight, 59c pair

Hergenrather Drug Co.

Prescription Druggists

Since 1904

Phone Towson 39

We Deliver

We carry the best known face powders, rouges, lip sticks, tooth pastes, tooth brushes, soaps, candles, kodaks and films. Your patronage is solicited and appreciated.

Tires, Tubes & Accessories Battery Service

MASON'S

Garage & Service Station

Towson, Md.

Established 1919

Towson's Original One-Stop Station

Official AAA Station

24-Hour Service

Phone Towson 554

Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc.

Jewelers • Stationers • Silversmiths

421 North Charles Street

**DIAMONDS • GOLD JEWELRY
WRIST WATCHES • FINE STATIONERY
GIFTS IN SILVERWARE**

Founded 1815



**The
Second National Bank
of Towson, Md.**



HENRY RECKORD



At Towson Since 1913

Diamonds Watches Jewelry

HARRY C. LANGGOOD

**402 York Road, Next to Chesapeake Ave.
Towson, Md.**

**Skilled Watch, Clock, Jewelry, Eye Glass
and Fountain Pen Repairing
Diamond Setting**

Birthday Cards Parker Pens Quink



Gates & Kniffen Chevrolet Co.

**York Road and Willow Avenue
Towson, Maryland
Towson 50**

**Our Junior Miss and Young Fellows'
Shops on the Fourth Floor are foremost
in style for the collegiate miss and youth.**

The Hub

**Baltimore - Charles - Fayette
CA lvert 4-4-4**

THE BROOKS-PRICE CO.

Towson

BUICK

and

PONTIAC

SALES AND SERVICE

*Compliments
of*

TOWSON THEATER

You Will Enjoy Our
SUNDAES and SODAS

•
**Arundel
Ice Cream Shoppe**

420 York Road Towson, Md.
We Deliver at Any Time
Just Phone Towson 73

GEORGE H. STIEBER CO.

Select Meats, Fancy Groceries

TOWSON, MD.



TOWSON, MARYLAND
It's really a home when it's planted by Towson

SOLVE
the Unenjoyment Problem

Get the Rex Habit!

REX THEATER
4617-25 York Road

Tuxedo 3232-3233—Towson 66-67
Cockeysville 171-R

**STEBBINS-ANDERSON
COAL & LUMBER CO.**

LUMBER, HARDWARE, BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

Coal, Fuel Oil, Feed

Towson—Riderwood—Monkton

YORK ROAD GARAGE
TOWSON

**DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS**

PLYMOUTH

Phone: Towson 525

Say It With Flowers

The most artistic in Cut Flowers
and Plants.

Let us fill your Flower needs.

I. H. Moss, Inc.,

5315 York Road Tuxedo 1400

LOUISE BEAUTY SHOPPE
York Road and Burke Avenue

▲
Smart Distinctive Waves and
Haircuts at Moderate Prices

▼
Convenient for Normal School
Phone: Towson 1022

Rex on the Air

Every Sunday at 12:15 P. M. over WFBR the Rex Theatre is on the air.

The Rex leads again. Hailed as Baltimore's most progressive neighborhood theatre, first in high quality entertainment, first with a regular Saturday Young People's Day, the Rex is now first on the air.

Listen in to the Rex program every Sunday at 12:15 P. M. over WFBR.

